THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Arthur Stringer—Ben Ames Williams—Kenneth L. Roberts—I. A. R. Wylie
Maximilian Foster—P. G. Wodehouse—Samuel G. Blythe—W. H. D. Koerner

Kuppenheimer
The Laird

Westclox

When spring beckons and Westclox call

WHEN you sit up nights admiring the illustrations in the seed catalog, when your fingers itch for a spade or trowel and moist warm earth, and you count the days till spring, it is good to have faith in your Westclox, for many a February morning makes you almost doubt the sun, to say nothing of flowers and spring.

But when your Westclox calls, you *know* it is time to get up, whether it looks like a day outside or not. It is a comfort to know that winter or summer, cloudy or bright, you can depend on your Westclox to call you on the dot.

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Society Women and Their Silver

"OH, but I *must* have COMMUNITY PLATE!" The young society matron is a charming authority on the newest modes—sure of herself, sure of her knowledge.

And when she shakes her pretty head and says that nothing else will do, the matter is *settled!* She has, too, the best of feminine reasons for her decision since she sees COMMUNITY PLATE on the smartest tables everywhere.

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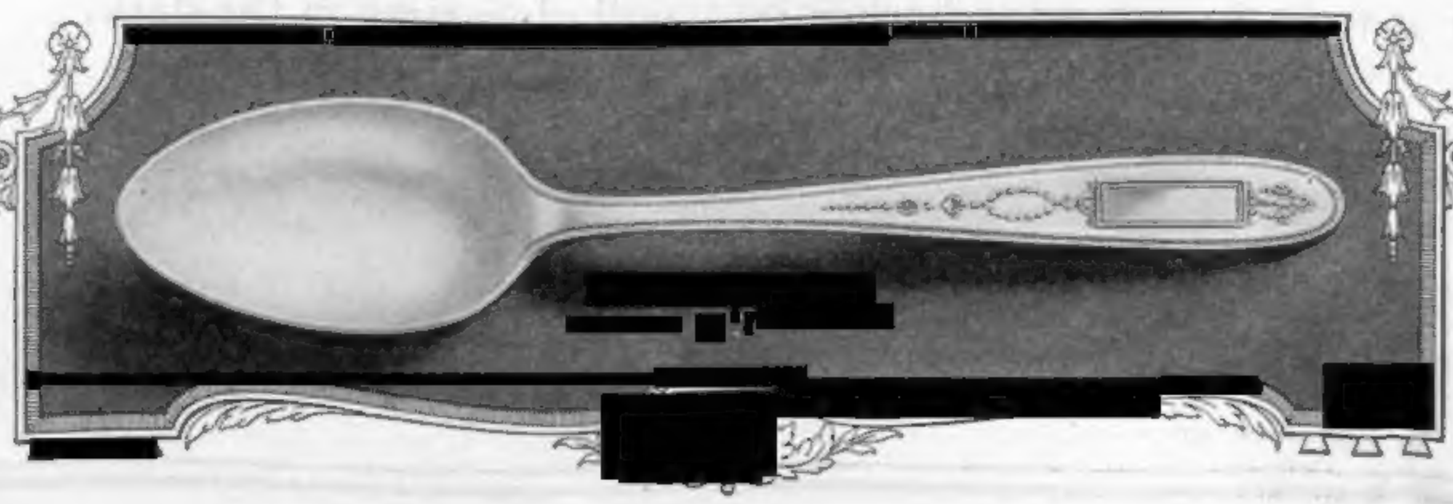
COMMUNITY PLATE



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I'VE got to talk or hit the grit. I've got to blow off or blow up. For I'm like a big mikado backed into a roundhouse where they've forgotten to draw my fire. They tell me to rest and take things easy. But you can't sit pretty on a hot crown sheet. You can't play oyster after being a wolverene for forty years. And I'm too much of an old war horse to enjoy holding down a willow rocker on a Pasadena piazza and watching my own blood pressure. My clot's cleared up and I've got back the use of my right leg. I've come out of the mist and the old bean's hitting on all four again. But I've got to do something more than twiddle my thumbs and watch the tourists motor past. Like any other old war horse, I'm never going to be happy pawing the stall planks when I've been in harness for nearly half a century.

They Tried Farming in a Small Way a Few Miles West of the Naguaw River. I Was Born on This Farm. Of It, However, I Have No Memory, as My Father Moved North, to a Larger and Rougher Farm, Before I Was Three Years Old

And I've just found my safety valve. I've spotted something to do. For I've been double-crossing the undertaker and reading my own obituary. I've been reading all about myself in that sugar-coated account of John Rusk which The Railway World threw into print last month when they missed their count and expected to see me riding behind a couple of hearse plumes. It's a nice write-up, considering what they had to work on. It reads smooth and it swallows easy. But it's all wrong. It's a pack of lies. And it's so wide of the mark that it leaves me wondering how a human chocolate éclair like that could ever get to be the president of a transcontinental system. It sounds like a home-missionary report done over by a theatrical press agent. The world may be full of roses and the roses may be full of dew, but railways aren't built of that sort of stuff. It's steel and sweat, mostly, that go to the making of a road. It's the force of a wave and not its foam that counts.

That hand-embroidered history of my life is so wrong that I'm going to take a few weeks off and do it all over again. I'm going to locate the lost cars and get my yards cleaned up, and I'm going to do it in my own way. That will have to be a plain way, for I'm a plain man, and I want to stick to plain facts. It's the half facts you have to put frills on, while Truth, they tell me, can still go around so naked that a liar is afraid to look at her. So for three hours every morning, while the mocking birds are singing from the pepper trees behind the Cherokee rose trellises, I'll have Wallie sit here with his pad and pencil and take down my data as they come to me. And being a willing lad and a well-trained secretary—get that good, Wallie, for I may never say it again—by the time my youngest girl Tacita—called Tassie for short—and I get back from our afternoon ride he'll have it all written out on his typewriter and ready for corrections. And by the time I'm through I may have discovered why Wallie was empty-headed enough to come West with his broken-down boss when he might have moved on to a chief clerkship and thirty-five hundred a year.

Wallie is a good lad. He knows it, for he's just heard me say it for the second time. And he knows so much about this family of mine that I don't see how I'm ever going to have the courage to sack him. If I was back in the real world, where they call me a man of iron, I might be weak enough to make that young jackanapes assistant to the president and put the title over his door, just because Tassie and I like him. But he's still my secretary, and that seems to mean a lot besides railroad work. It's come to mean getting theater seats for the family and seeing the rugs are in the auto and the bills are paid and my business car is on the right siding. It includes making sure that my chef doesn't forget the bran muffins for breakfast and that job hunters don't get beyond the first office and that the wife gets her Christian Science books on time and that a watchful eye is overlooking my outside investments and that my oldest girl Natalie has the right brand of roses in her drawing-room on the trip back to New York and that the usual monthly remittance gets off to Newt.

And speaking of Newt, it's going to give that boy of mine a jolt or two to find his old dad knee-deep in an inkwell. Newt never had much respect for my mental rolling stock. He used to make fun of my wall mottoes and tell me my Abbott's History of Napoleon was all wrong in its history and a darned sight more wrong in its ethics. Maybe so! But I've a liking for those old king makers and conquerors. They were go-getters.

I Can See the Logs, With the Shouting Men on Top of Their Sleigh Loads, Snow-Splashed and Rime-Covered, the Logs Cracking and Whining Under Their Chains, With the Frosted Horses Tugging and Pulling and the Bells Ringing as They Went

They did things. They fought their way to their own ends and let somebody else do the explaining afterward.

So if I wade out beyond my depth the joke will be on me. Yet there's one thing in which Newt and I shall always differ. I know what I'm going to talk about before I get under way. Newt and those newfangled writer friends of his always impressed me as never being quite sure what they were heading for.

I may be wrong, of course. For when I come to think it over, some of those old slogans I got off my chest in the heat of the fight may have been good whips to crack up and down the line, but might read too cocksure for the copy books. And now I'm sitting on the side lines and getting a new slant on the old game as I watch it, I've about concluded that life isn't so simple as the primer writers try to make it. It's never all black and all white. It's not always win or lose. It's a tangled-up old battle ground, with a good many of the heroes carrying a white feather or two concealed on their person, and a good many of the victories on one front knocked into a cocked hat by a defeat or two on some other front. One movement seems to merge into another and the fighter forgets what he's fighting for, and the medal often gets pinned on the man who ought to be lock-stepping back to the guardhouse; and when you're standing up to cheer for the old flag you've saved, you're probably trampling the body of a dead man who was a blamed sight cleaner fighter than you could be.

But it's about time to back out of the dust and size up the battle. I've a hankering to stand off and study the trees instead of staying lost in the woods. I want to take stock, for next week, Tassie tells me, I'll be fifty-seven years old; and forty-four of those years have gone to railroading. I've pretty well climbed up to the end of my ladder. I've linked up my last feeder and placed my last bond issue and licked my last man. I can't help having the feeling that I've just about made my pie. I've played the game through. For when everything's said and done, this business of railroading is a game—about the biggest game in the world—and it's the only game I'm any good at. I don't suppose it looks like much of a game to the fur-clad lady who steps into an up-to-the-minute vestibuled limited and complains about the carnations not being fresh on the dining-car tables. She isn't supposed to know anything about how that road came to be there for her convenience; how money was poured out for its building; how the dollars were harvested for its maintenance; how hills were cut and water was spanned to link it up; how men labored and sickened and died to make its roadbed smooth; how human brains, mightier than labor or capital, keep it an organized whole flowing with its flange-wheeled blood of life. I don't suppose all that even looks big to my own son Newt, or he wouldn't want to stay over at Oxford broadening his accent and writing highbrow essays instead of learning to handle a transcontinental system.

Well, my Newt's man size now and his life's his own. He has his reasons, I suppose, for going the way he wants to, whether it's painting or writing. Old Bill Van Horne used to paint pictures after they'd given him a title for building the Canadian Pacific and they tell me his second-class brush work didn't stop him from building a first-class road. But I can't help saying I pinned a lot of hope on my Newt at one time. I expected something different from what I got. I'm not much given to sentiment, but I kind of nursed the idea I was building up something big for my son to step into after I'd gone. I'd a hankering to see him carry on in some way and keep the name of Rusk where I'd put it. I tried hard enough. Even after his mother took him out of the car shops when he got the steel splinter in his eye, and even after he'd soured on inside work and quit computing coal consumption on the Mountain Division to go off for a winter of tarpon fishing down in Florida, I still thought I could get him roped and bridle-wise and back in harness.

But Newt felt he was made for finer things. He kept saying that he wanted to express himself. Well, I've nursed the same hankering, only I've done my brush work in a different way. Instead of drawing mountains with colored chalk, I've generally blown 'em up with dynamite. Instead of painting rocks on little squares of canvas, I've been satisfied to cut their hearts out, to let my trains go through 'em. Instead of filling three-by-four gilt frames with Turner sunsets, I've been busy filling seven-mile muskegs and seventy-foot sink holes with sand and gravel.

And instead of writing my name down in the corner of a Nile-green landscape with a cheese-colored nude in the background, I've written it with steel rails across this wrinkled continent of ours, from ocean to ocean, with the street globes of a hundred and eighteen new cities for high lights and a million and a half square miles of new wheatlands for a background.

Today I'm the so-called president and the main push of the third biggest railroad system in the world. I may not look very big to that world, or even to my own son, but I notice I'm still the one and only Rusk in Who's Who. The only monument I ever asked for was this railway of mine. That's got to stand my one proof of ability, for I was never a grand-stand player. I don't think I ever gave a tinker's dam how I stand or how I stood with the outside world. All I wanted was to stand big in the eyes of my own peers. You can't fool those lads. They know. I may be a fussy old man, as my Natalie had the nerve to imply I was the other day. But I've been a builder in my time, and a bit of a fighter, now I come to think it over.

For, as I've said before, railroading in this New World of ours, all things considered, is the biggest and keenest battle that he men can wade into. There's only one thing bigger, and that's war itself. Our calling, once you've got an inkling of how the works go round, is the one enterprise where you'll always find a superman on the job, the superman making his jumps ten moves ahead of the game, always watching and countering some other superman, fighting the blind forces of Nature when he's not fighting the wolves of finance, fighting the tinhorn statesmen who follow the new game of playing football with their country's transportation systems, and fighting even his own help when they emulate the hogger on the front end and try to ride the old iron horse to death by demanding more wages than there is revenue in the train.

It takes a big man to run a big road in these days. But when I come to think of it, these presidents and general managers seem to do their work with muzzles on. They consume their own smoke. They seem to get along without any grievance committee to justify them either to their own board of directors or to a listening world. But it might be better for all concerned, I've about concluded, if that world had a clearer idea of what the average railroad head has to face.

I can remember one morning when my boy Newt and a college chum of his came down to the office to get passes for a moose hunt up north of a new gravel pit of ours. They came for a favor, but they stayed long enough to have a laugh over my wall mottoes. Newt didn't seem to see much value in those framed phrases of mine—Serve to Survive, and Steam Makes the Grade, and Ability Always, and Get On or Get Out. He didn't approve of them any more than he approved of me. But they were my battle standards. It hurt me to see him smile over the three words I kept above my desk—Faith Is Force. For it proved that he didn't have faith in his own father.

I suppose he regarded that father, in fact, as a curt-spoken roughneck who wore baggy trousers and detachable cuffs, and initialed operating reports in his shirt sleeves, and failed to keep poetry magazines in his private car, and still clung to the childish faith that some day he'd stumble on a smokable cigar for five cents. He considered me at least ten laps behind him in the race toward civilization.

But that fall, when my college-finished offspring was up stalking a bull moose through a few miles of pineland, I was stalking a government concession that meant another ten million to my system, and stalking it just as craftily as my soft-handed son was stalking his forest friend with the fur on. He killed his moose and dined on the more delicate parts of it. He made a meal. But I made history. And when he was helping to make a polo score at the country club I was helping to make maps.

That, it seems to me, is the difference between the old generation and the new. We oldsters were pioneers, with a wilderness to redeem. We conquered it and linked it up with steel, and the story of our nation is pretty well the story of those steel links. It was our railroads that sewed up our ragged frontiers and made us one. It was transportation, assured and cheap and quick, that made us possible as a united nation. And I'm the boss of one of those links, the head of a system that runs from sea water to sea water.

That system was begun, I acknowledge, in the older era, when railways were largely a law unto themselves, when the claim was apt to go to the quickest and the spoils to the strongest. But for everything I got I worked, and worked hard. It may have cut me off from some of the amusements that loom so big to the younger generation around me. But I'm not vomiting remorse. It never made me a howling success as a cotillion leader, but it kept me down to old-fashioned fist-on-the-table facts. It never allowed a swallow-tail coat to sit easy on my big shoulders, but it gave me the satisfaction of knowing I was in a big game. I couldn't mouth about "lar pour lar," as they put it down in the walk-up studios, but I could still dig joy out of my work.

For through it all I felt I'd a hand in a new kind of epic; not the kind Newt's artist friends try to paint with their little camel's-hair brushes, but the kind that's inscribed in steel and stone and cement, and stretches from tidewater on the Atlantic to tidewater on the Pacific. What's more, it brought the wherewithal to let my girl Natalie hobnob with some of the emptier crowned heads of Europe and my boy Newt to amble up to Harvard in a twin-six sport car. But when their dad first went out in the world he hobnobbed with bohunks in a box car; and when he first went to school through the Lower Peninsular pine woods he traveled with a hickory thong around his waist to keep his blue jean jumpers up.

And that reminds me that it's about time I was getting back to the beginning. But that, I find, isn't going to be so easy as it sounds, for I'm still ahead of something, no matter where I start. And I ought to begin, I suppose, by telling about my ancestors. But I don't seem to have had any worth mentioning. My father, William Rusk, was a New England millwright who made a failure of things in the East and became a sailor on the Great Lakes. After a few years of sailing he possessed himself of a rackety old steam barge and ferried cordwood from the River Thames, in Ontario, to the growing young town of Detroit. His boat was called the Alexander. It was wrecked one October in the eastern shallows of Lake St. Clair. My father swam ashore, or was washed ashore, but three of his crew and about everything he owned went down with his boat.

He made a living for a few years by digging out the roots of tamarack trees and hewing them into ship knees. Then he met my mother. She was Tina Jenner, the daughter of August Jenner, a pioneer farmer down next to the Ohio border. Old Jenner was a German. He was dead set against the marriage of his daughter to a wandering ne'er-do-well like my father. So the two ran away together. They were married in the town of Chatham and made their return to Michigan by way of Sarnia and Port Huron. They tried farming in a small way a few miles west of the Nagisaw River. I was born on this farm. Of it, however, I have no memory, as my father moved north, to a larger and rougher farm, before I was three years old. There, about a year later, he was killed by a falling tree while clearing one of his fields.

I have a vague memory of the funeral, of the bright metal handles on the coffin, of the depth of the hole into which this coffin was lowered, of my mother crying as the frozen earth was shoveled in on top of the hollow-sounding boards. On the way home somebody gave me liver wurst and fried cakes. I ate more than I ought to, when the older people's thoughts were on other things, and my childish gluttony made me sick. I grew as sad, I imagine, as the others around me, and my distressed little stomach emptied itself and I was scolded for spoiling Henry Spiedel's new buffalo robe.

That seems to be as far back as memory goes. I know that after my father's death my mother tried to run the farm herself. She could not have been very successful, for I remember crying with the cold because I had no mittens to keep my hands warm. A neighbor's wife, whose name I can't recall, took me into her kitchen and warmed me beside the stove while she cut the worn-out feet from a pair of her son's socks and sewed them up into mittens, thumbs and all. I was very proud of them.

I remember, too, when I was sent to the village store for coal oil, trudging through spring slush that was ankle-deep, and being interrogated by the shopkeeper, who lifted me up on his counter, where my protruding bare toes were solemnly inspected by the assembled lumberjacks. They each threw a silver half dollar on the counter, and much against my will the storekeeper took off my ragged old shoes and stockings and tossed them into his wood box. My sorrow at this robbery soon vanished, however, when I found a brand-new pair of woolen stockings pulled over my wet toes and a pair of copper-faced shoes placed about my numbed feet. It was the bright copper toes, I remember, that most captured my fancy.

Another memory, in some way mixed up with these bright copper toes, has to do with a mouth organ, which I found one Christmas morning at the bottom of my stocking, along with a striped red-and-white candy cane. I could not play that mouth organ, but there was romance in the mere sound of it. I slept with it under my corn-husk pillow and carried it about with me until the last of its little brass keys was broken off.

But even at that early date I wasn't allowed to be an idler. I can still remember helping my mother drop seed potatoes along a furrow which a man with a one-horse plow very neatly covered by turning his next furrow on top of them. Even before I started to school I must have had my different duties to perform. One of them, I know, was to haul slabs in a homemade wagon from a near-by mill to my own back door. My journeys back and forth were in some way tangled up with terror, for on one of those trips a hissing gander nipped me on my bare leg. Later on, armed with a broken shovel handle, I met and vanquished this gander.

But the mill itself stands out more clearly in my mind. I loved the smell of the fresh sawdust, loads of which I tugged home to bed down my mother's pigs. I loved to hear the great circular saw whine and scream through the pine logs as it turned them into lumber. I loved to watch the fiery monster that ate slabs and made steam to run the mill. And in spring and summer I loved to walk the boom logs and jump from floating timber to timber. Once I missed my footing and went under and was pulled out by a mill hand, who shook me until my bones rattled.

Sometimes when the river drivers came in to take the town apart, as they so modestly phrased it, the wondering youths of that time and place were confronted with strange sights. I remember birling matches on the river, contests where two drivers stood in their calked shoes on the same pine log and twirled and checked and reversed the floating timber until one of them was thrown into the water. I remember the clank-clank-click of the peaveys as these same men worked at their log piles. And I remember once being taken out to see a log jam broken, and the joy, after much patient waiting, of beholding the key logs finally released and the roaring, dancing, swirling tumult of timber that went downstream in one soul-satisfying rush of power.

But another thing that appealed to me even more than the water front and the sawmill and the blue-misted river valley beyond the town was the railway, the magician's own road of shimmering steel so newly built into the heart of the pine forest. I loved the little engines, which seemed big enough to me then, and the jumbo cars and the tracked roadbed that led off into the unknown world. I suppose no child ever watches a train go down a pair of rails without being vaguely stirred by that departure, without puzzling over where it is going, and tingling with the romance of its wanderings. I used to watch those trains and tell myself that some day I'd own a string of those iron horses to play with.

It was a narrow little world I lived in, there on the edge of the wilderness, but it seemed so wonderful to my young eyes that it stood the borderland of heaven. As I look back on it now, I see it all through a mist, as though it were not my own life but another man's. And even the happiest parts of it in some way seem sad. I have to pull my mind away from it the same as you pull a leashed dog's head away from a fish basket. And instead of coming back to me as one coherent whole, that lost youth of mine comes back to me in a series of disconnected pictures, some vague and some vivid, but all overhung with a glamour as strange and sweet as a lad's first kiss of love.

(Continued on Page 66)

After My Father's Death My Mother Tried to Run the Farm Herself. She Could Not Have Been Very Successful

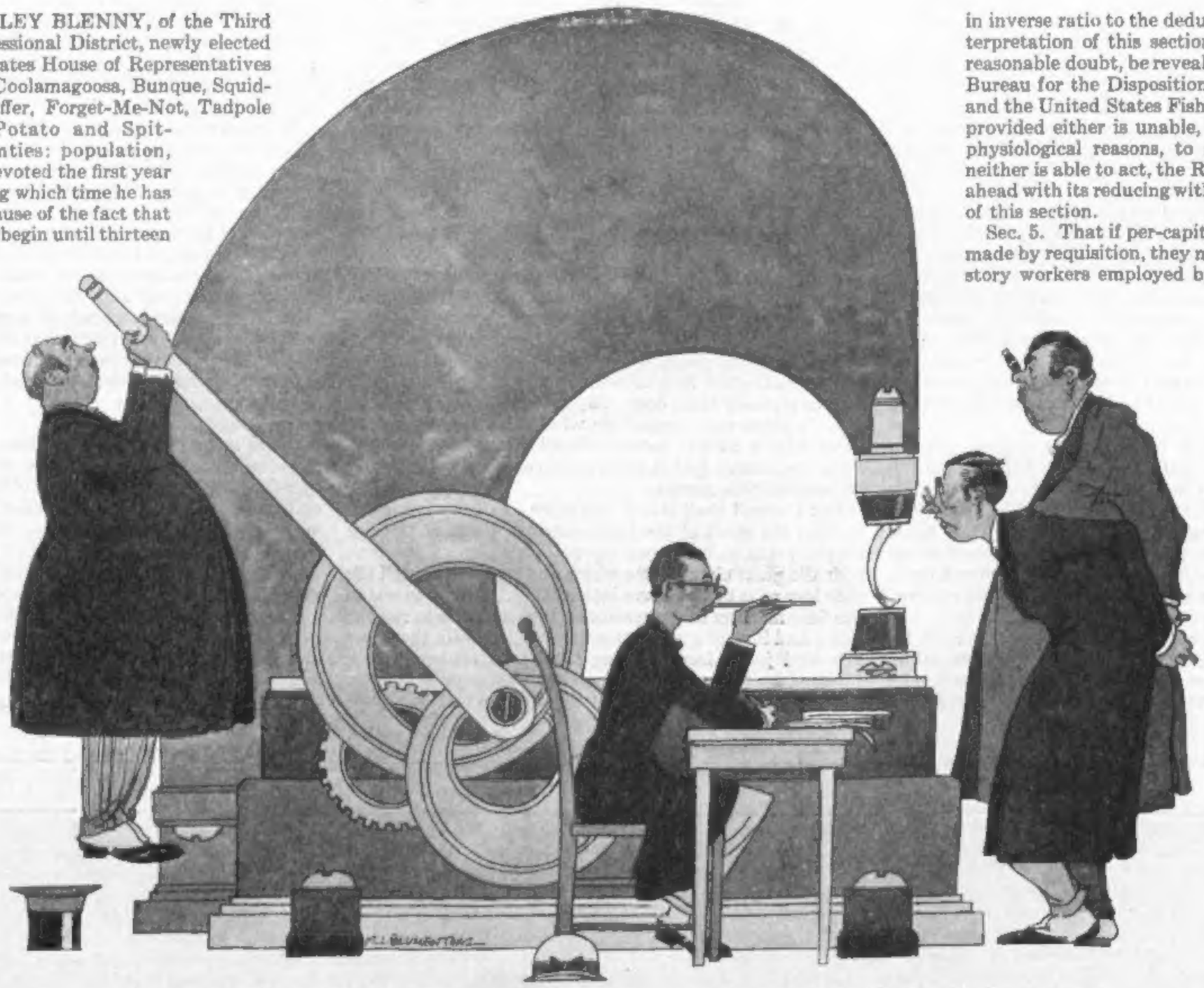
LAWS!

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE HON. CURLEY BLENNY, of the Third Calivada Congressional District, newly elected to the United States House of Representatives from the counties of Coolamagoosa, Bunque, Squidget, Yorp, Bull, Whiffer, Forget-Me-Not, Tadpole Mountain, Limp, Potato and Spitaround—eleven counties: population, 1920, 192,927—has devoted the first year of his first term, during which time he has had ample leisure because of the fact that his official duties don't begin until thirteen months after election, to a study of the more than 14,000 bills introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress by the legislators of the American people.

The Hon. Mr. Blenny has been greatly impressed by such statesmanlike measures as the McNary-Haugen bill to prevent the prices of foodstuffs from ever going down, the Raker bill for the testing of sagebrush and greasewood, the MacGregor bill to encourage the breeding of canary birds in the United States, the Logan bill to recover damages for mental anguish caused by the negligence of telegraph companies in delivering telegrams, the Norris bill to publish income-tax payments, the large number of bills authorizing the Federal Government to stick its nose into the private affairs of the people, the even larger number of bills encouraging the expenditure of money by states already spending more than they should, and the still larger number of bills providing for alterations and additions to the Constitution of the United States.



The Method of Exerting This Pressure Shall be Supervised by a Board of Collar Squeezers

"The number of things in America that should be regulated and controlled by means of laws," declares Mr. Blenny, "is almost inconceivable. Profiting by the example of leading statesmen of the Senate and the House, I have written several bills of my own which measure up in every way to the statesmanlike quality and the magnificent scope of nearly all the 14,000 bills that were introduced in the Sixty-eighth Congress.

"In fact a great many of my bills can be understood, which is more than can be said for many bills which have recently become laws.

"I trust that all these bills may be written on the statute books of the nation at an early date. They are fitting complements to many laws that have been enacted during the past few years."

The text of the few of Mr. Blenny's bills that are here set down in advance of their introduction next December conclusively demonstrates that the legislative level of the House of Representatives will probably rise at least three-quarters of an inch with his entrance to the Halls of Congress.

. . . . . .

69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 2323

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Interoceanic Canals and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To take away from the New England States certain savings in excess of the savings of the rest of the United States, and to distribute said excess savings to the West Central and the Southern States, and authorizing the appropriating of money therefor.

Whereas, the per-capita savings of the New England States, due to the wolfish and capitalistic methods employed in these states and the enslavement of labor and the cruel and unusual penury exercised by the New Englanders, are $443; and

Whereas, the per-capita savings of the West Central and the Southern States, due partly to the free and open-handed liberality of their inhabitants and partly to the hellish oppression of the farmer by Wall Street and the vicious and wrongful illegalities perpetrated upon the people of the South by New England regiments and commanders during the Civil War, are respectively $87 and $52; and

Whereas, it is desirable to destroy the last vestige of sectional feeling and emphasize the fraternal spirit that should obtain in a happily reunited country: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that upon the passage of this act and of a proper appropriation, herein authorized, there shall be appointed by the senators and representatives of the West Central and Southern States a body of financial experts to be known as a Reducing Board who shall be, and are hereby, empowered to travel to central portions of New England and there open offices and employ assistants for the purpose of ascertaining the savings of each New Englander.

Sec. 2. That when the savings, if any, are ascertained by the Reducing Board, there shall be made from each savings account a deduction that shall reduce the average per-capita savings from $443 to $344; and any attempt to evade the decision of the Reducing Board shall be met by fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion, if any, of the board.

Sec. 3. That the salaries of the chief deducters shall be $7500 per annum and the salaries of assistant deducters shall be $5000 per annum, and that their savings shall be exempted from the figures on which are based the per-capita earnings of the West Central and the Southern States.

Sec. 4. That when the per-capita savings of the New England States have been reduced by deduction, or in any manner agreeable to the Reducing Board, from $443 to $344, the sum thus deducted shall be applied to the per capita savings of the West Central and the Southern States in inverse ratio to the deduction; and that the interpretation of this section shall, in case of any reasonable doubt, be revealed or excavated by the Bureau for the Disposition of Useless Documents and the United States Fish Commission, or either, provided either is unable, because of climatic or physiological reasons, to act; and that in case neither is able to act, the Reducing Board shall go ahead with its reducing without any interpretation of this section.

Sec. 5. That if per-capita reductions cannot be made by requisition, they may be made by second-story workers employed by the Reducing Board and recruited from the state prison in the district where the reductions are needed.

Sec. 6. That to carry out the provisions of this act there is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, spoken for or in actual use, the sum of money necessary to carry out the purposes of this act.

That this act shall be in force from, after and subsequent to its passage, if impossible to get it into effect sooner.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 4711

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Inland Waterways and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To create a commission of investigation, testing and research in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President is hereby authorized to appoint a commission of seven persons, of whom at least two and preferably three, if not four, shall be women not more than twenty-seven years of age, with some experience in the use and effects of alcoholic beverages, who in his judgment, or in the judgment of some expert conversant with such matters, are qualified to investigate and determine, as far as possible, or at least as far as can be determined without calling out the reserves, what alcoholic content in a beverage, under a fair and reasonable interpretation, makes the beverage intoxicating.

Sec. 2. That the members of the commission, which shall be known as the Drinking Commission, shall each be paid a compensation of $750 a month. The expenses of the commission for such accommodation, headache remedies, bottle openers, doctors' bills, liquor purchases, mineral water, cab hire and clerical, expert and stenographic assistance as they may feel necessary shall be paid for out of the moneys herein appropriated on the certification of the chairman or acting chairman or reputable doctor acting for the chairman if incapacitated in the line of duty that same are necessary and that such amount paid is fair and reasonable and that the breakages for which compensation has been paid or beverages consumed in pursuance of this act have actually been broken or consumed.

Sec. 3. That one member of the Drinking Commission shall be an inactive or nondrinking member, and that his duty shall be to attend all meetings of the commission without fail, and restrain the members of the commission from throwing bottles through windows or hitting one another with furniture in so far as is possible; and that at the end of each meeting of the commission he shall collect the bodies of the members and transport them in cabs or

ambulances to their homes, or to hotels or hospitals, as the occasion requires.

Sec. 4. That the Federal courts of the United States are hereby directed to enforce such subpœna or subpœna duces tecum or such other order for alcoholic beverages as the commission may under this act properly issue, and to punish as for contempt of court any failure of any person to appear before them for drinking purposes; as, for example, to test the effect of a quart of Scotch whisky on persons of different age and weight; and any person giving false impressions as to the effect of alcoholic beverages on him, or surreptitiously throwing his drink on the carpet or eating cloves or coffee beans without permission of the commission, shall be guilty of and punished for the same offense as if such act had been committed before the Supreme Court.

Sec. 5. That there is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated the sum of $200,000 to carry out the purpose of this act; and all members of the Drinking Commission shall be supplied with a search warrant—nontransferable—authorizing them to enter any storage warehouse and suck liquor out of any desired barrel through a glass or rubber tube, but said liquor must always be removed under the sucker's own steam.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 13

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following joint resolution; which was referred to the Committee on Expenditures in the Poultry Bureau and ordered to be printed.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Providing for the relief of distress in the Motion-Picture Industry.

Whereas, authentic information has reached the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States through both private and official channels to the effect that in spite of great exertions on the part of men, women and children extras in the great motion-picture centers of America, particularly in the city of Los Angeles, there are an insufficient number of extra parts in the moving pictures now being produced to enable these men, women and children extras to procure employment, so that the men, women and children extras are in danger of dying from famine, foot trouble, exposure, fatigue and general distress unless food and lodgings are supplied to them from sources outside the motion-picture industry; and

Whereas, the United States, since the World War, has appropriated millions of dollars for the relief of all sorts of distress, and has long pointed with pride to the humanitarian policy of this Government and its people in granting relief to suffering and jobless people throughout the world; and

Whereas, there are now in the Treasury of the United States millions of dollars that are available for the use of anyone who gets to them first, and that would never be

One Member of the Drinking Commission Shall be an Inactive or Nondrinking Member

missed if used for the relief of the helpless and terror-stricken extra people of the motion-picture industry, among which are countless thousands of grandmother types, beards, mother types, ingénues, crying types and other unfortunates: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled—two-thirds of each House concurring therein—that $20,000,000 be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be used in producing a series of moving pictures designed to give employment on at least four days out of every week to the 500,000 persons, more or less, now engaged in thinking that they are motion-picture actors to the exclusion of all other thought, although without encouragement in many cases, if any.

Sec. 2. That said motion pictures shall be wrote, written, wrotten or otherwise assembled by legitimate scenario writers, if such can be found, and that all pictures so constructed for the purpose herein specified shall deal with subjects requiring the use of large numbers of men, women and children, and that plot and other matters shall be made a secondary consideration, and that the selection of the scenarios for said pictures shall be reposed in the hands of a Board of Motion-Picture Pickers, sitting in Hollywood, California, and composed of a head picker and four assistant pickers, at salaries of $750 a month and $500 a month respectively, whose qualifications shall consist of being able to read and write the English language.

Sec. 3. That the direction of said pictures shall be intrusted to directors selected by a nonpolitical committee of three men, serving without pay, one member of the committee to represent the President of the United States, another member to represent the Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce, and the third member to represent the Pensions Bureau, provided that meetings can be arranged between the members of such committee, failing which the directors shall be selected by the Chemical Warfare Division of the United States Army.

Sec. 4. That all directors and leading actors shall be paid what is necessary to obtain their services, and no more, but that all extra people be paid at the rate of $10 a day after the head picker, the assistant pickers, the directors, the leading actors, the scenario writers and the incidental expenses of filming the pictures have been paid, so long as the moneys appropriated from the Treasury for this purpose are available, after which the extra people shall be paid in scrip based on the future earnings of the film in which they participated, and that such scrip shall be accepted as legal tender in any hotel, boarding house, hash house, doss house or saloon.

Sec. 5. That every resident of the United States living within twenty-five miles of a motion-picture house, unless sick or blind, shall be obliged to witness one government film a month or be subject to a fine of eighteen dollars, or imprisonment for five days, or both.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 3030

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To regulate the height of collars worn by the male sex.

Whereas, the best medical authorities agree that constriction of the throat muscles is apt to cause sore throat, enlarged tonsils, protuberant eyes, slowing up of the mental processes, falling hair, falling arches, halitosis, loss of memory, peevishness, ingrowing hairs, drowsiness, pneumonia and other ills; and

Whereas, the height of many collars in use today is such as to constrict the throat severely, and whereas said collars also develop rough edges after being washed once, so that they severely lacerate the throats of the wearers, and are thus no good anyway; and

Whereas, too much of the time and energy of the people of the United States is devoted to purchasing, putting on, taking off, examining and trying to decide to throw away high stiff collars, and too much despondency and unhappiness is engendered in struggling to fasten said collars around the neckbands of shirts and trying to tie neckties around said collars in such a way that the said collars will stay together properly in front: Therefore,

(Continued on Page 78)

The Department of Dress Control Shall Determine by Careful Investigation the Most Hygienic Distance Which Should Separate Dancers

EXILES EN CASSEROLE

"You Might at Least Behave Like a Gentleman." "I'm Not a Gentleman," He Answered Bitterly

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE Grand Duchess Anna Maria dreaded the turning. All down Shaftesbury Avenue she could imagine anything she liked. She often did imagine that she was traveling incognito and had given her mother, Olga Androvana, and the whole court retinue the slip in order to shop like other people and see what it felt like. The glimpses that she caught of herself in the mirrors as she passed made the pretense an easy one. She looked so young and beautiful and assured and unobtrusively well dressed. Anyone could have seen that she was a pretending princess. But the moment that she reached the corner of Denver Lane, Soho, the illusion crashed. Or rather it was ingulfed. A perpetual question that received every morning a different answer simply swept everything else out of sight. She would stand still, her heart beating till it sounded louder in her ears than the early traffic, and sick with dread.

Had Peter come? And if so, in what condition? And if not, where was Peter? How in this vast amazing city would they ever find Peter again?

If she had been a little older she might have been able to laugh about it. Considering everything that had happened, there was something very funny in Peter representing a possible catastrophe. But she was only twenty-two, and at that age the detachment necessary to a sense of humor is not sufficiently developed. And after all, a catastrophe is a catastrophe.

She always wished that she could know the worst at once and not have to wait until the swing doors had flapped their wings behind her; then she would be able to meet her mother's despair or high spirits with some sort of preparedness. But there was no warning—not even from Olga Androvana herself. Her round childlike face might, and usually did, express terrific things; but what they were you couldn't tell until they had fairly burst over your head.

The sign was equally unhelpful. It hung high above the pavement from the wrought-iron bracket and swayed gently with a baffling air of magnificent self-sufficiency. It told you nothing except that in the whole of Soho there was nothing like it. Its imperial double-headed eagle shone in dull gold against a background of royal blue, and wound glittering carnivorous claws into the scrolled letter work—Restaurant St. Petersburg. Petersburg, you understand; not Petrograd; and much less Leningrad.

Every time the grand duke turned the corner he saluted with his stick, military fashion. Thereby he not only insulted and challenged the whole Bolshevik government but he reminded himself that here and under his command was the last stronghold of the old régime. Here the heroic garrison held out against open assault and perfidious treachery, and from here would pour forth the force that would one day sweep the usurpers to their just damnation. Meantime the struggle was of a desperate character. There had been times when the grand duke, who was also a general, had been nearly outmaneuvered and brought to surrender. As when the butcher—who was without doubt a Bolshevik emissary—had supplied pork that was past its prime, thereby shaking the faith of the most faithful. Nothing but a brimming glass of Veuve Cliquot all round had saved the situation—a masterly move—but, like so many masterly moves, very nearly disastrous. At least, the war chest had never properly recovered.

It is notorious that a chain is as strong as its weakest link.

The weakest link in the grand duke's chain was Peter Imovitch. That was why Peter Imovitch had become so tremendously important. It puzzled Olga Androvana, and even the grand duke himself, that you couldn't any longer flog a sense of responsibility into Peter. It was the only possible thing to do with him. But the laws of this new country were peculiar. And it so happened that Peter Imovitch was the only remaining member of the grand-ducal retinue who could cook. Obviously the grand duke couldn't. He was a general. Olga Androvana, with her soft white hands, had never been in a kitchen in her life. She had, moreover, an amiable conviction that the frequenters of the Restaurant St. Petersburg were distinguished guests whom it was her duty to receive with becoming honor—a perfectly harmless illusion, except that some of the less honorable had shown signs of sharing it with her. As to the Grand Duchess Anna Maria—well, it was essential that someone should make out the bills and keep an eye on the waitresses, who were of the best Russian families and very temperamental; someone with a head screwed on. And the Grand Duchess Anna Maria knew, secretly and sadly, that ever since that night of nights the heads of her dear father and mother had come unscrewed forever—not badly; just badly enough to make them pathetic and quite helpless.

After all, you couldn't wonder.

So there was the Restaurant St. Petersburg and Peter Imovitch and his inimitable borsch and his passion for Scotch whisky—which he couldn't manage in the least—and herself, a fantastic combination she couldn't have dreamed of in her most fantastic nightmares.

II

THERE was a fog that morning—a real London fog. The Grand Duchess Anna Maria loved it. She loved the amazing silence and the magical sensation of being alone among six million people. She saw them, but they were only faceless shadows who flitted noiselessly in and out of the luminous yellow darkness, swerving away from her as though her warm strong life frightened their ghostly insubstantiality.

And it was fun losing oneself, taking wrong turnings, not knowing where one was any more than if one had dropped through space into another world—even though it meant a bad day for the Petersburg. At least, a bad day from a business point of view.

Otherwise, the grand duke, who didn't really believe in the business point of view at all, would be delighted. He would regard it as an act of that Providence which was very properly, but rather tortuously, working in the cause of things as they had been. Because it so happened that that very day there was to be a special session. There had been several sessions since the Petersburg opened its doors—special, ordinaries and emergencies—and they were all heralded by such unmistakable signs that even the Grand Duchess Anna Maria, who was considered too young to be involved, could not fail to be aware of them. Weeks beforehand habitués who had been on friendly or even intimate terms with everyone were transformed into complete strangers. They neither spoke nor smiled, and when they went out they thrust a large heavily sealed envelope into the grand duke's hand as though it had been a tip. And except when the grand duke, who was very shaky, dropped the package, it all looked very mysterious and impressive. Then the day itself came and with it real strangers—men and even women who slid in through the swing doors with such a terrific air of being ordinary people that ordinary people stared hard at them. And after dinner, which they ate in grim aloofness, they all vanished

into the kitchen—the only private spot available—and the session came into full swing.

At first Anna Maria had been very excited. A terrible homesickness, which she had kept smothered at the bottom of her heart because she knew how thankful they ought to be, and that it was no good being homesick, rose to the surface in a great surge of hope. She asked no questions. Instinctively she felt that it was better for her not to know what was really happening. But every morning she opened the newspapers with trembling hands, and when the grand duke came back at night, throwing open the door of their one little sitting room as though to admit himself with proper dignity, she had always waited for the magic words, "My dears, the counter-revolution has triumphed; we are going home."

But nothing had happened. The sessions went on. The strange young men and women appeared and vanished. The newspapers seemed to forget Russia altogether; they did not seem to care at all that there were grand dukes and duchesses dying of homesickness. And gradually Anna Maria ceased to be excited. Sometimes she felt impatient, but more often just amused in a sad, elderly, cynical sort of way not at all suitable to her years. She hoped that with luck they would keep Peter and the Petersburg on their respective legs. But luck was the last thing they had a right to count on.

Anyhow here was a first-class conspiratorial fog, and the fact that she was lost in it didn't matter. Everybody would be too excited even to miss her, and on its yellow glowing tide her fancy would carry her anywhere she pleased—back home to her own room and her big four-posted bed, where presently her old nurse would come to wake her:

"Your highness, darling, it's time to get up: and you've been having nightmares."

A ghost swirled round the corner. It was exceptionally large and moving with a reckless speed; so Anna Maria, who had forgotten she wasn't alone in the world, lost her head. She felt like a small rudderless boat overwhelmed by a leviathan going full speed, and her futile effort to dodge hastened the catastrophe. They collided head-on. For one moment she seemed to be flying through space, the next she was held fast in strong unghostly arms. Then, with dignity, having been gently righted, she disentangled herself.

"Pardon."

"Pardon."

Neither moved. They stood staring through the opaque curtain that divided them. For the voice had spoken in Russian and she had answered. It was as magic and sweet as sudden music. Perhaps being lost among six million people wasn't really very amusing; perhaps she was more homesick than she knew. At any rate, sudden tears burned her eyes and she had an odd conviction, based on nothing at all, because his face was hidden, that her companion was no less moved. Reluctantly his supporting hand dropped from her arm.

"I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Indeed, not at all. It was my fault."

"These dreadful fogs!"

"Oh, no, I like them."

"Do you?"

She blushed hotly. She couldn't imagine why she had prolonged a formal apology into a conversation. She felt that she was not even behaving like an ordinary person who had been well brought up. It was the darkness and his Russian voice breaking through the queer silence that made everything seem fantastic and unreal. You forgot behavior. She explained hastily, conscious that she was not improving matters.

"I mean, you can imagine yourself anywhere."

"Home?" the voice suggested.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How nice! I was just thinking the same thing when I ran into you. That's why I burst into Russian. Usually I'm more circumspect. When you answered, I didn't know what to believe—the dream or this. Even now"—he hesitated and she felt that he was smiling—"well, I'm afraid to move in case I should wake up."

They were silent. There didn't seem anything more to say. Obviously the encounter led nowhere. If only they could have seen each other the matter would have been so much simpler. She could have smiled and bowed and passed on. But a bow and a smile would have been lost on him and it was necessary to find a gracious and concluding sentence. Or if he had known that she was a grand duchess —— But he naturally didn't. It was awkward but rather pleasant. Being a grand duchess was such a lonely occupation.

"Well, I must try not to run down anyone else," Anna Maria said gayly. "It might be a Bolshevik next time. Good-by, monsieur."

There was an imperceptible pause.

"Good-by, mademoiselle."

She gave him the invisible bow and smile and walked with dignity straight into the wall of a house. It was a ridiculous thing to have done. But she was lost. The wall seemed to envelop her. She could only stare at it in a sort of helpless indignation.

"A Bolshevik would be less unrelenting, mademoiselle." Gently she was turned about, and this time the hand on her arm did not release her. "You must let me see you safely to your destination," the voice said.

"It's not necessary. I was just confused."

"As a fellow countryman," the voice insisted.

"I couldn't dream of taking you out of your way."

"But you wouldn't be anyway."

Which was so flagrant that they both laughed. He walked beside her, close to the wall, his arm through hers, guiding her.

The fog swirled up about them, enveloping them in a floating silence, broken every now and then by a stray footfall or the melancholy honking of a lost taxi.

"I don't know where we're going," the voice said; "but if we run into a motor bus I can push it aside for you. I'm awfully strong."

The grand duchess was too bewildered to say anything. She stood outside herself, as it were, and watched herself with a half disapproving and half admiring excitement. No one had ever treated her like this before. In the old days everyone had been so formal that formality had seemed natural and painless. It was only since she had been in exile, among people who were intimate and friendly with one another, that she had begun to feel her loneliness. Even the waitresses, who were of the best families, had taken on

(Continued on Page 145)

"I Have Served the Czar! I Have Cooked for Kings! I Have Followed My Imperial Masters Into a Wretched Country. But You—You Who Have So Shamefully Abandoned the Titles and Privileges of Your Blood—You are No Longer Worthy of Me"

Clustering Round Young Bingo

"Your Man Jeeves," Said Aunt Dahlia, "Is a Washout, and You Can Tell Him I Said So"

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

I BLOTTED the last page of my manuscript and sank back, feeling more or less of a spent force. After incredible sweat of the old brow the thing seemed to be in pretty fair shape, and I was just reading it through and debating whether to bung in another paragraph at the end, when there was a tap at the door and Jeeves appeared.

"Mrs. Travers, sir, on the telephone."

"Oh?" I said. Preoccupied, don't you know.

"Yes, sir. She presents her compliments and would be glad to know what progress you have made with the article which you are writing for her."

"Jeeves, can I mention men's knee-length underclothing in a woman's paper?"

"No, sir."

"Then tell her it's finished."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Jeeves, when you're through, come back. I want you to cast your eye over this effort and give it the O. K."

My Aunt Dahlia, who runs a woman's paper called Milady's Boudoir, had recently backed me into a corner and made me promise to write her a few authoritative words for her Husbands and Brothers page on What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing. I believe in encouraging aunts, when deserving; and, as there are many worse eggs than her knocking about the metrop, I had consented blithely. But I give you my honest word that if I had had the foggiest notion of what I was letting myself in for, not even a nephew's devotion would have kept me from giving her the raspberry. A deuce of a job it had been, taxing the physique to the utmost. I don't wonder now that all these author blokes have bald heads and faces like birds who have suffered.

"Jeeves," I said, when he came back, "I suppose you don't read a paper called Milady's Boudoir by any chance, do you?"

"No, sir; the periodical has not come to my notice."

"Well, spring sixpence on it next week, because this article will appear in it. Wooster on the Well-Dressed Man, don't you know."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, Jeeves. I've rather extended myself over this little bijou. There's a bit about socks that I think you will like."

He took the manuscript, brooded over it and smiled a gentle, approving smile.

"The sock passage is quite in the proper vein, sir," he said.

"Well expressed, what?"

"Extremely, sir."

I watched him narrowly as he read on, and, as I was expecting, what you might call the love light suddenly died out of his eyes. I braced myself for an unpleasant scene.

"Come to the bit about soft silk shirts for evening wear?" I asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir," said Jeeves in a low cold voice, as if he had been bitten in the leg by a personal friend. "And if I may be pardoned for saying so ——"

"You don't like it?"

"No, sir, I do not. Soft silk shirts with evening costume are not worn, sir."

"Jeeves," I said, looking the blighter diametrically in the center of the eyeball, "they're dashed well going to be. I may as well tell you now that I have ordered a dozen of those shirtings from Peabody and Simms, and it's no good looking like that, because I am jolly well adamant."

"If I might ——"

"No, Jeeves," I said, raising my hand, "argument is useless. Nobody has a greater respect than I have for your judgment in socks, in ties and—I will go further—in spats; but, when it comes to evening shirts your nerve seems to fail you. You have no vision. You are prejudiced and reactionary. 'Hidebound' is the word that suggests itself. It may interest you to learn that when I was at Le Touquet the Prince of Wales buzzed into the Casino one night with soft silk shirt complete."

"His royal highness, sir, may permit himself a certain license which in your own case ——"

"No, Jeeves," I said firmly, "it's no use. When we Woosters are adamant, we are—well, adamant, if you know what I mean."

"Very good, sir."

I could see the man was wounded, and of course the whole episode had been extremely jarring and unpleasant; but these things have to be gone through. Is one a serf or isn't one? That's what it all boils down to. Having made my point, I changed the subject

"Well, that's that," I said. "We now approach another topic. Do you know any housemaids, Jeeves?"

"Housemaids, sir?"

"Come, come, Jeeves, you know what housemaids are. Females who get housemaid's knee."

"Are you requiring a housemaid, sir?"

"No; but Mr. Little is. I met him at the club a couple of days ago, and he told me that Mrs. Little is offering rich rewards to anybody who will find her one guaranteed to go light on the china."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. The one now in office apparently runs through the *objets d'art* like a typhoon, simoon or sirocco. So if you know any ——"

"I know a great many, sir; some intimately, others mere acquaintances."

"Well, start digging round among the old pals. And now the hat, the stick and other necessaries. I must be getting along and handing in this article."

The offices of Milady's Boudoir were in one of those rummy streets in the Covent Garden neighborhood; and I had just got to the door, after wading through a deep top-dressing of old cabbages and tomatoes, when who should come out but Mrs. Little. She greeted me with the warmth due to the old family friend, in spite of the fact that I hadn't been round to the house for a goodish while.

"Whatever are you doing in these parts, Bertie? I thought you never came east of Leicester Square."

"I've come to deliver an article of sorts which my Aunt Dahlia asked me to write. She edits a species of journal up those stairs—Milady's Boudoir."

"What a coincidence! I have just promised to write an article for her too."

"Don't you do it," I said earnestly. "You've simply no notion what a ghastly labor —— Oh, but of course I was forgetting. You're used to it, what?"

Silly of me to have talked like that. Young Bingo Little, if you remember, had married the famous female novelist, Rosie M. Banks, author of some of the most pronounced and widely read tripe ever put on the market. Naturally a mere article would be pie for her.

"No, I don't think it will give me much trouble," she said. "Your aunt has suggested a most delightful subject."

"That's good. By the way, I spoke to my man Jeeves about getting you a housemaid. He knows all the hummers"

"Thank you so much. . . . Oh, are you doing anything tomorrow night?"

"Not a thing."

"Then do come and dine with us Your aunt is coming, and hopes to bring your uncle. I am looking forward to meeting him."

"Thanks. Delighted."

I meant it too. The Little household may be weak on housemaids, but it is right there when it comes to cooks. Somewhere or other sometime ago Bingo's missus managed to dig up a Frenchman of the most extraordinary vim and skill. A most amazing johnnie who dishes a wicked ragout. Old Bingo has put on at least ten pounds in weight since this fellow Anatole arrived in the home.

"At eight, then."

"Right. Thanks ever so much."

She popped off and I went upstairs to hand in my copy, as we boys of the press call it. I found Aunt Dahlia immersed to the gills in papers of all descriptions.

I am not much of a lad for my relatives as a general thing, but I've always been very pally with Aunt Dahlia. She married my Uncle Thomas—between ourselves, a bit of a squirt—the year Bluebottle won the Cambridgeshire; and they hadn't got halfway down the aisle before I was saying to myself, "That woman is much too good for the old bird."

Aunt Dahlia is a large, genial soul, the sort you see in dozens on the hunting field. As a matter of fact, until she married Uncle Thomas, she put in most of her time on horseback; but he won't live in the country, so nowadays she expends her energy on this paper of hers.

She came to the surface as I entered and flung a cheery book at my head.

"Hullo, Bertie. I say, have you really finished that article?"

"To the last comma."

"Good boy! My gosh, I'll bet it's rotten!"

"On the contrary, it is extremely hot stuff, and most of it approved by Jeeves, what's more. The bit about soft silk shirts got in amongst him a trifle, but you can take it from me, Aunt Dahlia, that they are the latest yodel and will be much seen at first nights and other occasions where society assembles."

"Your man Jeeves," said Aunt Dahlia, flinging the article into a basket and skewering a few loose pieces of paper on a sort of meat hook, "is a washout, and you can tell him I said so."

"Oh, come," I said. "He may not be sound on shirtings —"

"I'm not referring to that. As long as a week ago I asked him to get me a cook, and he hasn't found one yet."

"Great Scott! Is Jeeves a domestic employment agency? Mrs. Little wants him to find her a housemaid. I met her outside. She tells me she's doing something for you."

"Yes, thank goodness. I'm relying on it to bump the circulation up a bit. I can't read her stuff myself, but women love it. Her name on the cover will mean a lot. And we need it."

"Paper not doing well?"

"It's doing all right, really, but it's got to be a slow job building up a circulation."

"I suppose so."

"I can get Tom to see that in his lucid moments," said Aunt Dahlia, skewering a few more papers. "But just at present the poor fathead has got one of his pessimistic spells. It's entirely due to that mechanic who calls herself a cook. A few more of her alleged dinners and Tom will refuse to go on paying the printers' bills."

"You don't mean that!"

"I do mean it. There was what she called a *ris de veau à la financière* last night which made him talk for three-quarters of an hour about good money going to waste and nothing to show for it."

I quite understood, and I was dashed sorry for her. My Uncle Thomas is a cove who made a colossal pile of money out in the East, but in doing so put his digestion on the blink. This has made him a tricky proposition to handle Many a time I've lunched with him and found him perfectly chirpy up to the fish, only to have him turn blue on me well before the cheese.

Who was that lad they used to try to make me read at Oxford? Ship—Shop Schopenhauer. That's the name. A grouch of the most pronounced description. Well, Uncle Thomas, when his gastric juices have been giving him the elbow, can make Schopenhauer look like Pollyanna. And the worst of it is, from Aunt Dahlia's point of view, that on these occasions he always seems to think he's on the brink of ruin and wants to start to economize.

"Pretty tough," I said. "Well, anyway, he'll get one good dinner tomorrow night at the Littles'."

"Can you guarantee that, Bertie?" asked Aunt Dahlia earnestly. "I simply daren't risk unleashing him on anything at all wonky."

"They've got a marvelous cook. I haven't been round there for sometime, but unless he's lost his form of two months ago, Uncle Thomas is going to have the treat of a lifetime."

"It'll only make it all the worse for him, coming back to our steak incinerator," said Aunt Dahlia, a bit on the Schopenhauer side herself.

The little nest where Bingo and his bride had settled themselves was up in St. John's Wood; one of those rather jolly houses with a bit of garden. When I got there on the following night I found that I was the last to weigh in. Aunt Dahlia was chatting with Rosie in a corner, while Uncle Thomas, standing by the mantelpiece with Bingo, sucked down a cocktail in a frowning, suspicious sort of manner, rather like a chappie having a short snort before dining with the Borgias; as if he were saying to himself that even if this particular cocktail wasn't poisoned, he was bound to cop it later on.

Well, I hadn't expected anything in the nature of beaming *joie de vivre* from Uncle Thomas, so I didn't pay much attention to him. What did surprise me was the extraordinary gloom of young Bingo. You may say what you like against Bingo, but nobody has ever found him a depressing

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"Jeeves," Said Young Bingo, "If You See Me Through This Fearful Crisis, Ask of Me What You Will Even Unto Half My Kingdom"

THREE OUT OF FIVE

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

AT EIGHT o'clock on the morning of a fine, pleasant Friday early in the year, Selma, the efficient Swede at Mrs. Mangin's, had just swept into the dining room with the first relay of breakfast buckwheats when a slight commotion startled the waiting guests. It emerged from near the table's head. Charley Halpin, Mrs. Mangin's young and popular third-floor back, was seated there; and holding a cup of coffee in one hand, a slice of toast in the other, Charley perused a morning paper propped up against a milk jug. A Wall Street man, he had the paper opened at the financial page, naturally; and halfway down the column of bid and ask quotations, he was just biting into his toast when he started abruptly, at the same time uttering an exclamation.

The exclamation and the sudden start were not due, however, to anything in the newspaper. The dining-room door had opened; and it was the person who'd opened it that appeared to have startled Charley. A large, not to say portly man, the newcomer was clad in a pepper-and-salt business suit, the kind worn by well-known financiers; and gaping as if at an apparition, young Mr. Halpin seemed blind to the fact that the sudden start he'd given had overturned the milk pitcher and that the milk was dripping over the table edge.

"You Being One of Those Wall Street Dabblers," Said Miss Hultz, "You Otta Know Aplenty What Hoodoos Are!"

Miss Hultz, the lady at Charley's right, rose swiftly.

"Well, for crying out loud!" observed Miss Hultz.

She was, it seems, a buyer for Bimberg's in the Avenue; and clad in a pale sage-green duvetyn, which frail creation was now decorated down the front with a liberal sprinkling of the milk.

For a moment she glanced despairingly at the frock. For a moment—though not so despairingly—she turned her eyes on Charley Halpin. As the others at Mrs. Mangin's understood, the lady buyer and the young Wall Street man were, to use their own phrase, quite thick together, not to say already engaged; though now neither sentiment nor any affection was evident in Miss Hultz's violet orbs.

"Say, how do you get that way?" she inquired, almost acidly, it might be said; and Charley Halpin awoke, his air still dazed, however.

A mumble, an apology, came from him as, awkwardly, he sought also with a napkin to efface the damage done to the pale sage-green duvetyn. Instantly, however, Miss Hultz leaped away, a cry escaping her. "Do you wish to wreck me entirely?" she demanded; and dabbing daintily at the dress, she was still exclaiming when the culprit uttered a hurried explanation.

"I say!" he cried beneath his breath. "Did you see who just came in?"

Miss Hultz hadn't. It also was evident from her pulsing bosom and darkling violet orbs that she cared less. Meanwhile, having seated himself at a small table in the corner, the stranger, the cause of all this commotion, now had been joined by a thin, somewhat faded woman of middle age, his wife apparently; and while husband read his morning newspaper the lady was peeling an orange for him and quartering it into sections. She had just handed to her husband the first of these sections when Charley Halpin spoke again.

"It's Timken!" he whispered, his voice awed; "J. Alonzo Timken himself!"

"Whooziz?" inquired Miss Hultz; adding "What say?" also; and when Charley replied "Timken, the big Wall Street trader," the lady buyer said, "Gosh!"

The remark, though, was due less to Charley's revelation than it was to another large spreading stain she had just discovered; and cutting his whispered exclamations short, Miss Hultz observed that J. Alonzo Timken, for all she cared, could be J. Pierpoint Van Rockabilt; her dress was ruined. "Serves me right, too!" she said sharply; and giving her shapely shoulders a shrug, she added something else. Vaguely, it had something to do with hoodoos, green dresses and Fridays; and Charley Halpin gaped.

"What?" he asked.

Miss Hultz didn't reply. Sweeping from the dining room, she climbed the stairs to her room at the second-floor front. A half hour later, when she again descended, now completely reclad, Charley Halpin had just come up from the basement dining room. With him was Mr. Timken, the Wall Street operator.

The two were talking earnestly, Charley's air visibly deferent as well as a little excited; and as the lady buyer saw the two she paused abruptly, a quick frown leaping into her eyes.

Outside it had begun to rain.

Clad in a tricky velours ensemble, Miss Hultz also was equipped with a smart balloon-silk waterproof and an umbrella of garnet tone. However, it was not the sudden rain that seemed to concern her; neither did she appear engrossed by the talk, an echo of which floated up from the foot of the stair. "'S right, Mr. T." Charley was saying rapidly; "'s as true as Holy Writ! Judgment 'nd experience, as you say, is what does the trick; 'nd if a man keeps his head, four out of five times he's just bound to land—three out of five anyways!"

Catching his breath, he was about to say something more when a sudden exclamation, a muffled cry, all at once cut him short.

The cry came from Miss Hultz. Her eye was riveted on Mr. Timken. In his hand the distinguished Wall Street trader bore a large, widespreading umbrella, its covering a somewhat unostentatious plain cotton; and ere he opened the street door Mr. Timken was opening the umbrella.

"Hi! I say there, stop!" ejaculated Miss Hultz.

Mr. Timken paused. As he did so Miss Hultz hurried down the stair. "Say," she said energetically, "you otta know better than to open any umbrella indoors! On a Friday too!" she added.

Mr. Timken gazed at her questioningly. "What say?" he inquired, frankly bewildered.

Miss Hultz repeated what she'd said. She also added briefly she'd been hoodooed enough for one day.

To this she appended still another observation. "You being one of those Wall Street dabblers," said Miss Hultz, "you otta know aplenty what hoodoos are!"

Mr. Timken stiffened sharply. Indignation loomed in his eye.

"Dabbler?" he echoed, his voice rising. "Dabbler?"

"Dabbler," repeated Miss Hultz.

The trader gave an irate snort. In fact, to anyone of his reputed standing in Wall Street circles the term necessarily must have been an affront; and as if defiant of Miss Hultz, of Miss Hultz's superstitious alarms as well, he suddenly thrust open the umbrella, held it above his head belligerently, and then flung back the street door. Hustling down the steps, in parting Mr. Timken threw over his shoulder a single biting exclamation.

"Apple sauce!" said Mr. Timken.

A loud laugh was Miss Hultz's rejoinder.

The laugh, however, was brief. His face a picture of consternation, Charley Halpin was sputtering indignantly "I say, Sadie!" when the lady buyer swung round to him severely.

"Cut out the upstage stuff, Barrymore!" she directed; "I heard you just now; and though you've promised me you'd quit dabbling in stocks you're fixing it with that fat straw ride to go into another deal. I suppose, too," Miss Hultz added inquiringly, "you're putting up the money, and he's putting up the experience, what?"

"If I am, what's that to you?" growled Charley; and Miss Hultz gave a sniff.

"Nothing," she replied, at the same time idly rearranging her back hair; "not the slightest, I assure you! I should think, though," she added, "that after the sort of luck you've enjoyed you'd have had about all you cared for of dabbling in stocks. And then some!" Miss Hultz also added.

At once Charley began to protest. His luck, true, had gone against him; but in this case luck had nothing to do with it.

Wasn't Timken one of the shrewdest traders in the Street? Wasn't it known that he could read the market upside down? It was a chance in a lifetime, getting in with Timken; and with Timken behind him, to beat the market was, as Charley said, a cinch!

"Thasso?" inquired Miss Hultz.

"You said it!" said Charley; and the lady buyer smiled.

"If that's the case," she murmured sweetly, "just tell me then what's Wall Street's clever, bright-haired boy, as you seem to think him, doing here in a boarding house? In any boarding house?" inquired Miss Hultz.

Very simple. In fact, on this point Miss Hultz seemed to have missed the mark. Mr. Timken was merely sojourning at Mrs. Mangin's while his home, a large Park Avenue apartment, was being refurnished and redecorated.

The apartment, it seemed, comprised eleven rooms and four baths; and being one of the new 100 per cent cooperative sort, Mr. Timken had paid for it one hundred thousand dollars or something. Other opulent details also went with these; but ere Charley could mention them Miss Hultz spoke.

But one phrase came from her. The phrase, singularly, was the exact echo of Mr. Timken's remark.

"Apple sauce!" said Miss Hultz.

That ended it, however; and opening the street door, Miss Hultz stepped outside. Then—though it was not until then—she raised the garnet-silk umbrella; and her gait jaunty, the lady buyer headed up the side street toward Fifth Avenue and Bimberg's.

The fact remains, though, that in spite of her conclusions about Wall Street and Wall Street operations, Miss H. in reality must have known little about the science of dealing in stocks. Luck, indeed, has nothing to do with it. It is by judgment and experience that you beat the market. Hadn't Mr. Timken himself said so?

II

THE market opened at ten. At half past nine, a brief half hour before the important moment, Mrs. Mangin's young and popular third-floor back hastened up the stairs of the Subway station in lower Broadway and turned the corner briskly into Wall Street. Near at hand was the New Street office of Rooker, Burke & Co.; and as this was the place where Charley traded, the arrangement was that Mr. Timken was to meet him there before business began for the day. Then, when Mr. Timken had looked over the situation briefly, they would be ready to go ahead.

On his way downtown in the train Charley's spirits had risen by leaps and bounds. The effects of the slight encounter with Miss Hultz had disappeared; and as he headed down New Street he was debating exultantly the plan Mr. Timken had so generously suggested. The plan, it seems, was one of the sort Miss Hultz had shrewdly if somewhat clumsily suggested—Charley putting up the money and Mr. Timken supplying the experience; but then, under the circumstances this was only to be expected. As Mr. Timken had said, knowledge and a judgmatic experience were alone the qualities that enabled a trader to beat the market; and hearing this, Charley had begun to feel that this, or rather the lack of it, must have been the trouble with himself. Of late, at any rate, almost every deal he had gone in on seemed to have swung against him. Having sold Can, Can had risen blithely. Then, switching his position, Charley had bought Can, only to see Can flop back as suddenly as it had gone up. The same was true of a flyer he'd taken in Steel. It was equally true of another in Soup—that is, Southern Pacific. To sum it up, about three out of every five of the trades he'd made had gone against him; and that morning, having shyly introduced himself to the noted operator, something Mr. Timken had said to him had been in the nature of a revelation. It was that any dub, as Mr. Timken himself put it, could be counted on to lose three times out of five, the trick that distinguishes a real trader from a boob being the ability to reverse the proportion. Saying then that he was no hog, that three wins out of five was all he asked, Mr. Timken added impressively that was the rule he made in all his operations "I fix it, y' understand, to win the three, not lose 'em That's how I beat the game!" he proclaimed.

Charley gaped in admiration. It was, in fact, a plan so simple and direct that he wondered he himself hadn't thought of it. Three out of five! True, Mr. Timken hadn't told how he insured the success of this basic principle—that is, made sure of picking three shots out of the five; and he was saying gloomily "I guess you're luckier than I am'" when the trader gave a snort.

"Luck? What d'you mean, luck?" he barked; "it's judgment, I tell you, that does it—judgment!"

There could be no doubt of it. Frankly, in view of his own recent experiences, Charley felt that anyone able to pick even three out of five must be imbued not only with judgment; it was divination. Judgment, however, was the basis of Mr. Timken's success. As straws show how the wind blows, Mr. Timken made it a practice to watch out for these straws—signs that told him, in his judgment, when any stock was likely to give action. In addition, the operator made it another rule, as he said, to maintain what he termed a strict trading position. By keeping out of stagnant, slow-moving stocks the trader, in other words, was enabled when anything was in the wind to take immediate advantage of the opportunity.

"In and out, in and out—that's me!" said Mr. Timken.

Just at the moment, it appeared, he was out. The market, because of underlying conditions, didn't interest him. Curiously, however, as soon as Charley suggested hesitatingly that Mr. Timken and he might make a little trade together, Charley putting up the money and Mr. Timken supplying the judgment, the operator at once had seemed to display an active interest. He had, as he said, a number of good ones he'd been keeping an eye on; and grasping Charley by the elbow he had, in fact, just agreed to meet him at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s when Miss Hultz, appearing on the stairs, had nearly ruined everything. However, though Mr. Timken had departed irately, and Charley hadn't seen him since, he was still reasonably certain the operator would keep the appointment. Hadn't he inquired the exact amount of Charley's balance at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s? Hadn't he also warned Charley not to keep him waiting? As the young man, in fact, assured himself, all this could not have been merely conversation; and his face eager, his gait alert, Charley hurried down New Street, entered the building where Rooker, Burke & Co. had their offices, and stepped aboard the elevator. A moment afterward he threw open the door of the customers' room

As he did so Charley halted. He also gave a start. The start, however, was not due to the fact that Mr. Timken wasn't to be seen. It was caused, instead, by the momentary appearance of the customers' room.

A ticker clacked and pounded in the corner, busily grinding out the prices of the London opening, the other premarket news as well. Close at hand also were the long rows of oaken chairs in which the clients at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s sat daily and studied the quotation board. The chairs now were deserted; but before the wide plate-glass window looking out on the street below, a knot of early morning regulars was gathered, Beeks, the office manager, among them. Their necks craned, a rapt interest in their air, they were gazing toward the Wall Street corner.

Beeks, the manager, let fall an exclamation. "There's a cop now! He's pinching the choofer!"

Mr. Dismuke, one of the firm's traders, followed with another exclamation. "Hey, lookit! I told you the bird wasn't croaked. They're carryin' him into th' cigar store!"

"No, they ain't!" Mr. Schmutz, another trader, at once disputed; "they're puttin' him in a cab. It's a red cab, and the driver's a coon," he added.

"What's the row?" inquired Charley Halpin.

Beeks briefly told him. A mail truck passing along Wall Street had just knocked down a pedestrian at the corner.

"Say, has Mr. Timken, the operator, been in yet?" asked Charley.

"Which?" inquired Beeks.

His tone as careless as he could make it, Charley replied "J. Alonzo, you know," and Beeks gave a grunt.

"Oh, him," said Beeks

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Charley Didn't Reply. A Titter, a Little Laugh All at Once Had Hit Upon His Ear. Instantly, Too, as if in Echo, a Light, a Sudden Illumination Flashed Into His Mind

DICTATORS ON TRIAL

By Richard Washburn Child

EVEN after a World War in which America played a part, her internal politics are so little known that it is not uncommon to find intelligent persons in Europe who are still wondering why a President of the United States could not make international agreements at Paris without asking anyone's consent.

It is not unusual to find here and there a European statesman who has no conception of our sovereign states composing a federation and who believes that the governors of Colorado and Massachusetts are appointed from Washington.

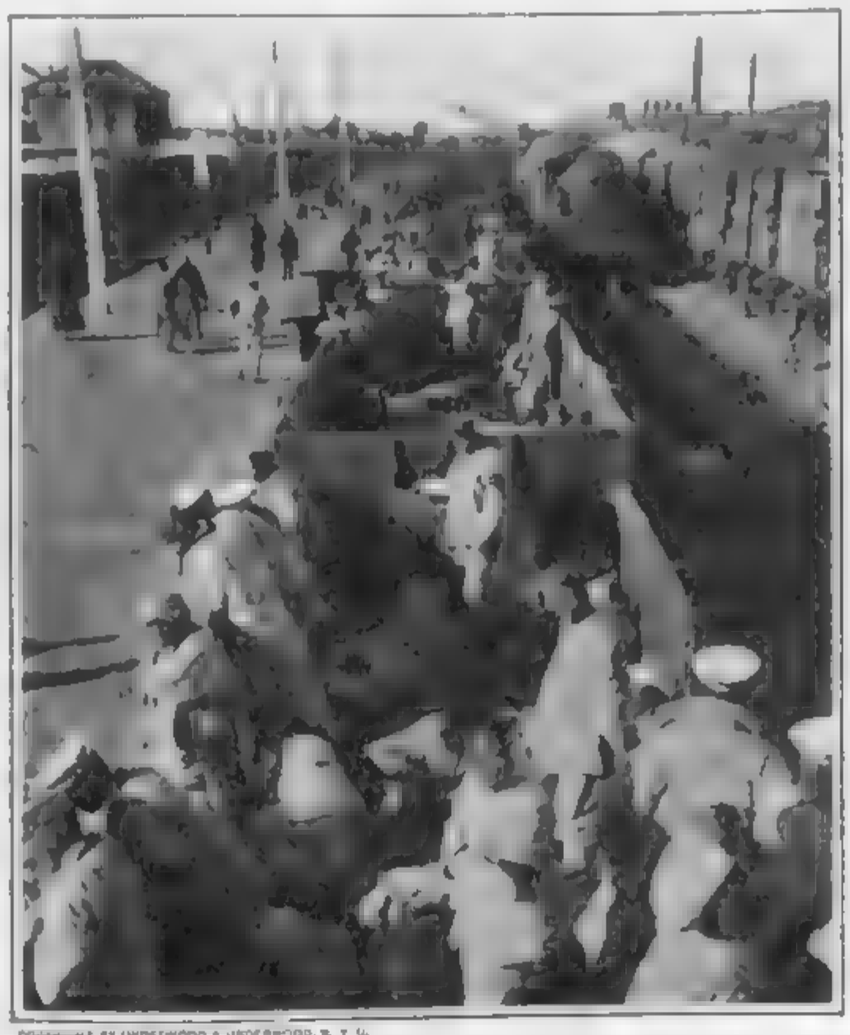
Is it then any marvel that Americans are often in the dark as to the real undercurrents in European affairs? Is it remarkable that we still go on believing that democracy is a word with which to conquer Europe when it is a fact that there is in Europe today a tremendous tide of cynicism about democracy?

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, President of Turkey, and His Wife, Latifeh Hanum, Leaving the Train at Doumlan Panar, Where the Turkish Unknown Soldier Was Buried

If Wilson were alive today and again launched the slogan, Make the World Safe for Democracy, and by democracy meant parliamentary government of the cut, style and fashion known today to old Continental republics and constitutional monarchies, to the new nations hand-painted in Central Europe by hurried world makers while dressing for dinner, and to new unskilled democracies like Turkey and China, then instead of the thrills of ecstasy which the catch phrase inspired in 1918 it is probable that it would provoke in many of these countries a good deal of derisive laughter. This cynical ridicule to be found widespread in Europe as I have found it, is not directed at democracy as idealists conceive it; it is directed at democracy as it performs in practice. There may be tragedy in this fact.

Group Interests Paramount

IN ENGLAND an old editor who has been also a member of Parliament said to me: "There can be no doubt that even our own parliamentary government, although better than Continental forms, no longer satisfies. Candor requires us to admit that its quality and its practices have degenerated. This is especially true since the war, and the people feel it. In our administrative government—the executive—there is still an unshaken faith. From our exchequer down we have skill, experience, training. That administrative system, developed constantly over hundreds of years, is the strength of Great Britain. But the parliamentary system is no longer one of quality. Representatives have become unlike the free, expressive and fit men of half a century ago. Today they are more like lay figures moved about. They are disciplined by party whips. The distinguished debates of the old days have disappeared. Even the press has ceased to print much of the proceedings in the House of Commons, for it has been discovered that the public no longer is interested in the divergencies between undistinguished minds. There is a feeling that debates do not make votes in the House of Commons, but that everything is cut and dried in the hands of the party leaders or under the increasing power of a Prime Minister who has a majority to dictate action. Furthermore we have come to an era when the questions before the House which deal with national policy strike less fire than proposals of special legislation for the benefit of this or that group, class or organization. One of the consequences of this deterioration is the proposal or the vague hunger for plans which would remove some of the functions from the Commons and establish semilegislative bodies outside—for instance, an industrial legislature made up of capital and labor interests creating laws for their own worlds not unlike the method used by trade guilds in China. In other words, there is a feeling that legislative politics no longer serves to create national unity or to settle national policies, but tends more and more to deal with the interests of special groups and under pressure of minorities to grant special favors. Of course if this is to be the future of constitutional government there is some basis for the suggestion that we may as well recognize at once the day of special group or class interests and remove their treatment from parliaments and intrust them to syndicals or guilds. If so, we are doomed to the disorganization, to the lack of unity which caught and swallowed most of the Orientals centuries ago."



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Chinese Soldiers Who Were Wounded at the Shanhaikwan Front Being Taken to the Hospitals

Forgiven

IN FRANCE I found Charles Maurras and the association called L'Action Française pamphleteering toward the old monarchial ideas. This idea is no longer founded upon a desire of a group for power or of heirs to a throne for ascendancy; it is founded upon the bare hunger for a national unity which some men believe the parliamentary system with its many parties, its wrangling, its petty jockeying to form ministries and to destroy them, is slowly but surely destroying. Then again one who sits in a café near the Senate looks up to receive the news that the great Caillaux will be given political amnesty. Says one man: "He is coming to Paris. At least he will be the power behind the scenes. Herriot may go. Briand may come. But France has forgiven the man exiled for communicating with the enemy. Do you believe France would have forgiven a weak man, a useless man? Poof! But France forgives Caillaux because she needs a strong man, because she hungers for wisdom and strength even when it may operate behind the scenes. We would make of Caillaux a skilled stage manager of France's finance. The ministry and the Chamber? Ah, they are marionettes, squeaking and disjointed. France wishes a hand strong enough to make them dance in step to some national harmony!"

In Germany the big industrialist folded his tremendous hands, having dropped his cigar into the coals. "What has our problem been?" he asked. "First, to avoid persecution from without. But next, to find unity! Say what you will, we are tired already with petty struggles for political power. There is growing yearning in the hearts of all for unity. Even oppressive unity is better than the futile clamor of little and big groups who never know their own mind unless it is a mind to shake the tree of democracy so that the fruit will fall into their baskets. Do you believe that the mass has the passion to be possessed of power to govern? You are mistaken. The passion of humanity is to be well governed. Democracy must prove itself capable of doing this or it will fail here just as it has broken down in the Latin countries! It is not a cause of joy if the Reichstag and such bodies become impotent by divisions. Any people would turn to a dictator or to a monarchy with a certain sadness. But always there comes first in the decisions of mankind—necessity!"

Such are specimens of the undercurrent of thought in the peoples, not only in some democracies of Europe but in nearly all. This may come with something of a shock to Americans who are used to comparative success with a democracy, who have by wisdom and good fortune avoided the multi-party systems and the weary succession of ministries and the power of organized minorities which it breeds. But our assumption as to the value and permanence of democracies is not shared behind the closed doors of peasants' cottages, shopkeepers' homes, workmen's apartments and philosophers' studies in Europe. If there is any surprise in this the surprise

arises from the fact that the European press is largely in the hands of parliamentary political groups whose instinct naturally is to belittle and minimize the discontent with parliaments. Even those whose discontent is being prepared for action do not advertise their purposes. They do not readily confide their plans or disclose their numerical strength or their preparation even to American newspaper correspondents.

With our well-founded national instinct against monarchies, communism, dictatorship and other plans to replace the label of democracy, we prefer to believe that foreign bottles are safe containers of the thing described by this label. We may look seriously at flash stories from Europe based on fire-alarm rumors, or laid before our gullibility by some publicity-seeking author who wishes to sell a new book of fiction or advertise a new film. We may believe some piece of nonsense about the attempt of a king to throw himself out of a palace window. But we remain in much darkness as to the thoughts in Europe's mind as to the course of intrigue, as to the real undercurrent below the surface which slowly gathers a power, sometimes irresistible and volcanically explosive.

PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Premier Mussolini Mingling With His People and Making Personal and Intimate Observations of Prevailing Conditions While Touring Italy

It is only necessary to point out the complete unexpectedness with which we received the news of the taking of Rome by Fascisti and the news of the "directorship" in Spain to show that the surface is what we are watching, whereas it is only the depths which tell the story in advance. I have met in Spain a number of newspaper correspondents who have been looking in vain for even a ripple of antimonarchy revolution. They had poured down into Spain merely because an author who had new literary wares for sale had advertised a revolution of which he and his pen and his motion-picture films were to be the spiritual center.

As one Parisian wit said, "He attacked royalty to defend royalties!"

The Comforting Sense of Monarchy

BELOW the surface if there is any tide running in regard to monarchies at the moment, it is not against monarchies, but at least slightly toward them. It must not be forgotten that the establishment of some democracies in Europe after the war was less by the free action on the part of defeated peoples and newly carved out nations than by the whimsey of the dictatorial conquerors. Self-determination had a good deal of nonsense in it. It must not be forgotten that centuries of training have produced in Europe a certain comforting sense of monarchy. Monarchs in the last century, in the main, have become symbols of unity and nationalism, like flags; some of the peoples who tipped out rather harmless reigning sovereigns in the hysterical hopes which followed the war would not complain if a morning came when the royal house was back again. At the present time mere republican revolutions may give the basis for a clamor, but I have seen no reason to regard them seriously. As one minor correspondent in Europe once said to me, "If I can send a story to discredit a king it makes great stuff for the American audience. They still think they are at war with George III and all his cousins and his nephews. They still regard every immigrant as a person who has flown from tyrants into the arms of Uncle Sam. It makes great stuff!"

Now the truth of the matter is that we are fed on this kind of material; and worse yet, being far away, we are out of touch with the real undercurrents. The wisest statesman produced by the Balkans during the war said to me the other day almost the same words. "Tidal waves of political change come unheralded," he told me. "I have learned that the strength of these tides cannot be found in their representation in parliamentary parties. Very often the representation there is not in ratio to their strength and latent power. Nor does the press herald coming events. I have learned to measure so far as possible the discontent with existing governments. It is really true that few changes ever come because an existing government has power wrested from its hands; real changes come when existing governments become so weak that power drops out of their hands."

This in fact was the reason for Mussolini. The thing labeled democracy had failed in Italy. As ambassador there I had seen an old group of politicians who had made a jelly of disorganization. Some of them were good men, but the system beat them. Every eighth man, woman and child in Italy, it was said, was on the government pay roll. Organized minorities had looted the treasury. Taxes to provide more loot for those who attempted to blackmail the government by exerting political pressure, were taxes which invited evasion or crushed industry and ambition. One ministry followed another, hanging by their eyelashes. The Chamber engaged in government by talk and government by intrigue. Many parties joined in destructive selfish attacks. Combines of minority parliamentary groups without any coherent national program continually conspired to seize power. Life in Italy became, for the patriotic spirit, humiliating. Foreign nations of greater strength found it easy to keep Italy weak. The poor and humble paraded the streets or created strikes and demonstrations for favors which they received in terms of promises, while the money interests, pressing on deputies and owning and publishing newspapers, were the real beneficiaries of special privilege. To this day many persons believe that Mussolini was the projectile which an outraged national spirit hurled against communism; the truth is that Mussolini was the militant avenger of the outrages perpetrated by a feeble democracy. Democracy in Italy had stalled and spraddled in the middle of the road. Democracy in Spain, whether the cause for it had been the multi-party system or the unfitness of the people for democracy, had stalled and spraddled too.

The Invasion of Dictators

TALKING the other day in Central Europe to my friend the Balkan statesman, he exhibited some antipathy to the invasion of European democracy by dictators. I said to him: "I understand fully your sentiment. Unfortunately when people face chaos they do not engage in sentiment. Perhaps you and I may dislike fire engines. We do not like their noise, we do not like their lurid color, we do not like their manner of running over occasional pedestrians who get in their way or who try to stop them. At these times fire engines appear cruel instruments of too great authority and enjoying too great a right of way. But the test of whether we send for them is the presence of a dire necessity. Dictators in these days are not present because they have conspired for power; they are brought out because there is an emergency. The roof is falling in! Today no dictator will appear until the people are ready to sound an alarm. It is the situation which brings the dictator; it is not the dictator who makes the situation. When democracy has lost all authority to govern, people will

Chinese National Troops at the Shanhaikuan Front, Under Command of Marshal Wu Pei-fu, Fought Against the Manchurian Invasion of the Fengtien Troops to Protect the Unity of the Country. A Modern Wireless Portable Field Set in Operation at a Railway Station Near the Front Kept Marshal Wu in Touch With His Generals

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NOT THE TYPE—By Marian Spitzer

PROBABLY no anecdote of the past few years, not even a Ford joke, has been more widely circulated than the one about the actor who died and was sent to a funeral parlor, where the undertaker refused to bury him because he was "not the type."

This story was, without doubt, originated by an actor, a result of bitterness and despair. There are many others on the same theme, although none so terse and final. One that is a tradition among actors is attributed sometimes to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, sometimes to Richard Mansfield. It doesn't matter; the story is good, and any temperamental star will do for a peg to hang it on. As it is told, a young and aspiring actor applied to Sir Herbert for a part in a new play. He was given the script to read, and acquitted himself satisfactorily. He was the correct height and had the required appearance. Everything seemed all right until Sir Herbert began to explain the character to him.

"This young man," he said, "is mourning the loss of a very close relative. Have you ever lost a very close relative?"

"Yes," said the aspirant, "I have."

"Very good," went on the star, "but the person in the play was drowned at sea. Was your relative drowned at sea?"

"Oh, yes," replied the youth eagerly, "in a shipwreck."

"What member of your family was it?"

"My sister."

"Ah," murmured Tree, "your sister. That is indeed a pity, because in the play it is the young man's brother who was drowned. I am extremely sorry, but I fear you will not do. Not quite the type."

Lillian Foster, a Young Actress From the West, Appearing in Conscience

In line with the current vogue for dramatizing anecdotes, there is an up-to-date and slightly racy version of this same tale doing service as a comedy sketch in a Broadway revue.

To balance these humorous stories, there have been scores of papers written by crusading dramatic critics on the evils of casting as it is done today. Between the star system and the type system, they wail, the American theater is on the road to ruin. When the Moscow Art players were here last year they were pointed to by every writer on the theater as an example of what can be done in the way of ensemble acting when stars and types are forgotten. But the Moscow Art company, it must be remembered, was subsidized, not only in its native Russia, but also on its American tour. It did not have to make money. As a matter of fact, its stay in this country was profitable to a degree; but that was rather a secondary consideration. And the American theatrical manager who is not in business to make money does not exist, despite the charming and ingenuously worded publicity to the contrary emanating from some quarters.

A Risky Business

A MANAGER produces a play to make money, and he casts his play with that in mind. To him, actors and actresses are just like any other commodity; and though he may on occasions be willing to try out a new and unknown product, on the whole he prefers to use material that has been tried and found satisfactory. There is, as it has been pointed out a thousand times before, very little of the pioneering spirit in the neighborhood of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

It's easy enough to see the producer's point of view. If he is risking anywhere from twenty to sixty thousand dollars of his hard-earned money—or his best friend's hard-earned money—it's more often that—he naturally wants to give the piece every possible advantage beforehand. At best it's a risky business without taking any unnecessary chances. But that makes it pretty hard going for the unknown actor or actress—the one in every thousand, perhaps, who has genuine talent. And that is why it sometimes takes eight or ten years for a really gifted player to reach Broadway. Now and then there flashes forth the story of an actor or actress who, after plodding sturdily along for years, playing stock, going on the road in third or fourth companies, making the wearying rounds of managers' offices, meeting every rebuff with renewed determination, eventually manages to get into a Broadway play and at the opening performance sets the jaded New York first-nighters afire with a performance of great splendor. After that, of course, the person is made. Contracts at fabulous figures are offered by a dozen different managers, the name goes up in lights, wealth and glory are secure. Life, on rare occasions, runs true to fiction.

Just such a story this season is that of Lillian Foster, a young actress from the West, who, after eight years of hovering on the threshold of New York, finally slipped into town one warm September evening in one of those numberless late-summer dramas that nobody knows much about and gave a performance of such truth and brilliance as to make hard-hearted critics run excitedly around the lobby of the theater calling her another Duse, and derby-hatted managers dash backstage with beguiling contracts for her to sign. When she went into the theater that night she was just an obscure little actress getting her first and not very promising chance on Broadway. When she went out she was an established success, and when she arrived the following night she found, just as they do in storybooks, that her name had been spelled out in electric lights over the theater. It is told with great glee by actors -how they love to bite on the sore tooth!—that a well-known producer who had a financial interest in the production rushed backstage after the second act, and thrusting into Miss Foster's hand a five-year contract, said, "Good heavens, girl, I've been looking for an actress like you for twenty years! Where have you been all my life?"

"Well, Mr. Blank," she is supposed to have replied, "for the past five years of your life I've been in your office on an average of once a week, trying to see you. Your brother always said I wasn't the type you were looking for."

The impression has since got around that harsh words were exchanged that night between the producer and his brother.

This sort of thing occurs perhaps once a season, sometimes less frequently, rarely more. And what about the others, the hundreds of boys and girls who spend their best years trying in vain to get a chance?

There must be something wrong with the system of casting, just as there is something wrong, apparently, with the system of marriage; but as with marriage, those concerned are adhering to it in its present form until they can devise something more practical.

M'Lord, the Carriage Waits Without

CASTING, on the whole, is a matter of routine, done through accepted and well-worn channels. There are approximately thirty thousand people on the stage in the United States, including everyone from stars of the greatest magnitude to the legions whose careers never take them beyond the current version of "M'lord, the carriage waits without." Of this large number a comparative few are under the exclusive management of certain producers and appear only under their auspices. This is true mainly of the big stars. The Barrymores, Ethel and John, for instance, are under contract to Arthur Hopkins; Frances Starr and Lenore Ulric are Belasco stars; Ina Claire, Elsie Ferguson and Irene Bordoni are under the Frohman banner. A limited number of other players, whose fame is not so great but whose work is of a very high caliber, also are under contract; but the large majority of actors and actresses are free agents, changing employers with each engagement.

Formerly every theatrical office had its own casting director, a man who devoted himself exclusively to that aspect of the business, who saw every play, visited every stock company and made himself familiar with every performer within the range of Broadway. His was the trying job of interviewing the hundreds of applicants who, utterly disregarding the no-casting-today sign nailed securely and permanently outside the door, came swarming to the office the instant it was rumored that a new play had been accepted. And his the sorry task of turning away ninety-nine of every hundred, knowing perfectly well that in many cases anxiety and trouble and sometimes even hunger walked with them when they left his office. Of all occupations, it seems that the stage is most overcrowded, the one in which the supply eternally exceeds the demand.

Marilyn Miller as Peter Pan, in the Play by Sir James Barrie

The casting director still exists, but not as a rule in that capacity exclusively. Usually it is the general manager of a theatrical organization who has charge of the casting, with the man who has been engaged to direct the production as a consultant. Sometimes if the producer has a kind heart he allows the author to pass upon the people; and, of course, no one is finally engaged without the O. K. of the producer himself.

Eliminating for the time being the stars who have plays made to their measure, those lesser players who are fortunate enough to have contracts for their services, and the various relatives and friends of producers, whose cases come under the head of special pleading, there are still

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Tourist Fishing and the Merry Joker—By Stewart Edward White

WHEREVER there is good fishing, sooner or later somebody discovers it and tells his friends. They try it and tell their friends. In due time the place becomes famous. Somebody sees an opportunity and puts up a little shack, where he dispenses board and lodging at a small price. That brings in a whole bunch of anglers who do not like to camp out. Which, in turn, induces the keeper of the shack to enlarge his facilities and put in a bathtub or so and hang up a stuffed fish in the living room. Sooner or later one of his guests brings a friend who knows very little about fishing.

The guest does not wish, himself, to bother leading the tyro around at the end of a string, so he induces the hotel keeper to send to Six Lakes and get Hank Byers to come on over for a day or so. Hank receives a five-dollar tip in appreciation of the three-pound fish, and so decides to hang around a while on the chance of more such easy pickings. There are further tenderfeet from time to time, and also a certain number of the regulars are getting fat and lazy and willing to hire Hank to do some of the carrying or the rowing. They send for Hank's brother; and shortly after, for Sam Anderson from the Corners.

Evolution of a Fishing Resort

SOMEWHERE about here these men begin to be known as guides. And somewhere about here their main job ceases to be that of accompanying a fellow woodcraftman as helper, and becomes one of directing, guiding and taking care of the more or less unaccustomed tenderfoot.

By this time, in all probability, the shack has given place to a modern hotel. There is easy transportation; floats with numbered boats and perhaps a boat keeper; a guides' camp with an ostentatious evening bonfire; advertisements in the sporting magazines. The place is now a celebrated fishing resort. And the old-timers have ceased coming—except perhaps in the early spring or late fall when the trout are really biting but the tourists are not—and have sneaked off to some other unknown lodge in the wilderness.

That is the usual history of the fishing resort. Its latter end is ordinarily an almost complete dearth of fish, but plenty of canoes, golf links, evening jazz dancing, wireless concerts and other sedatives. There is from time to time a veritable fish laid out in the lobby; a real fish, not one of the six or eight-inch babies that now reward the efforts of those who go forth caparisoned like unto the sporting goods catalogue with the rude and hearty woodsmen from the guides' camp. Hank Byers caught that fish by dark methods known only to himself, and employed by him solely because it is part of his job to provide a little advertising, a little come-on stuff to keep 'em interested and excited.

Yes, there are quite likely to be still good fish and in sufficiency even at such a celebrated fishing resort. In early spring and up to the first week in June they are still to be had; and when the autumn has sufficiently cooled the waters so that leviathan comes to the top and takes notice, then, perhaps, a few of the old-timers reappear; and the proprietor shuts up

"Sometimes You Do Hit Them in Summer, Though," He Said. "They Just Come Up and Bite for No Reason at All"

The Nearer the Big Whirls You Can Get, the More Salmon You Will Find; for the Reason That There the Herring Become Battered About and Confused and Make Easy Pickings. At Left—Charley Sometimes Needs Corroboration Before His Statements Can be Accepted as Scientifically Accurate

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

four-fifths of the show, and the guides take the picturesque heron feathers out of their hats and come up from the guides' camp and chaw tobaccer around a satisfactory air-tight stove, and everybody is happy.

But the tenderfoot does not want to go afield at such seasons. It is cold; it is likely to be rainy; it isn't his vacation time; he wants to bring his family. And anyway, he doesn't know anything about seasons of fishing, nor the reasons therefor. This is a fishing resort, so advertised; therefore it should produce fish at any time. The proprietor is forced to foster this illusion. He has an expensive plant and he must make it pay. To do so it must be kept full the whole of the season. Therefore he becomes a past master in the art of jollying 'em along, and his corps of guides second him whole-heartedly. As alibi experts they can be equaled nowhere, and they know how to make the alibis stick. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of their guests go away satisfied that they have been the victims of the most extraordinary fisherman's luck; that their visit has happened upon concatenations of circumstances almost without parallel in history; that they have been just too late or must leave just too soon; that next time without any manner of doubt —— It is like the golfer who sadly remarked that he never beat an opponent in perfect health.

And it so happens that the game is helped, because once in a blue moon or so there actually will be, for a brief period, some marvelous sport right in the off season. Fish are queer critters. There will come a day or two when for some quite unknown reason, and against all Nature, the big fellows will take a notion to rise right in midsummer. Then Hank Byers does not need to make his long journey with his dredging apparatus.

Solly Isaacson brings in the five-pounder which is exhibited in the hotel lobby. Such occasions are as fine gold to the proprietor. They are veritable; and skillfully handled, they may be made to appear habitual. That's the thing you just missed by the aforementioned concatenation of unfortunate circumstances!

Giving Them a Good Time

AROUND the red-hot stove in the late fall or early spring, when the place is actually down to a rock-bottom fishing basis, is the time to get the real low-down on the show. The guides at such a resort are, as a rule, good and competent men. In the winter they trap or hunt on their own, and they have been brought up in the backwoods. In summer they are plying a trade, filling a need, and they play the game as it lies.

"These people are out for a good time," one explained, "and we give them a good time, and it does them a heap

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SCHOOLS OF SUCCESS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

"Success is a Tricky Thing. Take Two Men—or a Dozen Men. Which of Them Will Make a Big Success?"

I LIKE the perfume of distant lions. I like to gaze upon wealth. Happily, it is possible to indulge both these passions by sitting on a bench on Fifth Avenue not far from the Central Park Zoo, on a mild May morning, with a breeze from the west.

In back of one is the zoo, with its lions; in front is the Gold Coast, that row of castles of the very rich, those vast houses, so fascinating, so mysterious to the ordinary man. One thinks: "Behind those façades of marble and granite, behind those wrought-iron grilles and bronze doors, live big men; in that house, a big oil man; in that one, a big pig-iron man; in the next, a big coal man; then, perhaps, each in his separate palazzo, a big shirt man, a big steamboat man, a big paper man."

And then—if one is an ordinary man, living in a New York flat the size of a police patrol—one wonders what manner of men are these that they have won themselves palaces.

Occasionally a glimpse of them may be caught as they leave their homes in the morning or purr back to them late in the afternoon in limousines. To the outward eye there is no striking difference between them and the flat dwellers. They look normal and entirely human. It is perfectly possible to imagine them with foibles, with weaknesses even; doubtless they, too, catch colds if they sit in drafts; doubtless they, too, hesitate over a tray of French pastry, and, after they have made their choice, wish they had chosen a different one; doubtless they, too, like to see their names in print, use oaths when their shoe strings break, like to smoke in their baths and hate to shave on a chilly morning. I say "doubtless" because I have no exact data. I do not know any millionaires. But I have been where they were, and I have gazed on them with wonder. "What is their secret?" I ask myself. "How did they do it?"

On this point I was speculating that fair May day, sitting on my favorite bench, and contemplating the panorama of New York's most splendid street. Across the way loomed the Gold Coast, massive, opulent. That fine house with pillars I knew was inhabited by a big pump man, with whose life story I was familiar. The facts—I had read them in an interview he had given—were clear enough. He had come—as so many of the others had—from a down-at-the-heel farm somewhere out in the corn country. A dollar a day had been big wages to him once. He came to the city, a freckled youth with one extra collar, and began to sell pumps.

An ambition was born in him to make bigger and better pumps. He persuaded—those are his own words—somebody to loan him some money. Just how he did that, he does not say; I wish I knew. At any rate, he began to make bigger and better pumps, and there he is today in a house the size of a railroad terminus, all pillars and bulging bay windows. Now, to me, this is a miracle. It savors of black magic. Is success a germ that a man catches, like a measles germ?

I was wondering about this as I contemplated the houses next to that of the big pump man. On one side stands an enormous milk-white marble mansion with a golden door; that it is solid gold I have not a doubt in the world. On the other side towers a granite residence with a high imposing door of bronze, studded with carved knobs. "Big men are behind those doors of gold and bronze," I was thinking. "Now how ——"

"How did they get that way?" a voice at my elbow said.

I started. Someone had cut into my thoughts. I turned sharply and looked at the stranger who had spoken to me.

He was a plain man with a pensive blue eye. His suit was not new, nor was his hat. He was neat, but certainly not gaudy. He was the sort of man one sees hurrying to catch the 5:29 to Willowhurst, with an evening paper and the supper sirloin under his arm. Or perhaps he lived in a four-room walk-up flat in Brooklyn, and supported a modest existence by selling pianos in one of the big stores or writing fire insurance in a small way.

"Yes," he went on, without any particular encouragement from me, "success is a funny proposition. I've decided that success is like a harelip—you are either born with it or you aren't. Don't you think so, young man?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's a mystery to me—the ability some men have to make millions. There may be a recipe for success—but I don't happen to know it. Do you?"

"Recipe, my grandmother!" he snorted. "Is there a recipe for harelips? You have one—or you haven't—that's all."

"But surely—some of these men got where they are by hard work," I ventured.

"Apple sauce!" he said. "Pure, unadulterated apple sauce. Listen to me—I'll tell you a success story."

As I had nothing better to do, I listened to him.

"It begins out in a certain Middle-Western state named Ohio, in an ordinary American city, which I will call Cincinnati," he said; "and it begins with two young men at work at the same bench in a ball-bearing factory. That's a good place for a success story to begin, isn't it?"

I did not deny it and he continued.

"The names of these two young men were Elmer Watters and Henry Boffinger. They were as ordinary young men as you would find in a day's walk around Cincinnati. Neither was a beauty—Elmer's nose was too long and Henry's ears were too big. Both of them were born in the same year in the same dingy quarter of Cincinnati.

"Each, as it happened, was the son of a trolley-car motorman, so you can see that neither was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. They grew up together in the same out-at-the-elbows neighborhood, played on the same baseball team and went to the same grammar school, where both picked up the same hodge-podge of scraps of education. They left school as soon as the law permitted, and, as they were inseparable friends, they looked for a job together and got one in Samuel G. Cumberland's ball-bearing works—for no better reason than that they saw a want ad:

"'WANTED

"'Two boys—white—strong—to make themselves generally useful, and learn ball-bearing making.'

"They did make themselves so useful that in due course they became full-fledged ball-bearing makers, and, at twenty-six, they were pretty generally considered by everyone, including the president, the best all-round ball-bearing makers in the shop of Samuel G. Cumberland. You've heard of Cumberland Ball Bearings—the Roundest in the World—haven't you?"

"Never," I said.

"No matter," said the man. "They were good ball bearings. The Cumberland factory was not a very large one because Cumberland Ball Bearings were a quality product; but it was prosperous, and made a good living for the president, old S. G., as everyone called him. It enabled him to support a town house, a farm, two cars, a golf club and a son in Princeton.

"He called the men who worked for him his boys, and often said they were all one great big family together. He seemed especially interested in Elmer Watters and Henry Boffinger, and often stopped at their bench to watch them work. He had no fault to find with them. Each of the boys certainly made a beautiful ball bearing.

"'You boys have a big future ahead of you in the ball-bearing game,' old S. G. said more than once. 'I believe in recognizing merit—and I've got my eye on you.'

"They were encouraged.

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GRAMP

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

GRAMP HASKINS, secure in the immunity from labor due his seventy-eight years, as usual left the rest of the family to unpack while he set out to survey the new auto camp. By suppertime he would be back with a homely chronicle of camp gossip, including a census of campers and cars, bogey score among the horseshoe pitchers, and the location of various tourist accommodations He might also have a dime or two gleaned from shooting craps, but not displayed.

"Seems like everybody must be off somewhere," he murmured as he passed tent after tent which had no occupants in sight. Then he came to one where a woman strikingly garbed in army pants, rolled puttles and a crêpe smock sat at a table surrounded by dirty dishes, working a cross-word puzzle.

"How d'do, Mrs. Rhode Island," called Gramp cheerily, after his customary glance at the license plate on the nearest car. "Where's everybody?"

"How d'do," she answered without looking up. "Say, what's a city in Austria that has six letters?"

"Naples? No? Le's see; how about Moscow?"

Mrs. Rhode Island fitted the letters into the six squares.

"That's right. But, my land, that throws out number four going down: Sousa, composer of Il Trovatore in five letters, and I know that's right." She threw down her pencil in exasperation. "Look at all them dishes! It's a wonder that husband of mine wouldn't come home and give me a little bit of help. Camping's hard on us women."

"Why don't you let them plates soak in the crick a while?"

"Somebody would sure steal them if I did. Come on, let's get them done up."

"I got to be on my way. Where's everybody gone to?"

"They're all over watching that artist paint pictures on cars, I guess. Send my husband home if you see him. He's got a red and-black-plaid shirt on."

Gramp's trained nose for news led him over to the seldom-used washracks, where he darted through the crowd to the front row, very like a small inquisitive squirrel, with his bright black eyes and bushy gray beard. A red-haired youth was decorating the back of a car with a picture of Yosemite Valley which he was copying from a postcard pinned up before him.

"Ain't that an awful big streak of lightnin', son?" asked Gramp, indicating Bridal Veil Fall.

"Lightning? That's water."

Gramp touched the spot with a curious finger.

"Hey! Quit messing up that picture!"

Gramp rubbed his finger off on his sleeve. "Water, nothin', young man. I guess I know paint when I see it."

The painter grinned amiably as he covered up the smear with an imposing tree, and, Moses-like, made more water gush forth from the rock a few inches to the left. Then he signed the picture in small red letters, Ed Hill.

"Does that look natural, mister?" he asked the proud owner of the car.

"I don't know. We wasn't to Yosemite, so I bought some postals."

"That will be three dollars. Now, who's next?"

"Me," said Gramp.

"Where's your car?"

"Come on. I'll show you."

A growing uncertainty showed itself in Gramp's retarded step as he drew near the Haskins camp.

"It ain't exactly my car. It's my son's."

"How do you know he wants a picture on it?"

"Sh-h-h, it's my daughter-in-law that has the say. Here she is."

Mrs. Haskins did not want a picture, and said so. No, she did not want her monogram done on the door in a tasty two-color combination either.

Miss Genevieve Haskins, upon hearing the voice of a young man, whitened her sunburned nose with powder, added a string of pearls to her costume, and emerged from the tent with an effect that was obviously pleasing to Ed Hill. He removed his cap, worn with the visor backward for convenience, and flashed upon her a smile which a smear or two of paint, taken in conjunction with his red hair, but served to ornament. His eye wandered past her to the car, and his grin changed in quality but not in width.

"What kind of a car is that?" he asked.

"Guess," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Well, it's got a nose like a Hamilton, but it's short from the knee down, like a Yates, and it has a Swankhard name plate. Is it ——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Haskins; "but I don't see how you knew. Most people think it's a Swankhard."

"I couldn't have guessed if it hadn't been for the name on your spare," said Ed mendaciously. He picked out a brush. "Here, let me paint it to match the name plate."

The Haskins family, comprising Gramp, his negative son, his positive daughter-in-law, and his pretty granddaughter, stood around admiringly until he finished the not too convincing forgery.

"That's exactly what I wanted," said Mrs. Haskins. "How much is it?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Then you must stay and have supper with us," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Thank you kindly I'll go home and wash up."

"Do you live around here?"

"No. I just came in today. That's my car over there, the red one with the signs on the side. I pick up odd jobs painting as I go along."

"I don't know but what I made a mistake to ask him to stay," said Mrs. Haskins to her husband half an hour later as they were cooking supper behind a smoke screen made by putting green Douglas fir into the camp stove. "It's Gramp's fault for bringing him over here."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"He's too good-looking. Besides, he's brought her a box of candy."

"Well, I don't see ——"

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"Ed, Do You Know Sweet Genevieve?" "Not as Well as I Expect to Later," Said Ed Meaningly

THE PALSIED ELD

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES REYNOLDS

THIS Tidd—there could be no doubt that he was an old man. No one knew exactly how old, for he had been in the country longer than anyone else and few cared to question him, since his age was a tender point. But he was quite plainly much too old to be an efficient game warden; and since he was a man of sense, he knew this as well as another. He had been a game warden for more years than he cared to remember and any other life appeared to him quite impossible; but if the commissioner ever found out just how old Tidd was, there would be a new warden in the country around Machiel's farm, and no mistake about it. So Tidd kept his age to himself, and in his presence it was discussed as rarely as the famous nose of Cyrano.

Not but what Tidd did his work as well as most men could have done it. For one thing, he knew the country which lay within his domain as well as another knows his own bedroom. There were hundreds of miles of winding waterways in this realm of his, small brooks and straggling ponds and the river itself, for some fifty miles of its meandering course.

Tidd knew every one of these streams and ponds and lakes; knew which ones were apt to dry up in an ordinary season and which ones failed when the summer drought was more severe, and which channels were best at various stages of the water, and where there were springs that never failed, and why it was that a southeast wind nevertheless blew the logs in Round Pond against the easterly shore, so that a canoe must take the way that seemed least likely if it would pass by.

He knew the characteristics of every stand of timber, and he knew the ridges, rising thereabout to the dignity of minor mountain ranges; and he knew the swamps; he knew where the deer liked to yard, and where they came in greatest numbers to feed upon the mast, and in what ponds they loved best to spend a night in the fly season. He knew the trout pools in every stream, and he could predict within a matter of an inch or so the length of fish you were apt to take in any given water, and he knew why the trout at the mouth of Three-Finger Brook love a brown hackle above all other lures. He knew that there were moose in one of the northern swamps, and for three years he had kept severely to himself the fact that a small herd of caribou had established themselves on the flanks of Old Bald and were inconspicuously multiplying.

"I Tell You, It Was a Ver' Cur'ous Thing to See. The Little Old Man Carr'ing the Big Young Man That Way"

All these things he knew, and many more besides; but for all that, he was an old man; a withered, gray old man; a stooped, round-shouldered old man who seemed so frail you thought it shame to make him paddle a canoe.

Perhaps Tidd was not so old as people thought him, but he looked older than any man has a right to look. His hair was thin and straggly and long; his skull was half bald and the strands of hair were plastered down upon it in disorder by the heavy cap he habitually wore. The skin on this skull of his was dry, almost dusty; you had, seeing it, a curious hankering to lean closer and blow this dust away. His neck was thin and scraggling and there were deep pits between the cords and muscles at the sides as though someone had thrust the nozzle of a syringe into Tidd's interior and drawn out the plunger, creating a powerful suction.

The points of his shoulders tended both forward and downward, as though the upper part of his body were trying to roll itself into a ball. When he wore only a thin shirt, you could see on top of each shoulder a little nubbin like the excrescence on the wing of a Canada goose, where the socket of his shoulder joint lifted itself above his stringy muscles. His forearm, when his sleeve was rolled up, looked like a section of braided-leather rope or the lash of a whip, so clearly drawn were the muscles beneath the close-lying skin. There was a pinched aspect about his hips as though he were perpetually griped by an agonizing pain; and his feet shambled, scarce lifting from the ground.

It seemed at times impossible that such a miserable old wreck of a man could move himself to and fro across the surface of this somewhat tempestuous world. But Tidd did so. There could be no argument about that. He could even swing a canoe to his shoulders and lug it across any carry you cared to mention; and he had been known, and that within recent years, to pack a hundred and ten pounds a long half mile without any pause at all. But even when you saw him do these things, you found it hard to believe that he could do them. He had, take him by and large, every appearance of the most abject senility. His very hand, that could drive an ax stroke after stroke into the same slot, shook like a leaf in the wind; and he had a timidity of manner, an aspect of uncertainty, such as that worn by the deaf. Not that Tidd was deaf; merely that Tidd was afraid of losing his job.

Machiel, whose farm on the big bend of the river was the only cleared land for miles and whose big house was always open to passing canoe parties, liked Tidd. Tidd's cabin was just below Machiel's; and the robust Frenchman used to get a good deal of quiet amusement out of the old man. It always made him smile to see Tidd take himself out of the way when the game commissioner happened into that part of the wilderness. Tidd used to leave messages explaining his urgent business elsewhere, and Machiel always delivered them with a straight face and in a grave tone; and when the commissioner questioned Machiel as to Tidd's state of health, the Frenchman always declared that Tidd was tireless and indomitable.

"I haven't seen him now for six-seven years," the commissioner would say. "Always seems to be away when I come up here. He must be getting pretty old."

"You will not see many young men who can do as much as he can do," Machiel would asseverate, and the commissioner seemed satisfied.

Tidd's direct superior, the chief game warden of the county, was a man of Tidd's own generation and supported him manfully; but in the end it came about that he died. Word came to Machiel's farm that Bud Brohard had been appointed in his place. Neither Tidd nor Machiel had ever heard of him; but news travels fast through the wilderness, and within the week they knew that he had been a game warden in one of the southern counties and had displayed a definite energy and persistence there which had won him the more important field.

Tidd, smoking his pipe beside Machiel's fire—it was early fall and the old man's blood needed warming—rubbed his chin and considered the situation with some foreboding. An energetic and persistent chief game warden might well want an energetic and persistent aid. Tidd knew himself persistent, but he had increasing doubts of his energy. For Tidd knew how old he was, to the day.

Bud Brohard came to Machiel's. He came without warning, over the tote road that led up from the south. Jardane, the young Frenchman whose territory adjoined Tidd's, was with him; and Machiel later found occasion to reproach Jardane for failing to send word ahead. But the young man explained that Brohard moved in sudden and inexplicable ways.

"You cannot know what he will do till it is done," he said.

Brohard arrived after dark one night, and Tidd was in Machiel's kitchen, with no chance to get away. Brohard knocked at the door, and at Machiel's hail he and Jardane came in, and Brohard looked at Machiel and then at Tidd, and then he said to Tidd, "You Machiel?"

Tidd shook his head, and jerked his thumb toward Machiel. He had seen Jardane, and he understood what a calamity was come upon him. He knew such men as Brohard, men in their able middle years, a little soft perhaps, but with well-muscled bodies and a fund of strength which enabled them to recuperate with a speed quite beyond his powers. Brohard was of medium height and no heavier than he should have been; but his voice was loud and assured, so that he seemed bigger than he was. Tidd, sitting still and looking up at him, thought him enormous. By the same token, from Brohard's point of view, Tidd was hardly bigger than a dried apple. Brohard at Tidd's gesture turned to Machiel and greeted him in that loud voice of his.

"I'm Brohard," he said, "new chief warden for this county. Been looking around a bit with Jardane here, and I come up to have a talk with Tidd. Don't he have a cabin near here somewheres?"

"Down the river, maybe quarter of a mile," Machiel replied discreetly, and without looking toward Tidd at all.

"There now, is he?" Brohard asked. "I can go down and get him to put me up."

Machiel hesitated, and he looked at Jardane; and Jardane carefully whittled a fill for his pipe, and Brohard

sensed something unusual in the situation and looked at both of them.

Then the little old man in the chair said mildly, "I'm Tidd."

Brohard looked at him in bewilderment, then with interest, then with covert amusement.

"You Tidd? My eye, man, I heard you were an old-timer, but I didn't know you were a walking corpse!"

Machiel and Jardane carefully appeared not to hear; they drew apart and conversed together. At Brohard's words Tidd got to his feet; and there was a certain iciness in his eye which faintly disquieted the larger man.

But he merely said, "Yes, I'm Tidd. How-do?" and held out his hand.

Brohard took it warmly enough; but he studied Tidd with an attentive eye. Tidd's bald head was bare, and this was unfortunate. When he wore his cap his age was not so apparent.

Brohard said curiously, "Wouldn't think you'd be able to get around much up here, old man. This is a tough territory."

Tidd replied mildly, "I get around."

"How many years you been here?"

"Well, a good many," Tidd told him.

Brohard laughed.

"So long you can't remember?"

"You're kind of new at it, ain't you?" Tidd asked dryly; and Machiel, across the room, chuckled so that Brohard heard; but when Brohard looked that way it was apparent that Machiel had merely laughed at some remark made by Jardane

"Why, I'm new up here," Brohard admitted. "But I've been a game warden eleven years myself." He swung away. "How about some grub, Machiel?" he demanded; and Machiel nodded, and called his wife to set out the pot of beans and some doughnuts and cold biscuits, and to brew a pot of tea for the two newcomers

While they ate, Brohard turned to Tidd again

"Taken many deer out of here yet?" he asked. The season was a few days old.

"Three parties gone out with seven deer," Tidd replied. "There's been better'n forty killed that I know on, but they ain't gone out yet."

"You keep moving around, don't you? Keep your eye on things?"

Machiel choked, but recovered himself

Tidd said indifferently, "Why, I take a look around ever' so often."

"He is ver' energetic," Machiel told Brohard. "He has been out away from his cabin since the season begins till tonight he came in."

Brohard nodded.

"Yes, sure he has," he agreed inattentively. Then to Tidd again -"You know where Black Brook is?" Tidd nodded slowly. "I hear there's two Frenchmen from across the line in there trapping beaver," Brohard declared.

"No," Tidd told him definitely; "no, there ain't."

Brohard smiled

"Sure of that?"

"That's my job, being sure," Tidd reminded him.

"When was you in there last?"

"Last fall."

Brohard banged upon the table with his fist.

"Damn it, old man, that's no way to cover your territory! Half of Canada may have been in there this year for all you know.

"You've got to get out and move around, not sit here by the stove all the time, or I'll have to put someone up here who will stir himself."

Machiel said defensively, "If Tidd says a thing is a certain way, it is ap' to be the way he says "

Tidd, whose deep aversion to Brohard had at first made him faintly defiant, was appalled by the threat in his chief's last words.

He said humbly now, "It's this way about that: Been a dry summer. Black Brook's dried up. No flow of water there."

"Been there?" Brohard interrupted.

Tidd shook his head

"I've known Black Brook a good many years. I know a lot of others just like it. When one of 'em dries up, the others do too. I know Black Brook's dry."

"The map shows it runs through a big swamp," Brohard insisted.

"I never noticed on the map," Tidd replied. "But I know there ain't any place where a beaver dam would back up water And I know there wan't any beaver in there last fall. There's been nothing to bring 'em in since; or if they've come, they'd move out again. No, sir, they ain't any Frenchmen trapping beaver on Black Brook this fall."

Brohard weighed this in a momentary silence. Then he laughed.

"I've got straight information," he said shortly. "No question about it. Can you take me in there?"

"Sure, I can take you in."

"How long?"

Tidd answered readily enough

"Ain't much over twenty-five miles, overland, but a kind of a hard drill. Take two days to go each way. It's near sixty by water, with about ten miles to walk at the end of it, but that's easy walking. Take us three days by water."

"Your canoe here?"

"Sure," Tidd told him.

Brohard nodded.

"We'll start in the morning. That'll give me a chance to look over your territory and take a look up north on the way back. Machiel, you can give me some blankets, can't you?"

Machiel nodded. Tidd rose and turned toward the door.

"You want to put up with me?"

Machiel thought he might be able to put in a word for Tidd, so he interposed

"Your cabin is small," he told Tidd smilingly. "It is a fit for you, but with Mr. Brohard, too, it would bulge. He can have a nice bed here."

"Well, all right," Tidd agreed, and glanced at Brohard. "I'll be ready 'bout daylight," he said.

They had their nooning next day, Tidd and Brohard, at a wangan ground well below Machiel's. Their start had been delayed, but Tidd was satisfied with their progress When they were ready to take to the canoe again, however, Brohard said abruptly, "See here, old man, we can make better time if I take stern, I guess."

Tidd looked up in surprise. The canoe was his canoe, the river was his river, the expedition was his expedition. But he merely asked, "Why's that?"

(Continued on Page 52)

Brohard Said Curiously, "Wouldn't Think You'd be Able to Get Around Much Up Here, Old Man. This is a Tough Territory." Tidd Replied Mildly, "I Get Around"

Panacea People—By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOONS BY WYNCIE KING

PANACEA people are those amongst us who go about in a hallucinatory haze under the urge of the something-must-be-done-about-it complex. They are the numerous those who believe that legislative action is the remedy for existing political, social and economic ills; who think that the multiplication of commissions is the cure for all maladministration; that the course of human nature can be changed, restricted and reformed by the congressional application of their pet theories to it; that honesty of purpose and sincerity of motive are monopolized in them; that they are the sole and exclusive custodians of truth, right and patriotism; and that the only way to arrive at their rigidly specified and elaborately documented millenium is to pass laws directing all and sundry to do as the panacea people say. There is no way of telling how many of them we have with us this evening; but occasionally we get an inkling, as in this latest national election. They found a rallying point in that eminent panaceaist, the Hon. Robert M. La Follette, and apparently about three million of them rallied round. According to the best available figures, La Follette received somewhat in excess of four million votes, of which at least a million were Socialist votes. These Socialist votes need not be considered in this connection, because the Socialists are systematized, scheduled, organized and continuous panaceaists. They have a fixed, prescribed and proprietary catholicon for all diseases of the body, social and politic, and haven't added anything new in essentials to it or taken anything old in essence from it since the days of Robert Owen, Louis Blanc and Karl Marx.

Specifics and Nostrums

THOSE three million furnish merely a hint, because they can be considered two ways, and each way with reason. Looking at them one way, the number is too small, because many a panaceaist is strictly an individualist and refuses to admit that any cure-all but his cure-all is worthy of thought or application. I know a number of them who think that La Follette and his close followers are entirely wrong in all their so-called progressive plans and specifications, and that the only way to achieve the absolute millennium is to follow the formulas of the particular social and moral and political and economic nepenthes prescribed and agitated by the person who happens to have the rostrum for his nostrum at the moment.

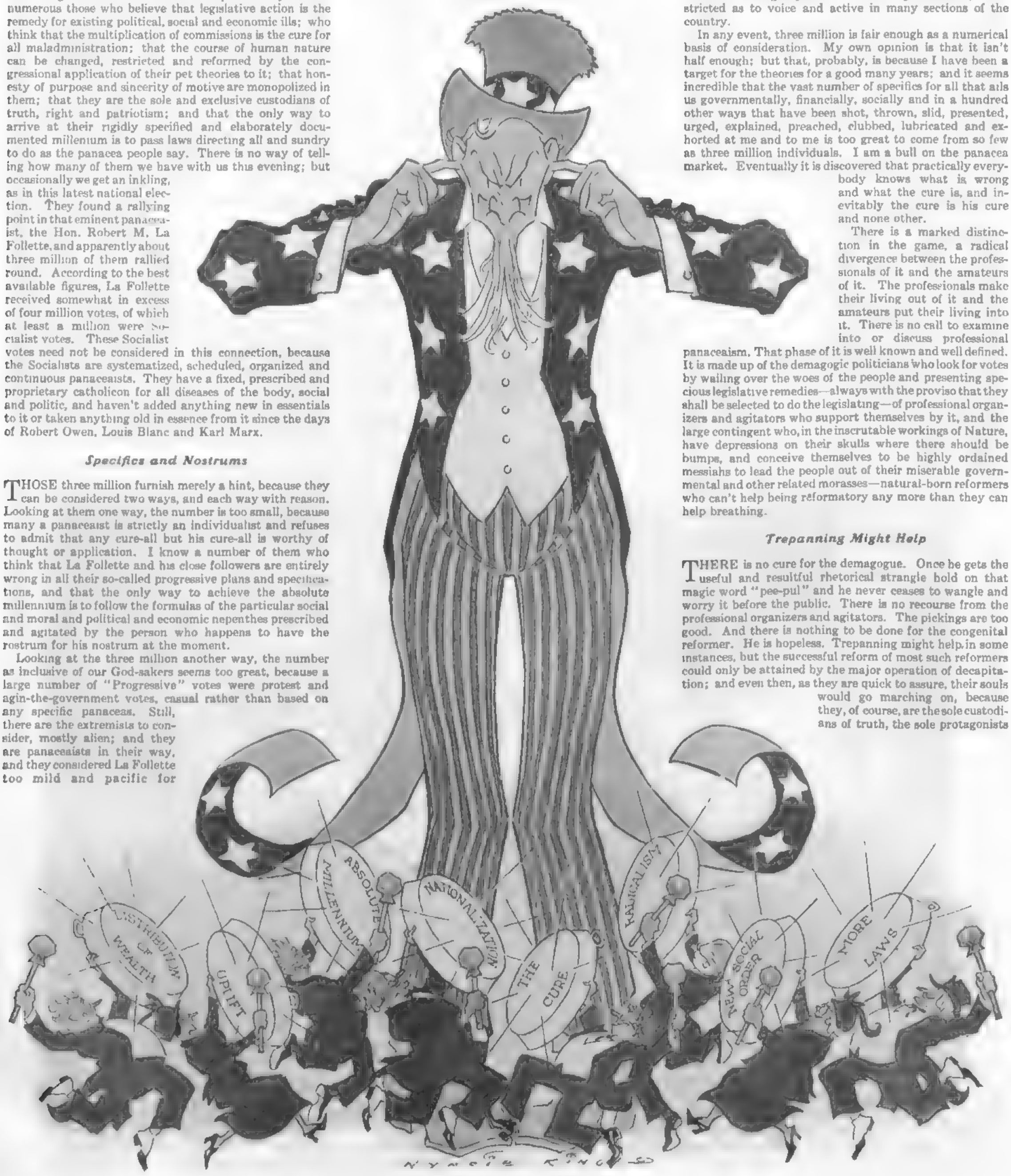
Looking at the three million another way, the number as inclusive of our God-sakers seems too great, because a large number of "Progressive" votes were protest and agin-the-government votes, casual rather than based on any specific panaceas. Still, there are the extremists to consider, mostly alien; and they are panaceaists in their way, and they considered La Follette too mild and pacific for their purposes. These comprise the communists and the internationalists, and so on—largely without votes, but, under our benign system of tolerant government, unrestricted as to voice and active in many sections of the country.

In any event, three million is fair enough as a numerical basis of consideration. My own opinion is that it isn't half enough; but that, probably, is because I have been a target for the theories for a good many years; and it seems incredible that the vast number of specifics for all that ails us governmentally, financially, socially and in a hundred other ways that have been shot, thrown, slid, presented, urged, explained, preached, clubbed, lubricated and exhorted at me and to me is too great to come from so few as three million individuals. I am a bull on the panacea market. Eventually it is discovered that practically everybody knows what is wrong and what the cure is, and inevitably the cure is his cure and none other.

There is a marked distinction in the game, a radical divergence between the professionals of it and the amateurs of it. The professionals make their living out of it and the amateurs put their living into it. There is no call to examine into or discuss professional panaceaism. That phase of it is well known and well defined. It is made up of the demagogic politicians who look for votes by wailing over the woes of the people and presenting specious legislative remedies—always with the proviso that they shall be selected to do the legislating—of professional organizers and agitators who support themselves by it, and the large contingent who, in the inscrutable workings of Nature, have depressions on their skulls where there should be bumps, and conceive themselves to be highly ordained messiahs to lead the people out of their miserable governmental and other related morasses—natural-born reformers who can't help being reformatory any more than they can help breathing.

Trepanning Might Help

THERE is no cure for the demagogue. Once he gets the useful and resultful rhetorical strangle hold on that magic word "pee-pul" and he never ceases to wangle and worry it before the public. There is no recourse from the professional organizers and agitators. The pickings are too good. And there is nothing to be done for the congenital reformer. He is hopeless. Trepanning might help in some instances, but the successful reform of most such reformers could only be attained by the major operation of decapitation; and even then, as they are quick to assure, their souls would go marching on, because they, of course, are the sole custodians of truth, the sole protagonists



of right, the monopolists of good, the only possessors of vision, and single and special in their ownership and operation of honesty of purpose.

Thus, this inquiry narrows to the amateurs of panaceaism, the great supporting, contributing, voting, applauding class. What is in their minds? What is their actuating impulse? What do they expect to get out of it? In fine, where do they get off? Especially, what is the point of view of the rich ones—there are many such—who finance these clamors for the division, nationalization and distribution of wealth in all its Federal and personal forms as well as support these foggy theories that the greatest good to the greatest number will come with the exclusive coddling of the greatest number, and the proper way to coddle them is to pass more laws and more laws and more laws, and complicate government instead of simplifying it by the vast increase of the administrative end of it in order that the paternalistic and enforced equality idea may be carried out, or any other reform made effective along economic, political or social lines any other reform, that is, of the sort advocated by these cure-all connivers? They interpret progress as consisting solely of a strictly policed procession along the paths they designate, with no straying into any other hedonistic or heretical byway whatsoever.

For the purpose of discovering so far as possible what exactly is in the minds of these lush supporters of the various causes that are so liberally supported, to the great increment and easy living of the professional promoters of them, I have devoted some time to an investigation and inquiry, and announce the interesting discovery that the great bulk of the contributors who keep all these quackeries going by their financial support did not themselves have to work for their money. Some did, but not many. Most of them acquired their wealth through the easy and grateful avenues of inheritance. The two luscious legal twins, Devise and Bequeath, furnish most of the supplies from which the professional panaceaists derive their nourishment.

Where the Money Comes From

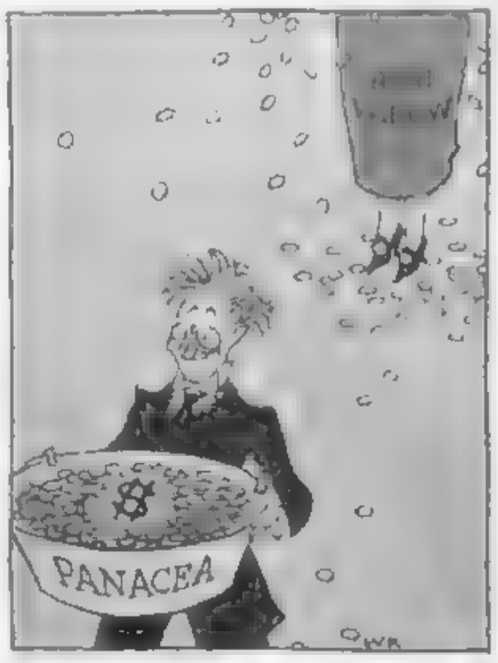
IT IS patent that these great swings to the uplift will not swing of themselves and must be swung. Every panacea must be organized, and every organization must have organizers. That is the numerous bug under the multitudinous chip. It is not to be expected that these seekings to snatch America out of the political and economic and moral mud, cleanse America with the soap of a rigidly scheduled righteousness, clothe America in a prescribed uniform, and sit America on a bench constructed according to the plans of bench makers who deny that any other bench than theirs is suitable for our harassed people can labor in these vineyards of reform without adequate compensation therefor, as well as liberal allowances for expenses and overhead. The reform laborer is worthy of his hire, and he jolly well sees to it that he gets it too.

It takes money, because, as we run it, the panacea business has become one of our largest businesses. It is not confined to any particular area, although the most prosperous of the concerns all maintain headquarters at Washington and in various state capitals. We are a great and an adaptable people. As we develop industries we develop industrialists. Twenty or so years ago, when the panacea business was in its infancy, so to speak, we discovered that if we were to become efficient in panaceaism we must apply efficiency. We had promoted a good many panaceas before that, of course, but the promotions were not organized especially, not in the hands of professionals.

The Free Soil and Know Nothing and Greenback and Populist and Free Silver panaceas, to name a few of the most important of them, were loose and scrambling crusades, not the clean-cut, expert, experted and card-indexed affairs the panaceas of today are. In general, these movements for the relief of our civic and moral and social ills of the early days were born, rambled around for a time without any experted direction, and expired.

It is different now. Business is business, and no business is more of a business than the panacea business. You couldn't stand all the professional presidents and professional secretaries and professional collectors, and so on, of the panacea games going in New York—say, in Battery Park—and if you corded them up foursquare in Washington they would rise higher than the Washington Monument. Laid end to end, the men and women who make a profession of organizing, officering and conducting all these various societies, associations, amalgamations, movements, organizations, committees, commissions and leagues for the amelioration, direction, inspiration, resuscitation and contribution—principally that—of the American people would reach from Kennebunk Beach, Maine, to a point four miles westward of the Farallones in the Pacific, passing along the route of the Lincoln Highway, over the Seal Rocks at San Francisco and thence out to sea.

If there is any person who reads these pages who has an uplift proposition, a reform proposition, or any panacea theory of any sort, whether it refers to currency, finance, politics, religion, morals, conduct, food, clothes, habits, customs, society or what have you that he or she desires to interest the American people in, and organize and exploit that person, or those persons, can arrange to have his theory embodied in an organization and the whole thing a going concern in thirty days, under expert professional direction—provided, of course, the financial end is arranged satisfactorily.



There are plenty of professionals who will form an organization, select a nifty name, pick out important people for officers and get them to serve, too, endow the theory with a long and imposing list of vice presidents, write the literature and take the secretarial management for a stated salary, all within that time. And, however fantastic the idea is, these experts will guarantee to get additional funds in the shape of contributions to keep it going, always provided the secretarial and managerial salaries are adequate. All these organizations—and there are hundreds upon hundreds of them—cost money to maintain. Where does the money come from?

My investigations show, as I stated previously, that the money comes in greatest abundance from those who have money but did not have to work for it. It comes from sons of successful fathers who fought for their fortunes with their two fists, but whose sons have been softened into persons who have nothing to do but deplore existing conditions and rescue humanity from its sad fate. It comes from swankers who want publicity and are willing to pay for it. It comes from financially well-upholstered people who feel deeply and must do something about it. It comes from half-baked theorists, messy altruists, foggy idealists, from rich people who are burning to get some little recognition aside from that their money gives them, and it comes in large gobs from rich widows. There is a great pay streak!

To those who observe her closely, the rich American widow speaks a various language. Psychologically, she often expresses herself in manners amazing in their variations from her wedded state. Sociologically, she forms a class distinct and apart from the remainder of her sex.

Pathologically, she lives almost interminably, and is the placid and enduring monument to the longeval merits of life without a problem save its assiduous and well-financed conserving. Economically, she is usually nonproductive and mostly nondistributive save along certain lines of self-exaltation. Temperamentally, she ranges wide from sweetness to acerbity; and physically, she is ordinarily either fat or thin.

The thin ones live the longest, although the fat ones go far beyond the span of ordinary womanhood. Indeed, students of American life are in practical agreement on the conclusion that the real secret of longevity is contained in the attainment of rich widowhood. Once that delectable state is secured, the securer can look forward with confidence to an existence stretching far ahead toward the century.

Rich Widows

FATHER, hammering out the fortune with intense struggle and with every vigor sapped under the strain, drops off at fifty, fifty-five or sixty, because of hardened arteries, a bad liver, recalcitrant kidneys, or something like; but mother develops none of these. Receiving her money, there is nothing to bother her, and she orders her life with personal frugality as to the living of it, and with not a problem of any kind to drag her down.

America is full of rich widows with not a care in the world except the care of themselves. Take a census of any place you know and you will find many of the great houses inhabited by the widows of the rich men who have passed on—the bankers, the big business men and the other well-fixed of the community, who fixed themselves both financially and physically during their lives and checked out with unseemly haste, leaving the bulk of their fortunes to their wives.

Who are the oldest and apparently the most enduring of the population of any place? The rich widows. They have no intention of following father to the other shore—no present intention, that is. They have nothing on their minds save the ample problem of taking care of themselves and having themselves taken care of, and they have the wherewithal. They do not have to struggle for their money. They have it.

And as they sat and watched father shrivel up and die under the heavy strain of getting that money, they have the very clear idea that the best possible use for that money is to forestall in themselves the possibilities of anything premature in the way of joining father in the great beyond. It is a happy thought that presently father will be joined, but there is no hurry about it; nothing immediate or imperative.

(Continued on Page 169)

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XIV

SEVERAL days slipped by so rapidly John Quincy scarcely noted their passing. Dan Winterslip was sleeping now under the royal palms of the lovely island where he had been born. Sun and moon shone brightly in turn on his last dwelling place, but those who sought the person he had encountered that Monday night on his lanai were still groping in the dark.

Hallet had kept his word; he was combing the islands for Brade. But Brade was nowhere. Ships paused at the crossroads and sailed again; the name of Thomas Macan Brade was on no sailing list. Through far settlements that were called villages but were nothing save clusters of Japanese huts, in lonely coves where the surf moaned dismally, over pineapple and sugar plantations, the emissaries of Hallet pursued their quest. Their efforts came to nothing.

John Quincy drifted idly with the days. He knew now the glamour of Waikiki waters; he had felt their warm embrace. Every afternoon he experimented with a board in the malihini surf, and he was eager for the moment when he could dare the big rollers farther out. Boston seemed like a tale that is told, State Street and Beacon memories of another more active existence now abandoned. No longer was he at a loss to understand his aunt's reluctance to depart these friendly shores.

Early Friday afternoon Miss Minerva found him reading a book on the lanai. Something in the nonchalance of his manner irritated her. She had always been for action and the urge was on her even in Hawaii.

"Have you seen Mr. Chan lately?" she inquired.

"Talked with him this morning. They're doing their best to find Brade."

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Minerva. "Their best is none too good. I'd like to have a few Boston detectives on this case."

"Oh, give them time," yawned John Quincy.

"They've had three days," she snapped. "Time enough. Brade never left this island of Oahu, that's certain. And when you consider that you can drive across it in a motor in two hours, and around it in about six, Mr. Hallet's brilliance does not impress. I'll have to end by solving this thing myself." John Quincy laughed.

"Yes, maybe you will."

"Well, I've given them the two best clews they have. If they'd keep their eyes open the way I do ——"

"Charlie's eyes are open," protested John Quincy.

"Think so? They look pretty sleepy to me."

Barbara appeared on the lanai, dressed for a drive. Her eyes were somewhat happier, a bit of color had come back to her cheeks.

"What are you reading, John Quincy?" she asked. He held up the book.

"The City of the Golden Gate," he told her

"Oh, really? If you're interested, I believe dad had quite a library on San Francisco. I remember there was a history of the stock exchange. He wanted me to read it, but I couldn't."

"You missed a good one," John Quincy informed her. "I finished it this morning. I've read five other books on San Francisco since I came." His aunt stared at him.

"What for?" she asked.

"I'm Mighty Glad I Was Able to Make You Laugh Like That." Her Great Eyes Stared Into the Future and John Quincy Pitied Her

"Well"—he hesitated—"I've taken sort of a fancy to the town. I don't know—sometimes I think I'd rather like to live there." Miss Minerva smiled grimly.

"And they sent you out to take me back to Boston," she remarked.

"Boston's all right," said her nephew hastily. "It's Winterslip headquarters, but its hold has never been strong enough to prevent an occasional Winterslip from hitting the trail. You know, when I came into San Francisco Harbor I had the oddest feeling." He told them about it. "And the more I saw of the city, the better I liked it. There's a snap and sparkle in the air, and the people seem to know how to get the most out of life." Barbara smiled on him approvingly.

"Follow that impulse, John Quincy," she advised.

"Maybe I will. All this reminds me, I must write a letter." He rose and left the lanai.

"Does he really intend to desert Boston?" Barbara asked. Miss Minerva shook her head.

"Just a moment's madness," she explained. "I'm glad he's going through it; he'll be more human in the future. But as for leaving Boston! John Quincy! As well expect Bunker Hill Monument to emigrate to England."

In his room upstairs, however, John Quincy's madness was persisting. He had never completed that letter to Agatha Parker, but he now plunged into his task with enthusiasm. San Francisco was his topic and he wrote well He pictured the city in words that glowed with life, and he wondered—just a suggestion—how she'd like to live there

Agatha was now, he recalled, on a ranch in Wyoming, her first encounter with the West, and that was providential. She had felt for herself the lure of the wide-open spaces. Well, the farther you went, the wider and opener they got. In California life was all color and light. Just a suggestion, of course.

As he sealed the flap of the envelope he seemed to glimpse Agatha's thin, patrician face, and his heart sank. Her gray eyes were cool, so different from Barbara's, so very different from those of Carlota Maria Egan.

On Saturday afternoon John Quincy had an engagement to play golf with Harry Jennison. He drove up Nuuanu Valley in Barbara's roadster, for Dan Winterslip's will had been read and everything he possessed was Barbara's now. In that sheltered spot a brisk rain was falling, as is usually the case, though the sun was shining brightly. John Quincy had grown accustomed to this phenomenon. Liquid sunshine, the people of Hawaii call such rain, and pay no attention to it. Half a dozen different rainbows added to the beauty of the country-club links.

Jennison was waiting on the veranda, a striking figure in white. He appeared genuinely glad to see his guest, and they set out on a round of golf that John Quincy would long remember. Never before had he played amid such beauty. The low hills stood on guard, their slopes bright with tropical colors—the yellow of kukui trees, the gray of ferns, the emerald of ohia and banana trees, here and there a splotch of brick-red earth. The course was a green velvet carpet beneath their feet, the showers came and went. Jennison was a proficient driver, but the boy was his superior on approaches, and at the end of the match John Quincy was four up. They putted through a rainbow and returned to the locker room.

In the roadster, going home, Jennison brought up the subject of Dan Winterslip's murder. John Quincy was interested to get the reaction of a lawyer to the evidence.

"I've kept more or less in touch with the case," Jennison said. "Egan is still my choice."

Somehow John Quincy resented this. A picture of Carlota Egan's lovely but unhappy face flashed through his mind.

"How about Leatherbee and the Compton woman?" he asked.

"Well, of course, I wasn't present when they told their story," Jennison replied. "But Hallet claims it sounded perfectly plausible. And it doesn't seem likely that if he'd had anything to do with the murder, Leatherbee would have been fool enough to keep that page from the guest book."

"There's Brade too," John Quincy suggested.

"Yes, Brade complicates things. But when they run him down—if they do—I imagine the result will be nil."

"You know that Kamaikui's grandson is mixed up somehow with Brade?"

"So I understand. It's a matter that wants looking into. But mark my words, when all these trails are followed to the end, everything will come back to Jim Egan."

"What have you against Egan?" inquired John Quincy, swerving to avoid another car.

"I have nothing against Egan," Jennison replied. "But I can't forget the look on Dan Winterslip's face that day he told me he was afraid of the man. Then there is the stub of the Corsican cigarette. Most important of all, Egan's silence regarding his business with Winterslip. Men who are facing a charge of murder, my boy, talk, and talk fast—unless it so happens that what they have to say would further incriminate them."

They drove on in silence into the heart of the city.

"Hallet tells me you're doing a little detective work yourself," smiled Jennison.

"I've tried, but I'm a duffer," John Quincy admitted. "Just at present my efforts consist of a still hunt for that watch Aunt Minerva saw on the murderer's wrist. Whenever I see a wrist watch I get as close to it as I can, and stare. But as most of my sleuthing is done in the daytime, it isn't so easy to determine whether the numeral 2 is bright or dim."

"Persistence," urged Jennison. "That's the secret of a good detective. Stick to the job and you may succeed yet."

The lawyer was to dine with the family at Waikiki. John Quincy set him down at his office, where he had a few letters to sign, and then drove him out to the beach. Barbara was gowned in white, she was slim and wistful and beautiful, and considering the events of the immediate past, the dinner was a cheerful one. They had coffee on the lanai. Presently Jennison rose and stood by Barbara's chair.

"We've something to tell you," he announced. He looked down at the girl. "Is that right, my dear?" Barbara nodded. "Your cousin and I"—the lawyer turned to the two from Boston—"have been fond of each other for a long time. We shall be married very quietly in a week or so."

"Oh, Harry, not a week," said Barbara.

"Well, as you wish. But very soon."

"Yes, very soon," she repeated.

"And leave Honolulu for a time," Jennison continued. "Naturally Barbara feels she cannot stay here for the present—so many memories—you both understand. She has authorized me to put this house up for sale."

"But, Harry," Barbara protested, "you make me sound so inhospitable, telling my guests that the house is for sale and I am leaving."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Aunt Minerva. "John Quincy and I understand, quite. I sympathize with your desire to get away." She rose.

"I'm sorry," said Jennison. "I did sound a little abrupt. But I'm naturally eager to take care of her now."

"Of course," John Quincy agreed. Miss Minerva bent over and kissed the girl.

"If your mother were here, dear child," she said, "she couldn't wish for your happiness any more keenly than I do."

Barbara reached up impulsively and put her arms about the older woman. John Quincy shook Jennison's hand.

"You're mighty lucky."

"I think so," Jennison answered. The boy went over to Barbara.

"All—all good wishes," he said. She nodded but did not reply. He saw there were tears in her eyes.

Presently Miss Minerva withdrew to the living room, and John Quincy, feeling like a fifth wheel, made haste to leave the two together. He went out on the beach. The pale moon rode high amid the golden stars, romance whispered through the coconut palms. He thought of the scene he had witnessed that breathless night on the President Tyler—only two in the world, love quick and overwhelming—well, this was the setting for it. Here on this beach they had walked two and two since the beginning of time, whispering the same vows, making the same promises, whatever their color and creed.

Suddenly the boy felt lonely. Barbara was a Winterslip and not for him. Why then did he feel again that frustrated pang in his heart? She had chosen and her choice was fitting. What affair was it of his?

He found himself moving slowly toward the Reef and Palm Hotel. For a chat with Carlota Egan? But why should he want to talk with this girl, whose outlook was so different from that of the world he knew? The girls at home were on a level with the men in brains; often, indeed, they were superior—seemed to be looking down from a great height. They discussed that article in the latest Atlantic, Shaw's grim philosophy, the new Sargent at the art gallery. Wasn't that the sort of talk he should be seeking here? Or was it—under these palms on this romantic beach, with the moon riding high over Diamond Head?

Carlota Egan was seated behind the desk in the deserted lobby of the Reef and Palm, a worried frown on her face.

"You've come at the psychological moment," she cried, and smiled. "I'm having the most awful struggle."

"Arithmetic?" John Quincy inquired.

"Compound fractions, it seems to me. I'm making out the Brades' bill." He came round the desk and stood at her side.

"Let me help you."

"It's so fearfully involved."

She looked up at him, and he wished they could do their sums on the beach.

"Mr. Brade has been away since Tuesday morning, and we don't charge for any absence of more than three days. So that comes out of it. Maybe you can figure it; I can't."

"Charge him, anyhow," suggested John Quincy.

"I'd like to; that would simplify everything. But it's not dad's way." John Quincy took up a pencil.

"What rate are they paying?" he inquired. She told him and he began to figure. It wasn't a simple matter, even for a bond expert. John Quincy frowned too.

Someone entered the front door of the Reef and Palm. Looking up, John Quincy beheld the Hawaiian boy, Dick Kaohla. He carried a bulky object wrapped in newspapers.

(Continued on Page 82)

Barbara Appeared on the Lanai, Dressed for a Drive. Her Eyes Were Somewhat Happier, a Bit of Color Had Come Back to Her Cheeks

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

Emigration and Overpopulation

THE immigration policy of the United States is continuously under criticism. Without waiting for the present law to have a fair trial, attempts are being made to weaken it. No adequate efforts are being made to check the bootlegging in immigrants that is going on, and the number of illicit immigrants coming in has been said to exceed the number admitted under the quotas. In the meantime, four lines of argument against the policy are becoming defined.

One objection, of temporary nature, comes from Europe and is repeated by European-Americans. The war left Europe with a relative overpopulation, due to the presence of nationals who had returned to fight and accentuated by unemployment at home and cessation of developments abroad. It is contended that we should have deferred raising the bars until what might be termed the postwar demobilization had been more nearly completed. Possibly this would have been advantageous to a country like Italy; but it would have been just as difficult to raise the bars five years from now as it was last year.

A certain type of citizen of the world—shall we call them worldlings?—contend that it is the inherent right of human beings to go where they please and as they please, with rights of domicile everywhere and at every time equal to those who settled and developed the country. One gets this doctrine in books that profess to be fiction, poetry or philosophy, but one rarely hears it in the Congress.

We hear a rumbling that the country needs more labor, and that we should contrive a flexible immigration, adjusted to the labor needs of industries; adjusted for the short view or the long view by employers or by politicians?

Most of all, we hear that congested countries need outlet for excess population, that the countries whose emigration is restrained will be provoked to war. Some Germans contend that the needs of the excess population of Germany were the basis of the Great War. That exclusion of Orientals from North America and Australasia will result in war is intimated in Asiatic circles. This all is based on the assumption that emigration constitutes a relief to the state with overpopulation.

This is an unproved assumption. A safety valve does not lower the steam pressure in a big boiler with a strong fire under draft; it merely blows off steam. A country with a heavy birth rate may simply expand the more if emigration removes a few. One searches in vain for the record in history where a country of notable size had its population reduced by emigration, other things being equal. The birth rate in a country with population pressure is not at its maximum; it will not be restrained by emigration, rather stimulated. Emigration may merely facilitate the total expansion of the race at home and abroad, not relieve the pressure at home. Restriction of emigration ought to have the effect of lowering the birth rate in the congested country, facilitation of emigration cannot be expected to have that effect. If this line of social and biological reasoning be true, the predicated relief of the pressure of population through easement of emigration is largely a fiction. Emigration means expansion at home and abroad, and it is precisely the latter that the restricting countries desire to check. And the congested country that pleads for the right to emigrate pleads for new expansion abroad and continued congestion at home. Thus adjudged, the plea for relief through emigration loses its sentimental value.

The Penalties of Excess

ONE of the oldest and most irrefutable teachings of human experience is that extreme and intemperate measures contain the seeds of their own undoing. The young man who imbibes with great freedom in his salad days is fairly certain to develop serious organic disease, along well indicated and recognized lines, in the soberer middle years. The victorious athlete may not feel the effects of extreme overexertion at once, but he pays a high price when his heart gives out before its normal time.

In fiscal matters the mills of the gods have ground slowly, but for that very reason it may appear, ere long, that they grind exceeding small. Just because the income and inheritance taxes, when applied with moderation, were painless and productive, lawmakers reasoned that there could not be too much of a good thing. In these two forms of taxation state legislatures and the Congress thought they had discovered the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Not only were these taxes to produce a revenue adequate for all needs, like rabbits out of a conjurer's hat, but they could also be used to punish success.

In the merry process no thought was given to fairness or equity. The Federal Government imposed taxes which properly belonged to the states, and were already preempted by them. The states likewise adopted forms already used in the Federal jurisdiction. Duplication and overlapping meant nothing to the lawmakers. Tax piracy and confiscation are not too strong words to apply to the inheritance-tax laws enacted in recent years.

No thought was given to the fact that these conflicting and punitive measures would in time put a premium upon the small, mean, shrewd type of tax-escaping citizen, and penalize the innocent. No consideration was given to the fact that if state or Federal government wants something to tax in the future in the way of an accumulation of capital, it must encourage and not discourage its creation.

But in the last election the voters of Oregon decided to repeal the recently adopted income tax. In the campaign it was asserted that because of this tax the state had already lost more than forty million dollars through removal of industries, suspension of plans for expansion, and the cancellation of negotiations for large purchases of timberland and manufacturing sites. Here then is a serious setback at last in the process of duplicating the Federal income tax with similar state levies.

At the same election the citizens of Florida voted six to one to place in the state constitution an amendment prohibiting the imposition of either an income tax or an inheritance tax. The purpose of such action could hardly have been other than to attract persons of means to make their homes in the state, on the theory that the money spent there, together with the increase in property values, would more than compensate for the loss in revenues.

In California, which may be said to compete with Florida in attracting winter visitors of means, the purpose of the amendment was recognized quickly enough. "By abolishing inheritance and income taxes Florida has put one over on us," said an important West Coast newspaper. In more jocose vein another remarked: "California retains the inheritance tax with a good conscience, one of the showings being that it is worth more to live here. Even a bargain-hunting millionaire would rather add a few years to his life than pass on his fortune untaxed."

There are tax authorities who view with alarm the abolition of state inheritance taxes, fearing that too heavy a burden will be placed upon already overtaxed real estate. But Florida is apparently willing to experiment; perhaps the increase in property values from an influx of new wealth may, as suggested, more than make up for any loss. This bold bid for capital does not necessarily mean that other states should give up inheritance taxes; it means simply that they have gone too far in their exactions, and that one state at least has seen an opportunity to profit by the mistaken excesses of other commonwealths.

When capital is punished it always escapes if possible. It goes somewhere else. When the capital levy was threatened in England millions of gold poured into this country. Capital should bear its just share of the cost of government, and rich men are slackers if unwilling to pay fair taxes. What is fair in any given case is a delicate question.

What the treasurers of states and nations need is revenue. Punishment is a function of the attorney-general. If wealth is to pay its share it must continue to be made, and not be driven into jurisdictions which offer complete immunity. Perhaps in justice people of means should never be permitted to escape altogether from state income and inheritance taxes, but there would be no such opportunity in any state if it were not for extortion elsewhere. The largest revenues in the long run will be the result of moderate and reasonable policies which aim neither at punishment at one extreme nor a demoralizing total exemption and immunity at the other.

Matters of State

MANY learned treatises have been written on the duties and functions of the President, and it may be assumed that governors and mayors have likewise had a fair measure of such scrutiny; but we are certain that the students have not delved anything like far enough as yet into the growing menace of triviality with which our rulers are being threatened.

If a visitor from another planet had no information concerning those in high terrestrial office in these United States other than frequent newspaper clippings, he might well come to the startling conclusion that the chief duties of mayors, governors and even at times of the President are to make addresses and issue proclamations in connection with Turnips-for-Health Week, Butterscotch Day, and Remember-Our-Great-Aunts Day. It used to be the proud boast of the American people that its productive working time was interrupted by a minimum of holidays. We commemorated the birth and resurrection of Christ, the declaration of our own independence and the birth of two of our greatest national heroes.

We do not, it is true, close all the stores and banks as yet for the entire length of National Beauty Week or even for the shorter period of Tomato Day or its noble sister anniversary, Enameled-Kitchen-Sink Day; but all that will come in due time if the slogan makers and publicity men have their way.

It is bad enough for the plain people to have to remember all these days and weeks in commemoration of a multiplicity of common products which are taken as a matter of course. It is worse for busy executives of state to be obliged to read solemn addresses extolling the virtues of everything that the fertile mind of man can think of. Our chief magistrates of nation, state and city feel that they must be close to the people. But is it necessary for them to discuss every commonplace subject that any booster happens to take up? The real duties of government have become almost intolerable. Those who must meet these problems certainly are not aided by having to give their time and thought to every paltry anniversary and celebration, or to write heavy speeches on matter-of-fact topics which are covered far more adequately in the encyclopedia.

NITROGEN FOR AGRICULTURE

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

FOR years a proposal has been under consideration designed to devote the electric power of Muscle Shoals to the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. Behind this proposal lie three assumptions:

Progress in agriculture in the United States in the immediate future is contingent on the increasing use of fertilizer, conditioned on lower prices;

Nitrogenous fertilizer must be secured from atmospheric nitrogen;

The fixation of atmospheric nitrogen must be accomplished through electrical energy.

Important qualifications lie in these assumptions. The current discussions are a hodgepodge of politics, agriculture and engineering, the two latter being used largely in the service of politics. One must separate propaganda from chemistry. In the interest of a strictly objective appraisal of the situation, the following considerations are adduced.

The principal elements concerned in fertilization of the soil are nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus. Commercial nitrogen fertilizers belong to two classes—salts and derivatives of ammonia and of nitric acid. While for certain crops ammonia is preferred and for other crops nitrate, by and large it is price considerations that determine the use of one or the other, and a program of national supply would be determined largely by the element of cost.

In some forms of intensive and highly specialized agriculture it is found advantageous to apply each fertilizer by itself at the appropriate time and in the most effective way. There is little of such use of fertilizer in the United States. Reasons of cost largely determine the use of mixed fertilizers, of which a number are on the market, designed in an approximate manner to meet the needs of a certain crop on a particular soil. Under these circumstances, in this country, to be successful a commercial fertilizer must be applicable in mixed fertilizers.

There are three methods of application of nitrogen fertilizers. The first is the use of the manures of domestic animals, crop residues and waste products. The second is soil fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by growing plants. The third is the manual or mechanical application of the salts of ammonia or nitric acid. These three methods are supplementary, broadly considered, in our agriculture, not substitutive.

We have a few intensive crops where the soil has been fed with chemical fertilizers and planted to the same crop year after year. Cotton, potatoes and sugar beets, in some areas, serve as illustrations. Gradually, however, it is becoming clear that intensive one-crop tillage carries disadvantages that become cumulative. In the long run, it is better to have specialized tillage associated with animal husbandry and rotation of crops. Continuous planting of a certain crop is prone to lead to infestation with weeds, parasites or diseases. One-crop tillage is apt to lead to the development of soil reactions or toxic states inimical to the particular crop. The advantage of crop rotation has been proved for cotton, sugar beets, wheat and potatoes. In the case of orchards, rotation of crops is of course impossible, but this means nothing, because cover crops are routinely employed, and they have the effect of a crop rotation. Broadly considered, therefore, there is little to be said for one-crop farming, especially of staples, resting on the use of chemical fertilizers.

The application of salts of ammonia or nitric acid can be shown to lead to notable increase in yields. For each crop the cost and net returns of such yields must be worked out. A satisfactory cost accounting, to be applied to the increment in yield resulting from the application of a stated amount of chemical nitrogen fertilizer in association with mixed agriculture and correct crop rotation, has not yet been devised. The war made prominent one reason for this accounting difficulty. Deprived of the accustomed chemical fertilizers, the soils of European countries during the war maintained their yields better than was expected. This has been interpreted, in accordance with previous experience, to indicate that the full crop return of an application of fertilizer does not occur during the season of application. There is also apparently such a thing as a law

(Continued on Page 174)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Dirty Digs

The Critic

A CRITIC'S one who's kept so busy telling
How Chopin should have written what he wrote
And demonstrating Schumann's faults of spelling
That he hasn't time himself to write a note.

The Waiter

When I tip, the waiter grumbles.
When I don't, he sourly mumbles.
Why then pay him for offense
He will give without expense?
Hence I—also rather sore—
Don't tip waiters any more.

The Gossip

She knows why Grace McGoon left town;
She knows about l'affaire Jones-Brown;
My dear, she just this minute heard
Tst-tst-tst-tst about Miss Bird!

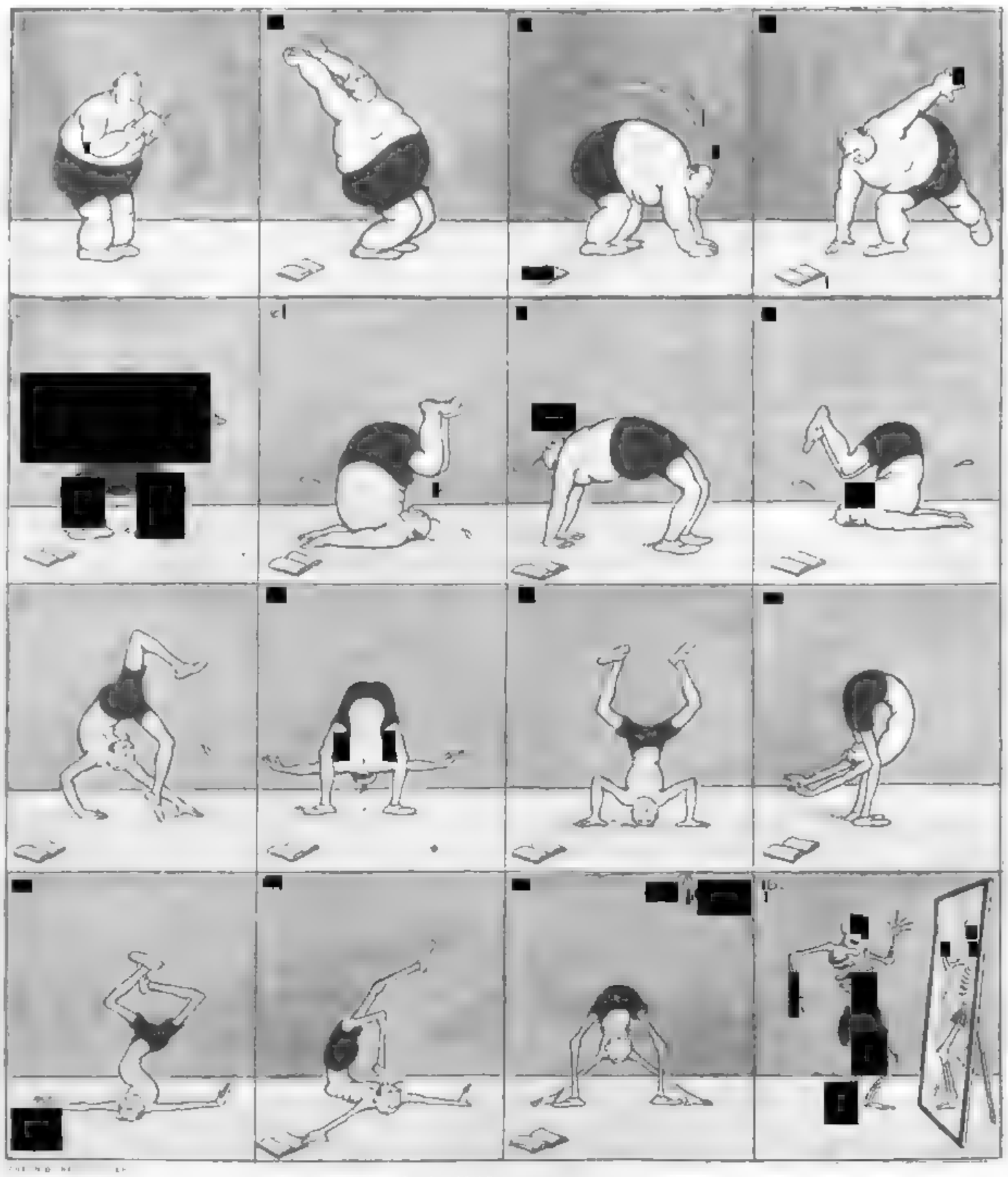
She whispers tales beneath her breath,
Each one a reputation's death,
While ghoulishly her pale eyes glisten.
And we, in honest horror—listen!

The Radio Fan

At ten P. M. he tunes out, with a sneer,
Jazzmania Blues from some near New York station;
At three A.M. from Denver he will hear
Jazzmania Blues with ill-concealed elation.

The Politician

When rain and sun combine to give
Good crops, that men may better live
And in their bounty flower,
The politician opes his jaws
And proves it's happened all because
His party is in power.



REDUCING EXERCISES

It's happened solely through the folly
Of the opposing side.

The Reformer

Reformers get in office now and then,
But as a rule soon take an outward ride.
Which merely proves that governments, like men,
Sleep better when they turn from side to side.

The Business Man

"Business is bad!" he'll sigh.
"And the reason's not hard to tell
Prices are much too high
Excepting on what I sell."

Woman's Place

When I see the desecration
Stenos do to my dictation,
Swear I then, with rage afoam,
"Woman's place is in the home!"

When I chew, without enjoyment,
Beefsteak à l'agence d'employment,
Muddy coffee, biscuits poor—
Somehow then I'm not so sure.

—Baron Ireland.

The Normal Child

HE RECOGNIZES but does not think it worth while to point out the fallacy in the famous old cherry-tree story—that a stout sapling could not be felled with a birthday toy hatchet.

He pretends to believe that George Washington never told a lie because he does not care to disillusion his parents, who for years, he knows, have been pretending to him that they believe it.

He understands that the story falls to pieces the moment the internal evidence is examined.

Mr. Washington would not have asked, "Who cut down my cherry tree?"

For experience teaches that instead he would have flailed George and then would have said, "Now, young

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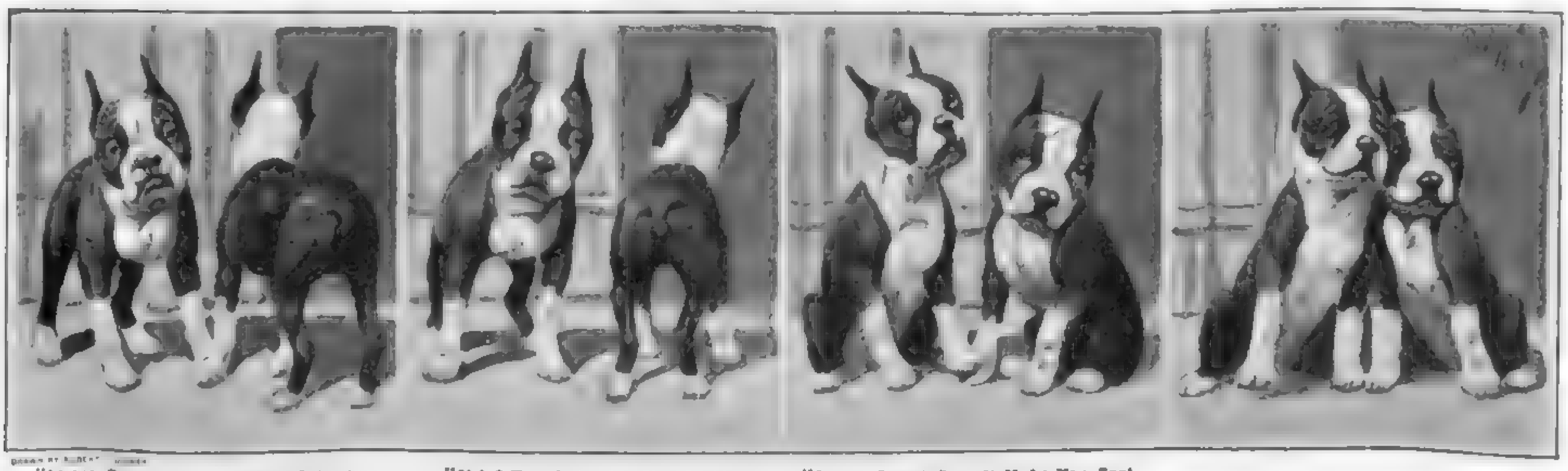
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Listen, Beans! The Mistress is Going to Play." "Yi, if She Hammers Out Any More of That Jazz Stuff, I'll Howl"

"Sh! I Heard Her Say She Would Play a Grieg Nocturne Called Summer Night

"Beans, Dear! Does It Make You Feel Kind of —— Well, You Know, Dear, It's So Hard to Put Into Words

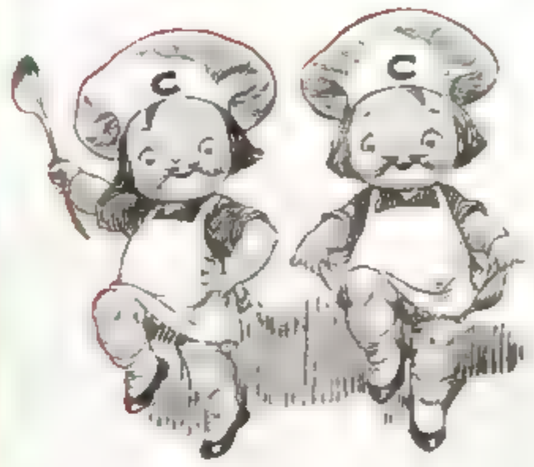
"Oh, Beans!" "Oh, Violet!"

Nourishing meat soups no appetite can resist!

Ox Tail

Meaty, marrowy ox tail joints. Luscious tomatoes. Golden turnips. Chantenay carrots. Snow-white celery. Fresh parsley grown on our own farms the year round. A touch of leek. Invigorating, nourishing ox tail broth. Plump barley in abundance. Here's a soup to satisfy a real hunger—a soup that tells at each taste why Campbell's chefs are so famous. Vary your soups. Every day for the next three weeks you can enjoy a different kind of Campbell's Soup! Order a supply today.

12 cents a can



We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
our business reputation.

To bring out the full rich flavor of all Campbell's Soups made with meat, add the water cold, bring to a boil, allow to simmer, and serve piping hot.

Mock Turtle

An expensive and difficult soup to make. A soup that requires the highest skill of the trained chef. No wonder it's so seldom made at home! No wonder Campbell's Mock Turtle is considered a special treat by so many people! Yet it costs no more than our other soups. The finest selected calf's head meat, in toothsome pieces, invigorating beef broth, tomato puree, celery, herbs and delicate seasoning are in the blend, which has also a dash of the true Continental flavor.

12 cents a can

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Campbells' Soups

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

Judging With Charity That His Effort Had Been Involuntary, I Got Again Beneath the Clothes and Drew On Them; and Again I Found Myself Thrown to the Floor

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MUCH obliged, Joy," said Eddie Stroock, folding away the fifty dollars he had had of me for his check and resuming his stroll about my room. "Very comfortable den you have here, Joy. But where's your radio?"

"I haven't one, Eddie, you know," said I apologetically.

"What? No radio?" said he with obvious disenchantment. "I couldn't get along without a radio; you don't know what you're missing. How much did you say that annuity is bringing you in?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month, Eddie," said I—Arthur Joy is the name—for the second time, and trusted I betrayed no crude impatience. He was rightfully interested in my welfare; his brother had been husband to my deceased sister. I had not seen Eddie since he was a mere tad, and now when he had sought me out to felicitate me upon my accession to fortune I was charmed to see that he had become quite the man of the world, a tall and well set up fellow, perhaps a bit fleshy for his twenty-eight years, but of fine carriage and ingratiating address. I am not the sort of person with whom one arrives rapidly on terms of intimacy, and I was therefore the more appreciative of the unmistakable liking he had taken for me on our reacquaintance.

"That wouldn't keep me in cigars," said he—I was minded for a moment to say to him roguishly, "But it is keeping you in cigars, you know, Eddie, my dear"—"but it's wonderful money for you. Here you are, a bald-headed little snoozer that never made more than sixty dollars a month in his life, and you step out and grab off a pension at the first snatch."

He gnawed his neat blond mustache and sank into grave meditation. I rose with a polite murmur and brought him an ash receiver. He stretched past it and shook pensively the detritus of the cigar onto the carpet. I pretended not to see this, as became a host.

His apparent ascription of my success to unguided chance was not grateful to me; but I could not argue with a guest, even with an intimate one. I had attained financial independence by a masterly coup in Wall Street, and not by any unseemly process of grabbing or snatching. Nor did I take umbrage at his denominating me a snoozer, and a little bald-headed one. I am not of imposing presence, unless I have it from my natural poise and repose, and the sparsity of my hair on top is amply compensated for by its luxuriance on the lower regions of my head.

"And so you want a radio, do you?" said he.

"Well, now really, Eddie, you know," said I deprecatingly and not a little absent-mindedly. I had been recounting the certificates which I had been given with the box of cigars, and, quite as I had feared, one of the yellow sort and equivalent to a five-cent purchase was missing.

"You're right," said he. "It's just what a man like you wants—an old bach who doesn't go around and doesn't know how to amuse himself and has no friends and just lays around home of nights. Joy, you've spoken to the very man. I can get you the best eavesdropper in the market."

"And wouldn't that be good of you too," said I, only very slightly pleased. I didn't want a radio, you know.

"Not at all, Joy," he said, rising quickly and helping himself to a fresh cigar, which I thereupon pressed upon him. "Glad to do it for you. Good night."

On the following morning he called me up from Newark—he was largely leisured and could get about extensively—and he said to me, "I'm over here looking at a Mexatyne six-tube set, Joy. This is the very job you want. You want long-distance, don't you?"

"I do, don't I?" I said attentively.

In the early afternoon he telephoned me from a remote section of the Bronx, saying, "I'm up here looking at some improved wet cells. You can't be bothered with the old-fashioned kind. They're all right for some people, but you want the very best."

Well, now, I ask you fairly, what could I have said to him? I said, "Aren't you giving yourself an amount of trouble, Eddie? It's awfully good of you, and all that, my dear, but I'd just as lief you wouldn't bother so much, you know."

He was silent momentarily, and then he said in a changed voice, "I swear, do you mean to say you don't want a radio after you've chased me all over to find you one?"

"Oh, decidedly not," said I, mustering enthusiasm. "Why, I do want a radio tremendously, my boy."

"I'll bring it around after dinner," said he, comforted.

He brought it around that night shortly after eleven o'clock. I like to lie abed reading, or, as it is nowadays, having a go at a cross-word puzzle, and he was wont to call on me in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock. He trudged in with the heavy wet cell in one hand and with a variety of accessory merchandise in the other, and he fell into a chair with a sigh of relief, relaxing.

"There you are, Joy," he gasped. "Genuine Mexatyne six-tube, and you'll never guess what I paid for it."

"Twenty-five dollars?" I hazarded, thinking rapidly. It was my information that these things were to be assembled from purchases in the five-and-ten, but it would be discourteous to underestimate.

"I beat that," he said with pride. "You mean for the wet cell, don't you? I got it for only twenty-two-fifty from a friend in the business. And the whole works is only costing you two hundred and sixty dollars and fifty cents. For a six-tube Mexatyne—just think of it!"

Thinking of it, I sank into another chair.

"But, Eddie," said I, remonstrating, "my entire income is only two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"That's all right," said he. "You probably won't have to spend any more money on this set for a month. Why, Joy, lots of men with your income would buy a car, and a radio is not so expensive to keep up as a car. The middle initial is B, Joy. Do you want a fountain pen?"

He put the thing together, displaying great expertness, and shortly it emitted a horrible gurgling cry and a succession of strangulated coughs.

(Continued on Page 32)

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Four-Wheel Brakes *Today*

When Cadillac introduced Four-Wheel Brakes as an integral part of the V-63 Cadillac Chassis, automotive engineers everywhere began to give careful consideration to this vital safety factor.

Cadillac's position as leader in the fine car field, its successful pioneering of the self-starter and perfection of the eight-cylinder engine, and its twenty-three year record of sound, dependable engineering combined to convince both trade and public that Four-Wheel Brakes adopted by Cadillac had come to stay.

Today, virtually all of the higher grade cars are Four-Wheel Brake equipped, and very soon it should be possible to say this of *all* high grade cars, because present traffic conditions make Four-Wheel Brakes urgently necessary.

It is a wonderful thing to have that feeling of safety and absolute control which these brakes impart—so wonderful that motorists who have experienced it say they would not consider purchasing a fine car not equipped with well designed built in Four-Wheel Brakes.

Cadillac mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, smooth and positive in operation, have won the unqualified approval of V-63 owners and rank high among the reasons why the human desire to own the best leads to Cadillac.

The Human Desire to Own the Best Suggests—
The Cadillac

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

(Continued from Page 30)

"Hear that, Joy?" he shouted in glee. "That's Schenectady!"

"What can be going on there?" said I, approaching nervously as the ominous noises persisted.

"There you go," he said, snatching my hand away. "You were just going to touch it, weren't you? All you had to do was give that knob one twist and you'd have been out thirty-three dollars—blown out six tubes. Keep away, will you?"

He took off the loud speaker and put on the ear phones, explaining plausibly enough that he could hear better that way. He then forgot about me for an hour, except to hiss me to silence when I ventured to accost him. I took no offense, since he was busying himself in my behalf.

"A crackajack," he said, making disconnections. "You leave this instrument strictly alone, Joy, you hear? If you monkey with it, it will go blooey, remember. I'll be up tomorrow night."

His warnings that the ghastly price of the thing might yet prove only an initial expense effectually dispelled any scientific curiosity I might have entertained, and I gave it a wide berth. But it seemed that, having now become a radio fiend, I was not to find surcease. I saw shortly in my newspaper an announcement, couched in gratulating terms, that the Mexatyne six-tube NG-6 set, theretofore retailed at two hundred and thirty-eight dollars, was now to be obtained at the special and sacrificial price of sixty dollars.

Dissatisfied already," said Eddie with an indulgent smile, when he called upon me again and when I had exhibited the announcement to him for appropriate comment. "This set's not modern enough for you now, and you want the very latest, eh? Isn't that just like them? One taste of it and they become regular bugs."

Chuckling knowingly, he sat down and put on the head set, waving me away with amiable understanding.

We became quite inseparable. He called upon me every evening for a fortnight. Our greatest common interest at this time was the radio. Eddie's passion for it departed eventually, and he even expressed wonder at my persisting joy in it; but for a time he was quite an addict. Indeed, it brought us to the verge of quarreling. A noise aroused me from a sound sleep one morning at half past three, and having a peep around the corner of the screen with a view to detecting a housebreaker in the very act, I was given such an abrupt turn when someone in the room suddenly shouted "Cuba!" that I struck my nose and forehead smartly against the bedpost and labored for some moments thereafter under the unnerving impression that I had been assaulted by a ruffian.

"Now really, Eddie," said I, when again in a collected frame of mind I switched on my reading light, "don't you think you'd better come and live here altogether, my dear fellow? You could take the couch, you know."

I spoke in sarcasm, and quite crushingly too; I was that put out.

"Do you mean that, Joy?" said he, taken aback by my plain speech. But he glanced at the couch, I recalled later.

"Now, Eddie, I do," said I without mincing words.

And I turned right about and stepped back into bed and snapped out the light, leaving him, as one might say, to put it into his pipe and to smoke it. Very little more and I'd have told him to go. He went finally.

I am free to say that I was distressed by the memory of the unfortunate episode. When one has an ungovernable temper, one must be vigilant to rule it; but it is an excessive strain on one's poise to be roused suddenly from sleep and to be struck heavily on one's nose. I was convinced that Eddie had taken mortal offense and that I should never see him again. That was a depressing consideration; he had said truly that I had few friends. I had been employed for twenty years as house man in Miss Crumpp's Female Seminary, and the position, though refined and congenial, had not provided me with many acquaintances of the sterner sex. I confess I had been flattered by Eddie Stroock's advances; he was a dashing sort, and one who could pick and choose. And now my wicked temper had nipped in the very bud a promising friendship.

Judge then of my relief when he appeared at my door at half past eight of the following morning. I put by quickly the patent apparatus wherewith I was brewing a cup of coffee over the gas jet, and ran to greet him. He accepted my overture, thrust a large and battered valise into my extended hand and clapped me on the shoulder.

"This is certainly fine of you, Joy," said he.

"And what shall I do with this?" said I cordially.

"Put it anywhere," he said, continuing on his way downstairs.

That evening I attended a lecture at Columbia University. I was taking a course there in comparative history, to broaden my personality, as it were. I have felt the lack of an early education, and I devote an hour an evening to self-improvement. I am told that my conversation already has charm and is quite free of vulgarisms. Following the lecture, and feeling the need of kicking over the reins, so to speak, I attended a moving-picture show and then had a cup of coffee and a portion of buckwheat cakes at a restaurant, arriving at my diggings—as I call my apartment facetiously—at little short of midnight. I am not habituated to unseasonable hours abroad, and I was enjoying my night's rest in prospect when I opened my room door.

A blast of tobacco smoke greeted me and I saw that four gentlemen were grouped about my table and were engaged in a game of cards. They were shirt-sleeved and were smoking cigars the characteristic odor of which I recognized with well-dissimulated annoyance. They were drinking liquor intermittently, something colorless and aromatic.

"Gentlemen," said Eddie Stroock, for he proved to be one of them, "meet my roommate Arthur Joy. Whose deal?"

They gave me a genial nod and bent again to their game. Eddie said, however, for my enlightenment, "A few of the boys."

I knew not exactly how to take this; but having been so recently on the verge of a serious quarrel, I decided politically to overlook the liberty that Eddie had taken, and I sat down on the couch, declining an invitation to join their game, and watched and nodded and caught myself through a somnolent hour. Then I decided that it was time to assert myself and I arose and said [illegible] men, I'd really like to go to bed if you don't mind."

"Not at all," they said, and the cards were dealt anew.

Feeling choleric, and realizing that I should do something hasty if I did anything, I took the bull by the horns and prepared to retire. Going to my bed, I saw a stranger lying there and snoring like a good fellow.

"Who's this?" I said impatiently. "Who's this person here in my bed?"

"What's his name?" asked Eddie of another of the company. "Joy hasn't met him yet. You brought him in, Pete."

"Not me," protested this Pete. "He came in with n but I didn't bring him. I thought he knew one of you."

"I don't know him," said the three others in chor[illegible]

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The Beauty of the Cash Register Appeared in a Moment, and I Paid My Homage in a Few Deftly Turned Phrases

3 Qualities No Other Four Possesses

25 Miles *to the* Gallon
58 Miles per Hour
5 *to* 25 Miles *in* 8 Seconds

Chrysler engineers have built into the new good Maxwell, performance so definitely superior that you must properly seek comparison in cars far above its price class.

The same engineering and manufacturing genius which in the Chrysler Six produced results heretofore unknown, has now in the good Maxwell scored its second great triumph.

Here, in the simple, economical four-cylinder principle, has been attained a degree of speed, power, flexibility and quick acceleration which literally amazes those used to paying a high premium for comparable performance.

Thus the great Maxwell organization and its wonderful plants have brought within the buying-ability of new thousands, unequaled pick-up and all the speed at which a man will care to drive—long life and a distinguished exterior which wins sincere admiration.

To produce such a car at the astonishingly low Maxwell prices is possible only with such complete and splendid manufacturing facilities as Maxwell's.

The Standard Sedan
$1095
f. o. b. Detroit, Tax extra

Touring Car, $895; Club Coupe, $995; Club Sedan, $1045; Standard Sedan, $1095; Special Sedan, $1245. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, Tax extra.

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There are Maxwell dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

The New Good

MAXWELL

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A Striking Photograph of Grace Moore, a Star in the Music Box Revue

IF MOST of Irving Berlin's melodies have had their origin in a phrase or catchword that settled in the back of his mind and would not be exorcised by any other method, so, too, the most ambitious and the most enslaving project of his life had its beginning in three words that popped into his restless head one night before the war as he was drifting out of the Friars' Club. It was a title, for he is one who thinks in titles. Probably he first became enamored of "What'll I Do?" before a line of its chorus had been written or a note of its melody coined, because it struck him that that would be a good name for a popular song. Certainly he is the kind of person to whom the now familiar phrase "New York" would appeal as a happy title for a city and leave him, perhaps, with a vague notion that George Cohan had written it. I should not be at all surprised if he feels a mild glow of gratification when he walks through Irving Place

At all events on this night as he came out of the Friars' Club he ran into Sam H. Harris, and in the busker's fashion seized upon that defenseless manager as the first audience to hear a new notion which had occurred to him on his way through the hall

"If you ever want to build a theater just for musical comedy," said Berlin, "why not call it the Music Box?"

And he went on his way to whatever bazaar in Bagdad was the end of his pilgrimage that evening. It was three or four years later, in the early spring of 1920, when Berlin had just come back to town from Palm Beach, that Harris called him on the telephone.

"Irving," he said, "you remember that Music Box idea of yours?"

And Berlin, shaking the sleep out of his eyes—it was only noon—and wondering helplessly what Harris was talking about, replied in his mannerly but evasive way:

"Will I ever forget it?"

"Well," said Harris, "I have just bought a piece of land in Forty-fifth Street, across the way from the Astor, and I called you up to tell you that you can have your Music Box whenever you want it."

The Idea of the Music Box

WHICH casual communication, as effective in waking the drowsy minstrel as any cold shower would have been, was the prelude to an eventful and affectionate partnership which had its real beginnings in the days when Harris, himself a graduate of the lower East Side, used to stroll down from Second Avenue, where he was president of the Hesper Club, and, across the rim of a mug of beer from a corner table at Nigger Mike's, would watch with an appreciative grin the goings on of that worthy's singing waiter.

Berlin's senior by nearly fifteen years, Harris was born down at Mulberry Street and Bayard. Errand boy for a Grand Street milliner, messenger runner for a telegraph company, and finally a worker in a laundry, it was Harris' notion to propose taking under contract the full responsibility for supplying an entire skyscraper with clean towels from one year's end to the other. And after he had made such an arrangement with the Whitehall Building, at the Battery, he was able to begin buying the race horses for which, it seems, one can have a passion even when one is born as far from paddocks and green pasture land as the corner of Mulberry Street and Bayard. Harris had four horses when he was twenty-one and he probably thought the world a mighty pleasant place.

It was the merest accident that turned his steps toward Broadway and bred all the experience that went into the building of the Music Box. One night over in Brooklyn he grew enthusiastic and prophetic about a small Irish prize fighter who was boxing furiously for three dollars a bout. Harris undertook his management, put him under contract for life and devoted the next years to guiding the destinies of this belligerent youth, whose name was Terry McGovern. It was the chance of profiting further by exhibiting this popular hero on the stage—in such melodramas as The Bowery After Dark—that led Harris into the theater, and left him there, prosperous and happy for many years in the partnership with George Cohan which inexplicably came to an end in the fall of 1919 during the strain and bitterness caused when the embattled actors enlivened the streets of New York by walking out on strike.

The theater has an almost mystical way of taking hold of those who would use it and making them serve it instead. It never showed its power more clearly than when it took that young *entrepreneur* who came up Broadway leading Terry McGovern by the hand and made him into the kind of man who, alone among all the Broadway managers, had the flair and the understanding to open the doors of his theater to Galsworthy's Justice when John Barrymore, then making his first venture in a tragic rôle, was waiting homeless in the suburbs for the chance of a hearing along Broadway. It was Harris, too, who undertook the production of the bold and magnificent play called Rain, remaining sufficiently himself after that uplifting experience, nevertheless, to keep one fond and excited eye on a Kentucky race horse of his named Sadie Thompson. As one who has lent an ear to the hopes and trials of show folks for more than a decade, I should like to testify that there is no man in the theater whom they regard with more affection and confidence than is Sam Harris' portion on Broadway.

It was with Harris that Berlin planned the Music Box—a small jewel of a theater that should be the chummy home of a succession of such revues as those revels of girls and music for which America had already become famous to the ends of the earth; such revues as those to which Berlin himself had more than once contributed the songs, beginning with that happy day when it occurred to Charles B. Dillingham to invite him to write Watch Your Step and so set afoot as gay and festive and tuneful a harlequinade as this country has heard in my day. Then Berlin had written the music for the Follies of Mr. Ziegfeld one year, and he had contributed much to the composite score of The Century Girl, when another gallant effort was made to find some use for that vast, yawning, hungry temple of the drama which some ill-advised Mæcenases were misled into building in Central Park West. Now Berlin's tunes were to have a home of their own.

As the ground in Forty-fifth Street was being cleared of the stubborn brownstone-front boarding houses which had so long defied the uptown march of the Great Midway, Berlin summoned in another partner. That was Joseph M. Schenck. Schenck's story, which also begins in Russia, intertwines with Berlin's across the counter of a dingy old drug store in Chinatown—a battered wooden pharmacy that still sells pills and lotions under the elevated in the Bowery near Chatham Square, as it sold them a hundred years ago, when this was the Bowery Lane and there were orchards and pleasant paths all about. In its back yard, the base of a brass mortar, where many a generation of apprentices has pounded out prescriptions, is just the huge stump left as the memorial of a wildwood tree that used to fling its wonderful branches over the Bowery Lane

Local Color at Number Six

THIS frame cottage, capriciously left behind long after all the friends of its youth had been pushed aside, is probably the oldest drug store in the United States. It was launched as such in 1805, and anyone who cared to ransack the yellowing account books in its dusty attic might weave therefrom a social history of New York in the 30's and 40's, when the doctor's sleigh would draw cozily up at the curb to drop a prescription, when plasters were spread on sheepskin and an odor of asafetida filled the air. For in those days it was vaguely felt that unless medicine smelled pretty bad it would not do you much good.

As early as 1856 the old pharmacy was—as it is now—officially called Olliffe's. But by the time that Izzy Baline, drifting in on the heels of Chimmie Fadden, came to shrill his ballads in the saloons of the Bowery, it was popularly known—as it still is—merely as Number Six, and it had only just yielded to popular clamor by sullenly installing a soda fountain.

Number Six was a great solace to the yellow men of Chinatown, who could patter to it openly for drugs which now the law would not let them buy. As a swarm of them would arrive, the clerk would pitch fifty or sixty pounds of gum opium on the counter and let them pick over it critically like the shoppers at the pushcarts down the street. And it was, of course, a kind of first-aid station in that No Man's Land, sometimes busiest with a patient laid low by the baseball bat always kept handy behind the counter in case any patron should suddenly make unlawful demands upon the till. Then the tough knocked out in a street

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Swift's
Premium Bacon

Whether to buy Swift's Premium Bacon in the piece or in the carton is merely a matter of choice.

To buy a whole piece is to be sure of having enough on hand to meet the demands of winter appetites. To buy it in the pound or half-pound cartons is to enjoy the convenience of having it thinly and evenly sliced, ready for cooking.

The real point is this: whichever way you buy it, the name Swift's Premium on the label is your guarantee of bacon that is uniformly good—always distinctively tender, always mild in flavor.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 34)

brawl or the girl slashed in some back-room altercation would be rushed by neighborly hands to Olliffe's for such bandages or restoratives as could be applied while the ambulance from Gouverneur was picking its path through the crowded streets. Berlin, racing around the corner on some such errand from Nigger Mike's, must have run into Schenck a hundred times. For, working day and night and saving every cent to put himself through the College of Pharmacy, Schenck was the clerk at Number Six.

Many's the neighborly Mickey Finn that Schenck made out of calomel and jalap; but as it turned out, he did not use for many years his painfully acquired knowledge of pills and powders. For, by way of the county fairs and the amusement parks such as the one he eventually bought on the Palisades opposite Harlem, he wandered into the theater. He was high in the councils of Marcus Loew when he became interested in motion pictures and started on that spectacular career of movie production in which he has been aided by the convenient circumstance that his sister-in-law is Constance Talmadge, his brother-in-law is Buster Keaton and his wife is Norma Talmadge.

It was the grateful memory of more than one good turn done to Berlin in his first investing days by the neighborly Schenck that prompted Berlin to invite him into the rosy project of the Music Box offering him, indeed, a half interest in his own share.

Then when it turned out—as, in a sort of hilarious nightmare, it did turn out—that the building of the Music Box was to cost, ground and all, something more than $947,000, and when it further turned out that painfully little less than $188,000 was to be spent in concocting the first revue before ever an audience sat down in that beautiful theater, there began to dawn on the worried minstrel the ghost of a wonder whether what he had intended as a friendly gesture to a neighbor might not, in the eyes of a dispassionate onlooker, appear uncomfortably like something else; whether, indeed, Schenck himself might not suspect that there had been an ominous overtone to Berlin's first broaching of the project when he came to his friend and said, "Joe, I want to let you in on something."

As the plasterers and painters were putting the final touches on the Music Box, all Broadway was shaking with laughter over the predicament of the new partners whose determination to build a beautiful theater had led to such a debauch of lapidarian construction. Rival managers, standing in knots on near-by street corners, could be seen figuring happily on the backs of envelopes and announcing, "If they sell out every seat for the next five years, they'll lose money."

A Wonderful First Night

BERLIN himself was worried; and, as he tossed in his sleep at dawn, it seemed to him that his was a procession of days in which every afternoon he stopped in at his publishing house, gathered up all the gold due him on his songs, and hurried around the corner to give it to the clamorous bricklayers and masons who still cried for more. Schenck, who, in his comfortably remote California studio, was undisturbed except when he was called on tersely for an occasional check—and who, by the way, has never yet examined or even seen one of the Music Box statements that are sent regularly to his office—did not arrive in New York until the dress rehearsal on the eve of the theater's first opening. And he did not run into the fluttered Berlin until a painful moment when a trick elevator, which was to rise from beneath the stage, bearing aloft sixteen ravishing but pardonably nervous chorus girls, stuck stubbornly midway and would go no farther.

"What's that?" asked the naturally puzzled Schenck.

"Oh," replied Berlin in an offhand manner, the while he mopped his brow, "that's just one of our little effects."

At which Schenck roared with laughter, clapped his apprehensive partner on the back and said, "Never mind, Irving; after all, it's no more than you or I would lose in a good stud game and never think of it again."

It was therefore a rather breathless and anxious sundown, that September day in 1921 marked for the première of the Music Box. Berlin and Harris, dressed for the opening, met beforehand at the Astor and dined together alone in a private suite hidden upstairs, out of reach of all the people who would come up and noisily wish them success in their new venture. They did not say much to each other; but between meat and salad, between salad and sweet, between sweet and coffee, they would stroll with one accord to the window and look down where already the amber light of the electric sign was warming the cool gray lovely façade with its inset pillared portico and its boxes of trailing evergreen.

And as the moment approached for the first motor cars to begin depositing the audience at the door, they noted with surprise and an inner exhilaration a sight that was new then to Broadway, but which has since recurred perhaps a half dozen times. A crowd was collecting in front of the theater—a plain, shabby, jostling, good-humored crowd, mistakable at first glance for a queue besieging the obdurate box office, of which the ticket rack had been empty for days, but really people who had merely come to see those who would see the first Music Box revue. There would be youngsters agape at the arriving Fairbanks or Geraldine Farrar. There would be seamstresses taking notes on the fashions of tomorrow. There would be hairdressers on a similar mission; and there would be purposeless readers of the illustrated dailies, happy if they could identify someone whose picture had enlivened their breakfasts, content if they could go home that night and say that they had been near enough to Mrs. Lydig Hoyt in the flesh to reach out and touch her. By 8:30 the mob had made the sidewalks impassable and the police were clearing paths for the nobility of Broadway. Every doorstep and window ledge within range of the theater was packed as if a parade were to pass by that evening.

It was time to go in. Berlin and Harris looked at each other, each uncomfortable with an impulse to say something, each deciding there was really nothing to say. They shook hands instead—Terry McGovern's manager and the waiter from Nigger Mike's.

"Go to it, Irving."

"Go to it, Sam."

And off they went to the Music Box.

It was, you will remember, a great success—that first revue. For months seats were unobtainable, and even after the preposterous outlay in its preparation, it showed an eventual profit of something like $400,000. For by the time it had run its year in New York and then gone out into the country to look for the stay-at-home dollars which had not come to it—the first revue had played to gross receipts of $2,000,000.

Costs of Production

SO MUCH has been said about the orgy of expense at the Music Box that it might be well to look over the books of that first revue and see just what these bespangled, multitudinous harlequinades cost and whence the bills pour in to the harried masters of a kind of native revels that neither Paris nor London has yet begun to approach. For the most part the European revues are measly and shabby enterprises, innocent of the inventiveness and the splendor and the genuine beauty which is now the tradition in America.

The first revue, of course, had to justify the building reared to shelter it. It is the latter-day custom to throw playhouses together as real-estate speculations—building some of them in less than three months and running them thereafter on the candid principles of a road house. But the Music Box was to be at once a home and a pride and a toy. Affection went into the fashioning of it, and that is one reason why it is the most beautiful theater in New York today. That is also why, for all its coziness, it cost $617,012. Small wonder that the wiseacres of Broadway looked up from their figuring and grinned.

"Well," said one, "I guess the boys are building themselves a monument."

"Yoh, a monument," quoth another; "a tomb."

The cost of production of that first revue was $187,613, which was made up of such items as these:

Costumes	$60,783.09
Salaries and labor bills during rehearsals	29,029.54
Properties	22,614.71
Electrical supplies	10,701.85
Rental of luminous pearls	10,115.00
Furniture	1,320.21
Orchestrations	2,269.63
Steamship fares for missions abroad	2,170.00
Royalties forfeited on material unused	3,600.00
Office expenses	1,525.38
Miscellaneous	9,278.52
Scenery	26,214.09

The average weekly running expense of the first season was $19,065.86, of which a typical week's items would read something like this:

Theater staff salaries	$ 2,279.10
Company salaries	10,225.00
Trade bills	1,311.81
Rent	2,000.00
Orchestra salaries	1,541.86
Royalties	1,378.12
Wardrobe	26.56
Sundries	125.97

But the average weekly gross receipts of the first revue during the forty-one weeks of the New York run were $27,788.57, so the goose hung high; and an even greater profit was shown nearly every week that the revue toured the country. Wherefore the wiseacres on the curb stopped laughing. And yet, in a plunging notion that they must outdo themselves or die in the attempt, the masters of the Music Box ran the cost of the second revue beyond the $250,000 mark, and neither that one nor the third ever approached the profits made by the first venture.

So peculiar and so native a product as the revue staged each year by Florenz Ziegfeld or Harris and Berlin is, of course, not written as a play or a symphony is written. Rather it is concocted like a tub of mincemeat or brewed tentatively like a punch or assembled like a flivver.

The first reluctant steps are likely to be taken some six months in advance, when Harris and Berlin begin to speculate hesitantly as to who and what should constitute its ingredients. One June afternoon a neighbor asked Berlin what his new show would be like, and with rumpled brow he made answer:

"I don't know yet. We've got Clark and McCullogh and Grace Moore, but I don't know anything beyond that."

You will note he did not mention any dreams he himself might be having for a pageant or a bit of scenic witchcraft. He did not even speak of the blues or the ballet he himself would contribute. One who might pardonably have considered the music the most important part of any revue—certainly of any revue at the Music Box—was enough of a showman to recognize instinctively that, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be—the rock-bottom fact of any adventure in the theater is the person up there on the lighted stage. The familiar predicament described in the old stencil about Hamlet with Hamlet left out is as nothing compared with the dire disaster of Hamlet with John Barrymore left out.

Then, as Harris begins his parleys with the songsters and comedians and dancers who will eventually make up the troupe, Berlin begins to waken each morning heavy with the accusing consciousness that he must be bestirring himself about the melodies. If the new revue is scheduled for November, he spends July in telling himself that he must start on the score. To be sure, odds and ends of notions, scraps of melody, a title or two—these have been accumulating unassorted in the wild scrap bag of his casual mind. He has added to them every time he has swum out a little farther than the rest, every time he has motored home alone along the rim of dawn. But it is high time there was something on paper, something that would enable him to assure Harris, without too much perjury, that he was getting along famously with the music.

He decides that he will make no engagements for the third week-end in July, and vows that while other folks are lolling at the beaches, he, warm with self-pity, will lock himself up in the deserted city and spend forty-eight hours at his piano. By Saturday afternoon the reproachful piano, with its row of gleaming keys in the shaded room, looks so monstrously like a leering skull that, as if in fear of its hearing him, he fairly tiptoes toward the door on his truant way to Great Neck.

The Building of a Song

AFTER a month of such evasion, callers at his home or his theater or his office walk suddenly into the fact that he has vanished and left not a trace behind. Inquiries of the protective Ivan yield only a bland assurance that he has no idea where Mr. Berlin has gone. But the initiated look about them for some sign of Arthur Johnston, a young pianist from his publishing house, who usually serves the musically illiterate Berlin as an amanuensis. If he, too, is missing, the place to look is some high ocean-front floor at some hotel in Atlantic City. In a suite there for the next ten days, the composer of the Music Box will work steadily at the precipitation of all that has been in solution in his mind for the past idle months.

Coming up from the beach in mid-afternoon, he will lunch in his sun-baked bathing suit and then plunge into the torment of song writing which will not be interrupted until ten o'clock, when waiters come staggering in under heavy-laden trays and he and Johnston can relax for dinner. Then more work until the not especially small hours of the morning. So the next day, and the next, and the next. Sometimes a week will slip by without his seeing more of the Boardwalk than the bobbing processional of straw hats far beneath his windows; without, indeed, his having once put foot to leather or varied at all the luxurious rotation of bathing suit and pajamas. If he sees anyone, it is because by the ancient wireless of the beach word is passed along that Berlin is on high and such kindred neighbors as Sir William Wiseman or Al Jolson or Frank Tours will drift in at two in the morning to bring him the news of Broadway.

It is pretty comfortable, that long, dainty suite, with the sea gales tossing its curtains, while not so far away, as the crow flies, Cherry Street is gasping in the heat and some small successor is trying to sleep in Izzy Baline's old corner of the fire escape at Number 330.

One who peers in to see what progress is afoot in the writing of the score may feel the ghost of a pang in memory of Franz Schubert hungry in his garret; but if Schubert had lived in America in the year of grace 1924, perhaps he, too, would have had a suite at the same hotel. And whoever says his songs would have been less sweet on that account probably knows no more about it than I do, who, at least, beg leave to doubt it.

Roughly, this is the method of procedure in that elegant aerie: Berlin will have been fiddling at his piano for weeks until he has verse, chorus and melody pretty much as he likes it. Now he plays it for Johnston, who, sitting with pencil poised in the manner of a bored stenographer, makes strange, negligent fly tracks across a scrap of paper.

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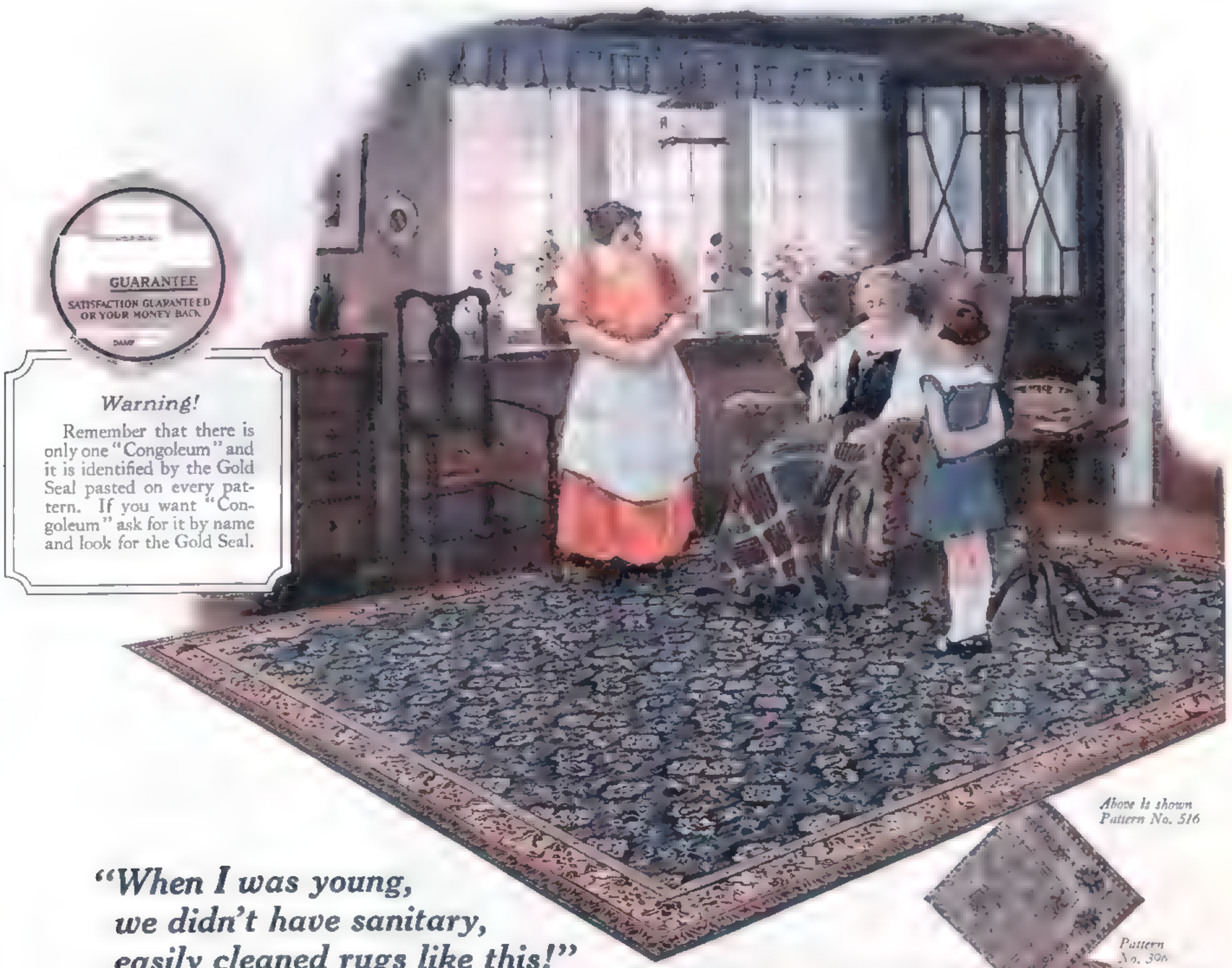

Warning!

Remember that there is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

Above is shown Pattern No. 516

"When I was young, we didn't have sanitary, easily cleaned rugs like this!"

Grandmother knows a thing or two about floor-coverings! No one can appreciate better than she the saving of time and labor that a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug brings.

These easy-to-clean rugs never require sweeping and beating. A light mopping removes every speck of dust, every stain, leaving the smooth surface as fresh as new—and absolutely sanitary.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are made to resist wear. They are thoroughly waterproof and germproof. Although they need no fastening of any kind, they never curl up at the edges.

Variety and beauty of design are other things for which Congoleum Rugs are famous. There's an appropriate pattern for every room in the house. You can choose from pretty floral effects and elaborate Oriental motifs, as well as from tile, wood-block and mosaic reproductions.

The low prices of these modern labor-saving rugs appeal to women who like to make every penny count in furnishing their homes.

Note These Low Prices

6	ft. x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. [illegible] illustrated, in [illegible] in all sizes. The other patterns shown are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	ft. x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	ft. x 9	ft.	11.25		3	ft. x 3	ft. 1.40
9	ft. x 9	ft.	13.50		3	ft. x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	ft. x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	ft. x 6	ft. 2.50
9	ft. x 12	ft.	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

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Atlanta Kansas City [illegible] Pittsburgh New Orleans
[illegible]
In Canada—[illegible] Montreal

Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 558

Pattern No. 534

Pattern No. 586

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Interesting Free Booklet

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful Congoleum patterns in their full colors. Write today for *your* free copy.

HOW TO SECURE THEM TODAY

Easier cold-weather starting. Oil which is heavier or of different character than Mobiloil "E," frequently congeals in cold weather, causing difficulty in starting and an undue strain on the battery. Use Mobiloil "E." It flows so readily in cold weather that starting difficulties are reduced to a minimum.

Perfect clutch action. Positive, quick clutch engagement with no slipping and an instantaneous complete release is assured with Mobiloil "E." Clutch drag and "creeping" with slow engagement are the results when heavy-bodied oils are used.

Less carbon deposit. When excessive, hard, or sticky carbon occurs in the Ford cylinders, you may be sure that the oil is not correct. Ford owners who use Mobiloil "E" frequently report 10,000 miles—and even more—without troublesome carbon.

Freedom from overheating. Oil of poor quality, incorrect character, or too heavy body is the most common cause of overheating in a Ford engine. After draining the crankcase and refilling with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," notice how much cooler your engine is after a long run than formerly.

Freedom from "oil pumping." "Oil pumping" occurs when the oil feeds into the combustion chambers too freely. This trouble has repeatedly been eliminated by a change to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." If your Ford engine still pumps oil after using "E," you may be sure that the trouble is due to *mechanical* reasons, and repairs, replacements or adjustments are necessary.

Reduced oil consumption. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" rarely fails to show a striking saving in oil consumption. Frequently the oil consumption is cut in half.

Freedom from sticky valves. Sticky valves are due almost invariably to oils of incorrect character or body or to the use of oils compounded with products which are unsuited to the lubrication of the Ford engine. If the valves fit their guides correctly and the proper oil level is maintained, this trouble is never encountered in a Ford engine lubricated with Mobiloil "E."

Reduced wear on bearings. Oils heavier than Mobiloil "E" do not atomize readily and often fail to distribute perfectly to all the working parts. The body and character of Mobiloil "E" enable it to reach all the close fitting bearings and bushings of the Ford engine and transmission, thus assuring lubrication and preventing wear. That is why bearing trouble is so uncommon among Ford owners who use Mobiloil "E."

Smoother brake action. Correctly adjusted transmission bands coupled with the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will practically eliminate any possibility of the transmission band linings becoming glazed, providing the oil is kept at the proper level and drained every 750 miles in summer, every 500 miles in winter. To neglect such precautions and to try to eliminate any trouble experienced with bands by the use of oils not suited to Ford lubricating requirements is obviously wrong.

▼

Fair Retail Price—*30c a Quart from Bulk*

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

For your home garage: The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30- or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal supply of lubricating oil.

For touring: The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E," Arctic and "A," 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in the Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

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BONDS TRIUMPHANT

Investment or Speculation?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"The Secret of the Bond Business," Said Another Cynical Dealer, "is to Know How to Sell Your Junk, Your Bum Stuff; the Rest Takes Care of Itself"

ALL Gaul, so Cæsar still tells the reluctant schoolboy, was divided into three parts. But all bond buyers are divided into two great classes, the first being the old-fashioned, or true investor, who invests to conserve his principal and to secure a fair income. The second and growing class consists of the modern, up-to-date buyers, who are the products of high-speed, intensive salesmanship, those who purchase for a profit.

The speculator, whether in stocks or bonds, is not new to the marts of finance. Always there have been a few men, bolder than their fellows, willing to take a chance on the junior debentures of a railroad about to plunge into bankruptcy, or in the obligations of one of those comic-opera countries that indulge in yearly revolutions.

But the new bond speculator, or trader, is in far more numerous company. His game is an entirely different one. The bonds he purchases are relatively sound. He is out neither for a rank gamble nor for the mere preservation of principal and interest. He buys for a profit, no matter how slight; and when it is realized he swaps into another bond which seems to promise as well.

It is the development of this type of semispeculative, trading, swapping, exchanging bond investor that is the great distinctive feature of present-day markets, especially in New York City and vicinity. Formerly the bond business was a straight merchandising proposition. The investor took his money to a banking house, bought the bonds and locked them up, forgetting everything except the interest coupon, unless something went wrong with the company.

Today the bond business is a highly competitive system of resorts to trade-outs, with the individual customer trading where he can get the best prices. Steady customers are much rarer than formerly, and investors shop around as they do for neckties, hats or stockings, with many different salesmen eagerly beseeching their custom.

One salesman told me he believed that the trading type of bond business had increased at least 500 per cent since 1920. To a large extent the army of bond salesmen, treading the country like a field of grain, have taught the investor to trade out, and in some respects this development has about it the evils of the older day of twisting in the life-insurance business.

Just when the trading idea started it is hard to say, but the large sales of Liberty Bonds following the close of the war taught the investor that bonds could be disposed of with the greatest facility, provided he was willing to exchange them for something else. Another great flood of trade-outs occurred in 1921 with respect to oil stocks. At present the bond-trading public is largely interested in public utilities.

Trading and Switching

IT IS quite obvious that the bond business could not exist on its present scale if it were not for the trade-out and switch. Without this device the number of houses and salesmen would probably be cut in half.

If there were no trade-outs, if investors bought bonds only when they had surplus income to invest, the salesmen could hardly live in the manner to which they are accustomed. If the investor merely bought bonds to keep, the $25,000-a-year bond salesman would become extinct as a class.

Trading and switching, of course, flourish best in a bull market, when customer and house alike cannot avoid making money. In his instructions to salesmen a partner in a small firm complains that while trading is good business on an advancing market, the salesmen are so spoiled that "if an investor hangs fire for a few days or a week the average salesman forgets he is on the list. You must discover whether he is in bonds to make money or for a safe investment."

What the salesman frequently does in order to increase his volume of business is to go to an investor shortly after the first purchase has been made and show the customer what a smart trader he is. Already the bond shows a profit. "The investor has hardly got his confirmation notice before the salesman is on his neck," was the decided fashion in which one dealer described the process.

For in a bull market it does not take long for a bond to rise. The clever up-to-date house of original issue sees to that, for it has such an enormous list of dealers clamoring for position on its syndicate rolls that it oversells practically every issue.

In a bull market the dealers oversubscribe in order to fill their shelves, because they know their allotments will be cut down in any case. Announcement that an issue has been oversubscribed does not mean that investors have more than taken it, but that dealers have asked for more than their actual requirements. The temporary effect is a quick rise in price, although over a longer period of time the story may prove quite otherwise.

But even though there is no quick rise in price the salesman has still another card to play to induce the investor to trade. He may offer to buy back the bonds already sold at one or even two points above their actual market price, provided the investor will buy a similar number of bonds of a still newer issue at the same or lower price than the first, and with the same rate of interest, or perhaps even more.

The investor can see no chance of loss; in fact he has an instant profit of fifty or a hundred dollars. One issue of bonds sounds as good as another to him. Indeed, new issues come out so fast that they all sound alike. Nor does the salesman or his house lose on such a deal. If they have given the customer a point they are still in five points on the two sales, because the ordinary syndicate profit averages about 3 per cent.

Just how extensively dealers will cut commissions or profits in order to make desirable sales and start a long train of trading accounts, the writer cannot say. "There are no rules in this game at all," said the head of a small firm, "provided you are determined to make a sale, say, to an estate or to a bank, just to get on their books.

"A new issue of preferred stock recently opened at 106½, and I called up a friend of mine in a bank and told him I'd sell him a block at 103½. 'You can actually sell it on the curb at 106½,' I told him.

"'That's mighty white of you,' he remarked as he accepted the offer.

"'Remember me the next time you have something to buy,' was all I said. But next time I may be able to plaster him with something that he can't sell on the curb so easy. Anyway, the syndicate profit was five points, so I made two, at that."

Of course the great evil in the trade-out, to the business itself, is the necessary throwing upon the market of the first batch of bonds. These are displaced and set loose like waifs, contrary perhaps to a syndicate agreement, and likely to disturb a market which the syndicate managers had supposed was all taken care of. Indeed, to handle this peculiar problem a special market, known as the "investment guaranteed market," has come into existence.

Lure for Investors

BUT the average reader and investor will not be interested in these technical and internal, even though perplexing problems of the bond business. The real danger that confronts him is that in this process of being educated to exchange, he will be induced to trade out of good securities and into poor ones. The peril that waits in store for the investor is the lure, the bait of the long profit—the old, old reward held out to greed and gullibility, but nowadays found in this new and respectable garb of a bond trade-out.

Bond salesmen are usually paid a base salary with a commission determined by the sales resistance. In other words, the higher the grade of the bond the smaller the commission. Now of course the long-headed, honorable house and salesman will try to sell the customer what he needs, even though the commission to the salesman and the syndicate profit to the house be of the smallest.

But keen competition and heavy expenses make it to the immediate self-interest of houses and salesmen to sell the kind of stuff that shows the largest business record, especially if it's a new issue of the firm's own origin. Profits on old, seasoned, settled, established, well-known bonds are nothing but bare fractional commissions.

"Most houses vigorously deny that they sell only their own issues," said one outspoken dealer. "They will tell you that they had just as soon sell one bond as another, that they are in all the syndicates. But I tell you bluntly that if a man comes in here and asks what to buy, I gradually work out of him what his needs are. Then as between two bonds that fit his needs, I sell him the one in which there is the greatest profit to me.

"If the bond doesn't fit him at all, then I am a plain crook. But if a listed bond is what suits his purpose and either Atchison 4's or Smelters 5's fits him, then he knows he is going to get Smelters 5's. If he doesn't know it, he's a fool."

There are said to be salesmen, even in good houses, who will not take the trouble to telephone customers when they have a very high-grade issue, on which the commission to them is of course small.

To the credit of the employers it may be remarked that if a salesman shows too much greed in this respect his services are often dispensed with.

The fact may be mentioned here, as of more than passing interest, that a very large part of all the high-grade bonds are sold over the telephone, whereas the long-profit stuff must be peddled from office to office and door to door. A salesman who has an offering the merit of which is immediately recognizable does not have to do more than lift his receiver.

It is well recognized in the bond business that the tendency of a considerable class of salesmen is to plaster the investor with or shoot him into long-profit stuff as fast as the salesman succeeds in educating said investor. "The salesman should tie customers to him," one dealer told me, "by putting them into the active stuff at first, and then, after they have made a little money, getting them into his firm's own securities. If these prove a little slow and the customer complains, he can be traded out by giving him a little more than the market."

"The secret of the bond business," said another cynical dealer, "is to know how to sell your junk, your bum stuff; the rest takes care of itself."

"If a big firm which is originating an issue calls upon us more than once to join its syndicate, we know there is something wrong with it," said a small dealer.

Nor must it be supposed that even the largest firms have a 100-per-cent record in avoiding lemons, or sour issues, to use Wall Street's own phrase. This is not the place to discuss in detail the long list of failures, receiverships, reorganizations, passed dividends, and other investment tragedies in which one great investment banking house after another has been involved. Even the most reputable institutions which sell bonds have been hooked.

How New Issues Turn Out

AS FAR as the writer knows there has never been any actual study of the relative losses and successes of investment banking houses. It has been said that commercial banks are better able, either because of superior organization or greater foresight and care, to minimize the chances of error than are the investment bankers, but I do not believe the statement can be either denied or confirmed.

The writer was informed by a representative of one of the largest firms engaged in both the wholesaling and retailing of bonds, that an investor who for ten years had bought one $1000 bond and ten shares of preferred stock of every bond and preferred-stock issue put out by this house would today have his principal intact, and 8.34 per cent interest besides. The head of another smaller house of original issue said that in his rather brief business career he had marketed $94,000,000 of good securities and $13,000,000 which had turned sour.

It is probable that if an investor bought an equal amount of every issue put out by the more reputable houses he would win out in the end. Unfortunately there are investors who are unlucky enough to put their money into the sour rather than into the sweet. Nor does it help the investor's temper any to learn how callous many firms are when issues go sour. The water somehow has run over the mill, and the syndicate closed out.

"Those bonds didn't go so well" is all the firm is likely to say, and the investor may feel that its regrets are more at having lost good customers than in having soaked them.

But on the other hand, many a firm has thrown part of its own resources into a sour situation, and has worked for years to save a weak company. There are failures which are literally unavoidable, and even where no such excuse is possible the cause of trouble is more often bad judgment than even a suspicion of crookedness.

World-wide conditions sometimes change in such a way that even the most careful investigation proves useless. An example is that of a small steel company whose bonds would have been perfectly good for years if it had not been for the Washington Conference on Disarmament.

Excessive competition, forcing bankers to pay what they consider a high as compared with a right price for bonds, has been referred to already. It is only fair to the investment houses to say that this is one of the surest and most frequent causes of bonds going sour, at least for a year or two.

"We are obliged to listen to propositions at certain times which we would turn out-of-doors without a hearing when we have some wonderful piece of business on," was the straightforward explanation of the head of the buying department of one firm.

The men at the head of a corporation are often so successful and forceful that they drive the banking houses into paying a price which insures the failure of the bonds as an investment proposition. Under certain market conditions the banking house is forced knowingly to pay the price or else see its organization shot to pieces for lack of goods to sell.

But even under the most adverse conditions an investment house of any standing makes an elaborate investigation before bringing out an issue. In one case it was shown that 1001 days of thirty-nine executives, twenty-nine engineers, statisticians and accountants, and of forty-one stenographers and clerks were spent in determining whether the firm should handle an issue. Another firm considered 1580 propositions in one year and accepted only six. Yet possibly one out of the six went wrong.

After all, the investor and speculator are both unreasonable animals and difficult to deal with. It is a truism of the stock-brokerage business that if a speculator wins on the broker's tip he pats himself on the back, whereas if he loses he blames the broker. It is the same way in the bond game. If the bond goes up the investor says that he made a good purchase; if it goes down he says, "They told me to buy, and now see what's happened." No amount of profits will offset one bust.

In a firm that deals in both stocks and bonds I was told of a woman who had bought fifty shares of a certain stock, on the firm's advice, at 58. The stock subsequently went to 300. She also bought one bond for a thousand dollars that went sour. Her howls became so violent that finally she was told that the firm would take back the bond at par if she would turn over to them all the stock at 58. Never another peep from her!

In no other line of business do the customers so begrudge the dealer his commission. "What is the chief peculiarity of investors as you see them?" I asked a bond man.

"Their unwillingness to let us make any money," he replied.

"Customers call us up," said another, "and ask us to recommend investments. We spend fifty dollars' worth of time studying their case, and then they go around the corner to save commissions."

Of course the salesman in any line of business wastes a lot of time showing prospects around without making a sale. People ride in cars and look in houses which they have no intention of buying. But having bought an automobile or a house they do not expect to turn around within a few days and sell it at a profit or even at the same price. Certainly in no other line where the dealer invests his own capital and puts his reputation in complete jeopardy in every deal is the margin of profit so small.

We do not have to depend upon the statements of those in the business to realize that in no other trade do customers so resent the dealer's profit. Any reader who has ever invested in an automobile, a suit of clothes, a hat, a bond or ten shares of stock knows perfectly well how pleasantly surprised he would be if he could sell the auto, suit and hat the next week for 5 per cent less, and how very angry he would be if the bonds and stocks went down that much!

The reason is simple. Bonds and stocks are the same material as money. They are not things in themselves, like pianos and automobiles, which are supposed to give enjoyment. The investor is unwilling to pay anything for merely changing the form or shape of his money.

Nor must it be supposed that the common and ever-increasing custom of trading investors out of seasoned high-grade securities into long-profit bonds is quite so bad as it seems. Indeed there are those who vehemently defend the practice.

What the public, both in and out of Wall Street, knows as high-grade, first-class bonds are, aside from municipals, the active and usually listed bonds of well-known corporations—that is, those with a name. But these are not always the best by any manner of means. There are times when it is almost literally true that the best bond should be sold and the poorest bought.

Shifts of the Market

SUPPOSE that a few years ago a small firm dealing in the securities of a little electric light and power company in some Western or Southern state had tried to persuade an investor to sell his Interborough 5's and buy Squeedunk 6's at 88. Interborough 5's were then one of the most active and popular bonds on the board, sold well up in the 90's, and had been brought out by a powerful banking syndicate headed by the most august of names. The little firm guilty of such a criminal trade-out would have been derisively yet technically known as a junk house by dealers in listed bonds. Certainly Squeedunk 6's had a very limited market at that time.

But the investor who made that swap would now be sitting pretty. For the mighty Interborough 5's are now selling at 65 and have been much lower, whereas the Squeedunk 6's have gradually worked up to 96-97. The company itself has been taken over by a larger power company, earnings are increasing, and even the common stock pays a dividend. In other words, there are very few permanent investments; and investors, like everyone else, must be quick on their feet at times to win in life's battles.

If well advised and based upon intelligent selection, the trade-out may be described as merely keeping one's investment account checked up all the time. Many bond men argue that because a bond is known as second grade it is not necessarily a poor bond, but merely one that will take a while to season.

Perhaps the reader will say that these statements are inconsistent with others made earlier in this article to the effect that both houses and salesmen often find it to their immediate self-interest to sell long-profit stuff. There are, however, innumerable gradations and shades of meaning in such phrases as high grade, second grade, long profit and even junk. The unseasoned, slow-moving, long-profit bond may be regarded with contempt by dealers who are accustomed only to savings-bank securities, but the only final test is the outcome. Men must make classifications in their business, but time often proves them wrong.

"No one has any right to describe second-grade bonds as junk," said one authority. "The second-rate bond may be all right if it sells for what it is. The investment banker sells nothing but income, and the best possible income for the Astor estate may be an entirely different thing from the best possible income for Jake Schmidt, who runs a clothing store on Third Avenue. One house can't do all the business, for there are different types of clients, different types of salesmen, different stuff and different margins of profit. Of course the Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma 7's are not the same bond as the Cosmopolitan Edison 5's, but both may be worth the money."

It is argued that many small or middle-size individual investors hold securities which are too safe for their needs. "A bond is like a bridge; it must be safe, but why buy a degree of safety which isn't needed, a fancy ultraconservative safety, the kind the insurance companies are willing to pay for? Cosmopolitan Edisons have become so ultrasafe that insurance companies want them. Why should you, as an investor, compete with the insurance company with all its resources?"

So runs the argument put up by those who favor trade-outs. They say there are enough misplaced bonds—by which they mean ultrasafe, active, well-known, thoroughly seasoned securities—in the hands of private investors to keep up a big volume of business merely trading them out.

The next step in the argument is that the private investor should trade such bonds for those which will enhance in value in the future, which will, in other words, become seasoned in their turn. If the investor bought a bond in a company of moderate size and standing fifteen years ago, and now finds it has become a rich, powerful concern, he should sell out and buy in something that may be expected to repeat the performance.

Selling the Bond Idea

THE advisability of such a trade-out, it is said, depends entirely upon the intelligence of the selection. The investor should forget the profit on what he sells and only think of whether he would make an original purchase of the bond which he is taking in trade, provided he had the cash to buy. In other words, has the new unseasoned bond which he takes in exchange real intrinsic merit?

It is not the use but the abuse of the trading idea which is harmful, say those who defend the practice. Danger comes when the investor exaggerates the opportunity for profit and overlooks his own safety requirements.

"Of course there are ills inherent in this business, just as there are in any line where intensive salesmanship is to be found," said a representative of the largest banking institution in the country engaged in both the wholesaling and retailing of bonds. "But the point is that we in the bond business are selling, not so much bonds as the idea of bonds.

"Perhaps a little widow who buys ten good bonds from us is persuaded the next day by a salesman from another concern to trade them out. I'm sorry. I'd rather have her keep our bonds. But never mind; the point is that the woman has ten bonds anyway. If she drops dead today her children have something.

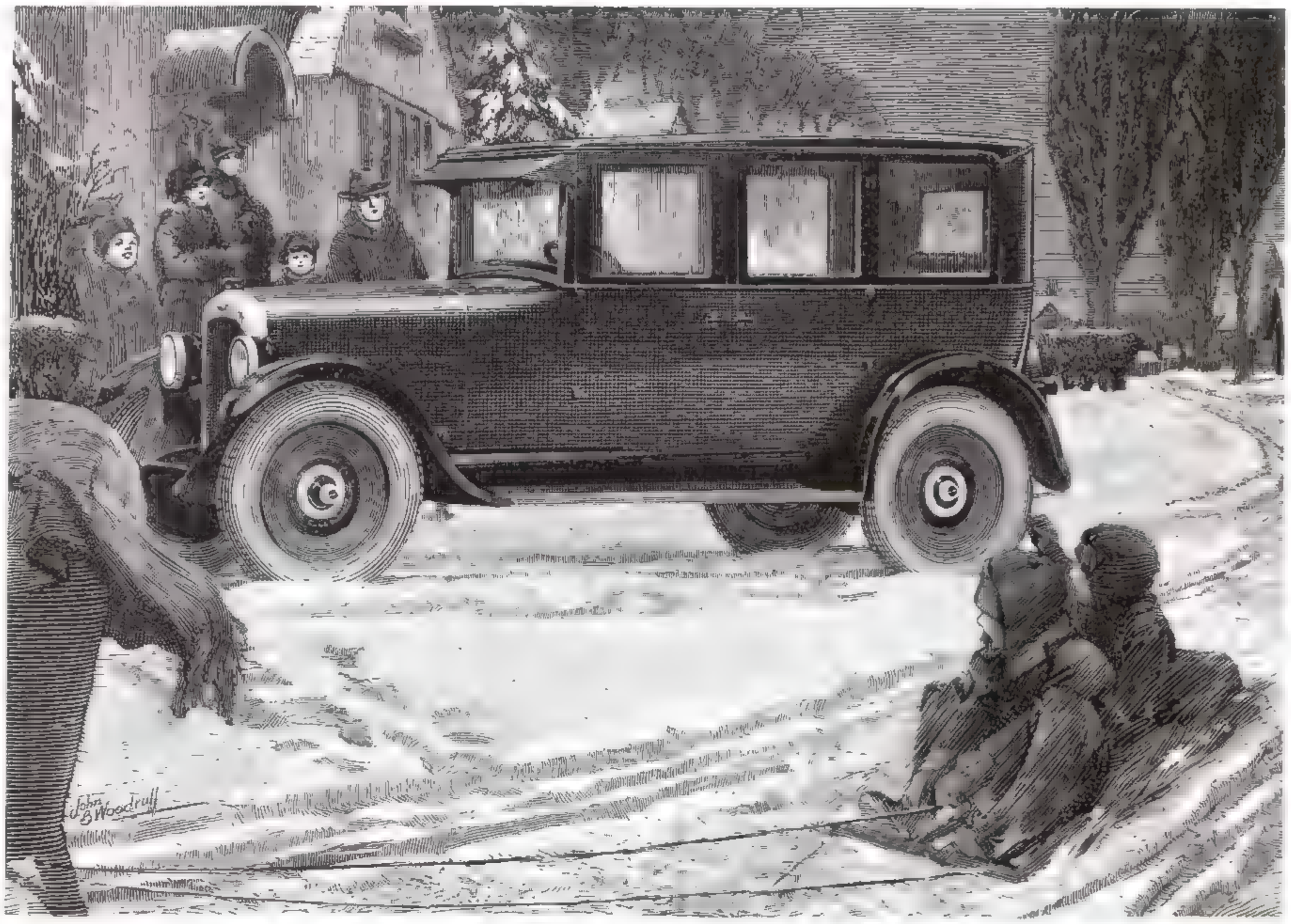
"There used to be a lot of talk about too many automobiles and too much trading of one make for another. But it all developed the business. There are so many good automobile salesmen and so many different makes of cars that there is something for all of them to do. If a salesman can't get one make to sell, he can get another. They used to say that Ford would ruin his agencies by putting out so many cars, but he hasn't. The same process is under way in the bond business.

"The evolution is like that in the life-insurance game or any other that attracts so many retail salesmen. Just as in life insurance, the bond business has developed because of salesmanship and education. The point is that the husband and father was taught to take a policy. Of course he didn't always buy the best policy by any means, any more than the bond buyer always gains by switching. But when he died his widow and children had something to live on, for no other reason in the world than the slather of insurance agents.

"You say that so many bond salesmen only bedevil the investor. Very well then; isn't it better that he should be bedeviled into bonds than into fly-by-night stocks? We can't sell more bonds than the country produces, can we, and the proceeds of the bonds go to some useful purpose, don't they?

"You say we are bond factories. I tell you that at least 85 per cent of the bond financing comes to us anyway. We don't go to companies and persuade them to sell securities. Of course if we have had relations with a company and know that they owe the banks a lot of money, we naturally

(Continued on Page 165)



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OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE BIG GUYS

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"Mister," said Pinky, "Two Shots Was All I Needed, and He's the Toughest Boy in Twenty Blocks"

PINKY CALLANAN was a philosopher, though from his exterior it was hard to guess. It was over on the Hoboken side where the bunch were working out a bootleg problem that they first discovered it. It was rough on the boys. They might have guessed there was something phony about him, but even when they found his failing they were only sorry, deeply and bitterly sorry. And short as memories are in a world of rapid turnovers where a general lowness of forehead and other cranial defects known to criminal sociologists render all thought necessarily brief, they still speak pleasantly of Pinky. There can be no better proof that he was cast on a greater mold, and bore some kingly gift that raised him above the rest.

They still remark how he used to sit in the seafaring billiard parlor down by the docks, his cap over his left eye, his back against the wall, his hands in his pockets and his glance set on the door. Isidor Levinski, dark and saturnine, and one of the other boys generally sat on either side of him in case of trouble. They would look at him admiringly over their celluloid collars, alert for him to indicate his pleasure, but he seldom noticed.

How were they to know he was a philosopher, struggling, measuring and rejecting till they and every being and the streets and the highest buildings and the cables of the bridges made a background for a universe? His brow would become furrowed like a grilled sweet potato. He knew there was a scheme, some great eternal Plan. He could see it in the way the traffic went and stopped, in the push of the crowd in the rush hour, in the plumes of steam and the even, curious sounds that rose above the streets. Everything had a place, he and all the rest. And they thought he was only a gunman.

Of all the boys that followed in his train, Isidor Levinski was the only one to guess that Pinky's mind was dizzy. For Isidor was a big man in the gang, and Pinky once told him his theory.

"Ain't there somethin' makes it go?" he said. "There's some bunch runs it somewhere. What makes the lights go on out in th' street?"

"Say," said Isidor, "what's bitin' yer? The city makes 'em."

"Yah!" sneered Pinky. "An' who makes th' city make 'em?"

"Huh?" said Isidor.

"It's the Big Guys," said Pinky. "There's some Big Guys run it, some Big Guys. Keep in right wid 'em an' it's easy. They run the cops and they got an eye on the holdup games and the bootleg boys—see? The Big Guys is onto everything."

Isidor looked at him stonily. His mind had not the breadth or charity to grasp abstract ideas.

"Say," he said at length, "are you tryin' to kid me, or are you goin' nuts? D'you take me for a simp? Put me next to one of them Big Guys, and I'll bump him off just like he wasn't a guy at all."

And still in the street where Pinky lived, where the damp from the river made voices thick and the pushcarts lined the curb, they continued to think he was only a gunman, for Isidor never told. He was too much a friend of Pinky's to repeat strange words like those.

They thought he was a high-class gunman who was proud of reaching the top of his profession, and he was an impractical idealist all the while. As is common with most momentous times in life the stage was badly set for such a grim discovery. Had it occurred the time when they had absconded with the shirtwaist-factory pay roll, or the time they took the little black bag from the three messengers of the Surety Bank, or when they blew the safe of the insurance company, there would have been a proper dramatic setting. But instead, like most important things, it happened in the midst of the daily grind. It occurred just after Pinky and eight of the Callanan gang had held up the yacht Daphne as she was leaving the New York rum fleet, and had piloted her to a wharf on the Jersey side. It was a contract job, nothing original or artistic. They had been given their orders—where to find the yacht and what to do when they found her. It had not been for them to reason why. They had gone out and had stuck up the Daphne, as easily as a plumber plugs a leaking pipe, and their charge was about the same. At the designated place they had handed her over to the Medicine Gang, and their job was over except for lifting the whisky cases up on the pier, a simple bootlegging proposition properly handled.

Indeed the coldness between Pinky and the Medicine was the only thing that made a hitch. It was personal. It was more than professional rivalry. Though they may express it crudely, they still agree downtown, when they tell you the high points of the story, that there was a difference in business ethics, a difference in soul between Pinky and the Medicine. It was a difference you could read on their faces. Pinky's features, though ugly and freckled, bore a glow of health, and the Medicine's were sickly pale. There was nothing popular about the Medicine. He was always coughing and eating pills, and he always looked as though the pills were bitter. But just the same, when everything was over they admitted there was no funny business about him. He was just as artistic, and when he did a job he did it.

It was two in the morning and dark as only the water front can grow, especially the Hoboken water front when the mist of the river climbs about it. It was so dark that the sense of smell was deadened, as it is when you close your eyes. It was hard to distinguish that oily organic odor of the harbor which the tide can never clear. The fumes from the mud beneath the wharves were only damp, not foul as the day made them. Pinky and the Medicine were on the end of a wharf that stuck out like a saw tooth into the stream, so far out that the street light would not have reached them even if they had moved from the lee of the warehouse where they were standing. But there were lights across the river. Over there was dot after dot of light, rising into the air, and floating mistily into space; dot after dot, some close, some vague and interspersed with chasms of black, like the stars on a summer night. And over them all, vague but strangely stable, was a halo of light, going up and up into the cloudy sky, faint but clear as the sum total of light of the world, yet not of the world at all. The light fell on the middle of the stream, and was reflected up to the wharf dimly, very dimly, so that the piles stood out, and Pinky and the Medicine stood out, but only as the faint shapes of a dream that comes in deepest sleep.

Pinky and the Medicine were side by side in their sporting caps and tightly belted Broadway coats. The Medicine was coughing, and below them near the water were whispers and faint scuffling sounds.

"We're here," said Pinky formally, "wid the goods."

There was a coldness in his manner, but nothing offensive. Nevertheless the Medicine stopped coughing.

"Say," he demanded, "ain't it time you was? Did youse boobs wanna keep us guys here all night?"

"Say," said Pinky soothingly, "ain't we here? Whatcher think we are—milkmen?"

"You otter be," said the Medicine bitingly. "You otter be breaking a milk strike, if you can't clean up on a little job like sticking up a dinky little yacht and running a little booze."

"Say," said Pinky warmly, "then why didn't you and your bunch of bums try it, huh? You had the chance."

"Shut yer face," said the Medicine.

"Shut yer own face," said Pinky.

"Yah," said the Medicine. "Le's see you make me."

"Watcher think I am—scared?" inquired Pinky.

The Medicine sidled toward him with a crablike motion.

"Yaahh!" he said.

It was an ambiguous sound, but derisive, and Pinky replied with equal spleen.

"Yah," he said, "you gimme a pain. You've always give me a pain."

There was a doubtful silence. For almost a quarter of a minute it looked as though both had so far forgotten their responsibilities as to continue the argument right there on the pier, but finally they both remembered.

"Say," said Pinky in an altered tone, "you and me can't keep the Big Guys waiting."

Even as he spoke the door of one of the warehouses opened. Their words died away. A third figure had joined them, taller than either the Medicine or Pinky.

"You bet your boots you two little simps don't keep anybody waiting," said the tall gentleman. "The Old Man wants action—see? Get funny, and he's got enough on you both to send you to the chair. Can it now—get busy!"

There was a moment's indecisive silence.

"Now, now," said the tall gentleman more soothingly, "just because your gangs keep scrapping, is that a reason for you two birds to spill everything? Isn't there fifteen hundred apiece for you when you come through clean? Isn't it a cinch? Cut out your talk—get busy."

In spite of himself Pinky listened with his mouth half opened, respectful and awe-struck as he always was on such occasions. To him it was like a voice from the clouds, almost like the voice of the Big Guys themselves who were paying him his hire. He listened as the savages once did when they heard of the great king across the sea. The logic flashed on his intellect like some effulgent light. He passed his left hand slowly over his forehead. Doing such little jobs was his one contact with unworldly things. He was hearing from the Big Guys, and the Big Guys were always right. Everything was always fixed up where there was no human frailty or error. Their voice which he now heard

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R Y

(Continued from Page 42)

through their earthly representative settled all doubt and passion. His feelings about the Medicine vanished with the voice.

"Sure," said Pinky. "Where's the cash?"

"You get it," said the tall gentleman, "the way you always do, when the booze is on the trucks."

"Sure," said Pinky. "Anything the Big Guys say is good enough for me."

"So you're talking about the Big Guys again?" inquired the tall gentleman. "Well, just you remember this—the Big Guys have their eye on all little guys like you—like I told you last time. They've got your number—see? You treat them white and they treat you white. Double-cross 'em and they blow you. Get me?"

"Ain't I always treated the Big Guys right?" inquired Pinky plaintively.

"Well, you keep on treatin' 'em," said the tall gentleman. "Have you got the stuff?"

"Sure," said Pinky. "Two hundred cases."

"Any trouble?" inquired the tall gentleman.

"We just run alongside," said Pinky, "and tied 'em up."

"Fine," said the tall gentleman.

"They're in the cabin now," said Pinky, "locked tight. Tell the Big Guys when we get 'em we get 'em easy."

"Say," interrupted the Medicine, "are we goin' to talk all night? If me and my boys is goin' to run the trucks——"

"You'll run 'em," said the tall gentleman. "Call your crowd and load the cases."

The Medicine called his boys from behind the warehouse. Disdainful of soiling their hands with toil, he and Pinky stood side by side with the tall gentleman behind them, and up on the wharf the cases came smoothly and easily and were carried off in the dark. It was a simple job. The tall gentleman was counting, but Pinky hardly heard. He was looking across the river at the lights and the halo of light, and their rays fell faintly on his thin nose and the red hair that struggled beneath his cap, and on the bristles which stood unshaven on his protuberant jaw. He was an alarming sight to encounter in night or day, but he was peaceful then. Through the sparse corrugations of his brain his thoughts were running. His brow was puckered and he was turning incoherent ideas, for his mind worked slowly and thoughts were always hard

"Wake up!" said the tall gentleman. "Don't you hear? He says that the trucks are full. Get your crowd to pile the other cases inside that shed, and jump—see?"

He pointed jerkily toward the warehouse.

"Pile 'em in, Isidor," said Pinky.

And he was almost back with his thoughts again when an unforeseen circumstance occurred that threw him from his rut. They had just opened the door. Isidor and two well-muscled young men carrying a case of whisky had just crossed the threshold when Isidor uttered an expletive which sent Pinky hastily after them and caused the tall gentleman to give a violent start.

"We got him, boss," came Isidor's voice. "Flash a light."

Pinky was out on the pier again almost immediately, alert and businesslike.

"Plain clothes," he said. "Behind them barrels in the corner."

Hastily the tall gentleman pulled up the collar of his overcoat.

"I guess," he said, "that it's time for me to be going. You boys know what to do."

But neither Pinky nor the Medicine heard. Both were busy with the necessary steps. Pinky was leaning over the edge of the pier.

"You guys down there, beat it. Bulls!"

"Bulls!" chimed in the Medicine. "Get out them trucks! Move, youse boobs! You know where."

It was all as smooth as clockwork—the patter of feet on the pier, a second or so while the motor exhausts coughed, and the trucks were gone, the whisky was gone, the whole fabric was gone like a castle in the clouds. Only Pinky, the Medicine and the tall gentleman were left by the warehouse door.

From the darkness inside came a low groan.

"Plug up his mout'," Isidor was saying. "He'll be squealing in a minute."

Only the tall gentleman seemed out of the picture. He glanced at Pinky and the Medicine with none of his former assurance, and hastily pulled two neat packages of bills from his inside pocket, as though the crime wave was hard upon him.

"Here, boys," he said; "I guess you won't need me now. You know what to do."

"You bet yer eye we know!" said the Medicine.

And the tall gentleman disappeared into the mist toward that strange Elysium where hundred-dollar bills came in stacks of ten. They never knew how glad he was to go. The Medicine turned toward Pinky. The little flutter of excitement must have soothed the Medicine's nerves, for his manner had grown gentle, almost cordial.

"Kiddo," he said, "let's go."

They could see nothing when they entered the warehouse, but once the door was closed, Pinky turned on his flash light and laid it carefully on a barrel. Even with the light the place was still as black as the background of some old Dutch canvas. Strange shapes loomed out of the shadows. The floor was so dusty that it set the Medicine coughing once more, but there was more than dust. Close at the Medicine's feet was a motionless group of figures wound together like the players on a football field. Isidor and two of the boys were holding an individual flat on his back.

It had evidently been difficult, for they were still breathing rapidly, but there he was.

He was heavily built. His face was heavy and of a reddish purple. His mouth was wide open and stuffed with a dirty handkerchief. His eyes were round and glassy He still wore a derby hat, flattened and dented by his fall. His blue serge suit looked like an ash man's overgarments Half the buttons had ripped from his waistcoat, and his stomach, too large for an active man, rose and fell painfully. But none of these details were interesting. Isidor was pointing a dirty finger at the object which made the stranger worth attention. Securely pinned to his suspender was a nickel badge.

Their features never changed as they looked. From their expression, Pinky might have been staring at a crack in the pavement and the Medicine at a counterfeit bill. The Medicine was the first to speak. He pulled his cap farther over his eyes and licked his lips. The light as it fell on his face made it shadowy and yellow.

"Alone?" he asked.

Isidor nodded.

"He otter land at Coney when the whistles blow," said the Medicine.

He never took his eyes from the figure on the floor. His movements were as sure as the movements of an ambulance surgeon. He produced a sandbag from his pocket, and tested its weight on the palm of his hand. "Boys," he said, "it's a swell place to commit a moider."

Still gazing at the figure on the floor, he took a step forward and coughed.

"Take off his lid," he directed; "it's only in th' way."

All the while Pinky never said a word. He never knew what strange caprice finally made him speak, or what mingled feelings lent motion to his tongue.

"Hey," he said, "what's the idea?"

The Medicine looked at him sourly, and even Isidor was surprised.

"Take a guess," said the Medicine. "Does it look like I'm gonna kiss him? You heard what the gent said. I'm gonna croak him off—see? Crack him on the head an' pitch him off th' pier; that's my number."

"Sure," said Isidor. "Ain't he right? Nobody will be wise."

They never knew—Pinky never knew himself what stirred within him then.

"Who told you to butt in?" cried the Medicine. "G'wan! You're yellow! Git outside!"

It may have been the Medicine's tone. It may have been something else, but suddenly Pinky's whole face went red, and he struck the Medicine on the jaw. They always knew that Pinky and the Medicine would end it sometime. Pinky struck the Medicine on the jaw and followed with his left before the Medicine went down. Pinky went through the Medicine's pockets while the Medicine was still kicking weakly on the floor. It was only a matter of seconds. Even Isidor could only look dumbly on, it was done so [illegible].

"So you think you can kill a guy when I get him?" snarled Pinky, with the red still in his face. "Git up! Git outa here!"

"Git Outa Here!" Snarled Pinky. "Before I'm Through With You," Said the Medicine, "I'll ——"

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ROUND THE WORLD FLIERS CHOOSE PACKARD EIGHT

On November 9, 1924, Mayor Dever, on behalf of the citizens of Chicago, presented Capt. Lowell H. Smith and Lt. Leslie P. Arnold each with a Packard Eight sport model—the car of their choice.

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Below:
Lieutenant Leslie P. Arnold

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 44)

In the dead silence that followed, the Medicine got very slowly to his feet. His face was more sickly white than it ever was in daily life. But he was calm, calmer than Pinky or Isidor or the other boys had ever seen him.

"If I hadn't sent 'em off on the trucks ——" he began.

"Git outa here!" snarled Pinky.

"Before I'm through with you," said the Medicine, "I'll tear your heart out. I'll ——"

"Beat it!" said Pinky.

And the Medicine went without another word.

Now it was all over, Pinky rubbed his hand across his forehead like someone waking from a dream. He did not seem to understand what he had done. Perhaps, like other men with visions, he never understood.

"Boss," said Isidor, "shall I go get him?"

Pinky only looked around him vaguely.

"Leave him go," he said.

Stunned by such altruism, Isidor's voice rose to an incredulous squeak.

"Do you wanna die?" he repeated. "You piped what he said. Once you step outside he'll plug you like he would a jewelry salesman."

Isidor was right, but inside of Pinky a poetic passion above all worldly things seemed to have flared up from nothing, till it consumed him and burned away his wits.

"Yah!" he broke in. "Let him try. Ain't I sick of seeing him on earth? Let him try, and I'll croak him so quick he won't feel the jolt."

In the depths of his emotion Pinky's cap had fallen off. His red hair bristled on his scalp like a halo of fire.

"Beat it!" he commanded. "Leave that feller go."

"You ain't ——" began Isidor feebly.

"No!" snapped Pinky. "I don't kill no sucker when he hasn't got a chance."

They knew he was cracking then. Isidor gave a coughing gulp. In that second of disillusion the two other boys looked as though a bomb had exploded in their ears.

"Boss," expostulated Isidor, "you ain't gonna let him off when he'll squeal on the crowd?"

"No," said Pinky. "He ain't going to squeal."

It was a beautiful tribute to a glorious past, to ethics hitherto sound, and to probity hitherto sterling. They had done what he told them too long not to do it then. They had trusted him too long to doubt him then, even when they knew he trod the road to Endor. They let the Medicine go because he told them. Because he told them, they left him alone with Lieut. Alonzo McCarthy, of the detective division, but that was not the strange thing. The strange thing, the thing they still remember even where undeveloped intellects and poor twisted minds give memories fleeting and fragmentary shapes, is that they were only sorry when they left him, and that they admired him still, even when his light was going low.

With the generous glow that comes of a generous deed, Pinky pulled the handkerchief from Lieutenant McCarthy's mouth, and pointed his pearl-handled gun at Lieutenant McCarthy's head.

"Get up—youse," he said.

But Lieutenant McCarthy, despite the kindly urging, did not immediately rise. Though Pinky blinked his close-set eyes and gestured invitingly with his gun, beads of perspiration still coursed down Lieutenant McCarthy's broad clean-shaven face.

"Hey!" said Pinky. "Are you sick—or somethin'?"

With a groan Lieutenant McCarthy pulled himself to a sitting posture, and as he did so his hat fell off, displaying a lump behind his ear.

"Look here," he demanded abruptly, "what's your little game?"

Pinky looked at him for a time before replying. He was strangely small beside Lieutenant McCarthy's bulk. Yet he had a certain dignity, and on him was the stamp of charity which makes the whole world kin.

"There ain't no game," he said. "Tip me the woid you lay off—forget what you've seen—see? An' you walk out the door."

Lieutenant McCarthy looked uncertainly at Pinky and rubbed the lump behind his ear. He was not, however, uncertain for long. He had always been a hard man to keep down, and his fighting spirit was asserting itself, and the tide of his assurance was rising.

"That's enough from you," he asserted. "I've known crooks like you before you were old enough to steal bananas, and you don't pull anything on me. You say you'll take my word and let me go. Well, what's your idea? You've got some idea."

Pinky's face wore a curious expression. His idea was so elusive that he could not get its shape. His narrow forehead became corrugated like a grilled sweet potato.

"It's the Big Guys," he said.

He paused hopefully. He had done his best at a trade which was not his own. He had striven like greater men to express a thought, a scheme of life and a superstition, but the lieutenant showed no more reciprocal understanding than any other being in Pinky's ken.

"The Big—what?" he inquired.

"The Big Guys," said Pinky.

"Look here," said Lieutenant McCarthy with sudden inspiration, "are you on the inside up at Headquarters?"

And Pinky actually thought that the lieutenant understood. His eyes glistened with his intellectual triumph, and he shook his head knowingly.

"I ain't on the inside of nothin'," he said, "but I'm wise."

Lieutenant McCarthy blinked, like a man who tries to see his way through a veil of mist.

"Say," he said, "what the devil are you driving at? Do you want to get some money out of me?"

With the pathetic patience of a man of thought Pinky shook his head.

"You don't get me, mister," he said. "Now listen." And he waved his pearl-handled revolver in a vague parabola. "Here's th' whole show—see?"

"The what?" inquired Lieutenant McCarthy in a startled manner.

Pinky raised his voice, the better to be understood.

"The whole show—the whole joint—the world!"

"The world!" exclaimed Lieutenant McCarthy. "What the devil's the world got to do with cracking me on the head?"

"Listen," said Pinky patiently. "I told you I was wise. There's somethin' runs it—don't I know? There's some Big Guys runs it somewheres—some Big Guys. Somebody's onto the gangs and the second-story boys an' the holdup games. Somebody's onto everythin'. Somebody runs the cops. There's some Big Guys."

Lieutenant McCarthy rose hastily from the floor, and sniffed suspiciously, but there was no smell of alcohol on Pinky's breath.

"They got some game," said Pinky. "I dunno what it is, but I'm pullin' in their booze, and I know when to keep in right."

When Lieutenant McCarthy understood what the matter was, he became very kind. Though he had never read of the groves at Athens, he understood he was listening to a cosmic theory then. He did not laugh or even smile.

"So there's a gang of bootleggers that runs the world," he said, "and I'm in with 'em? Is that why you let me off?"

Pinky sighed. His mind was not a tower of strength.

"Mister," he said, "I'd of let you anyway. What's the use in talkin'? The Big Guys will understand."

Long after McCarthy left, Pinky still stayed on. He sat on a box with his chin in his hand, like a parody of Rodin's Thinker, and like that great marble figure he never told the thoughts he thought or the doubts that assailed him then. He was out on the turgid stream of life, muddier than the river that flowed outside the door. He was a part of all human hope and fear, and a fraction of greater things. But through all the thoughts he thought, like a light along the way, he always had the knowledge that the Big Guys would understand.

What are the unfinished thoughts that thinkers like Pinky think? What was it that went on behind Pinky's close-set eyes? Was it some flash of generosity, or honesty, or what, that made him let Lieutenant McCarthy go, and made him take an underworld quarrel upon his narrow shoulders? No one, not even Pinky, could ever wholly know, for his mind was not like other minds. Thought and action and belief kept swirling all together, mingling and vanishing into blackness. Even the sights he saw were strange sights, as uncertain and flickering as the stones beneath rippling waters. So who can blame him if he made his own mistakes when belief and hopes and dreams kept gliding by, dim and vague as clouds?

He thought the Big Guys would understand, and he was wrong, dead wrong; but how was he to know? He could not learn it in a region where ethics and humanities are twisted into a tangle which no judge has as yet unwound. He thought it was all a part of life, that curious game he played, and becoming to a man of honor. For Pinky sudden death and the chances of death were always in the shadow. His conscience knew no weight when he and the Medicine met for their last time on earth, for it was all a part of life.

It was natural, inevitable, that the Medicine should try to kill him if he could. It was the end, the perfect period to all disputes, the final adjustment of all differences in the land where Pinky lived. No one could ever understand why the outside world should interfere in such a blameless personal affair. The Medicine wished to kill Pinky and no one else, and Pinky wished to kill only the Medicine. To him it was no wonder that he felt a genuine righteousness when he and the Medicine ended the column of their reckoning.

It happened quietly, even decorously, near Monahan's Bar and Pool Club a week after they parted in anger. Confident and fearless of the ultimate result, Pinky courted the opportunity as though he was tired of the long suspense, and he went through it all without display or boasting. Late that evening he walked up the street with Isidor, and stopped in front of Monahan's Bar. Isidor wished he would say something, but Pinky seldom spoke. Isidor only remembered later how silent he was that night. He was silent as stone, and kept staring into the shadows with unseeing eyes.

"Hey!" Isidor remonstrated. "Pipe yerself! You're standin' in the light."

Without replying at once, and with the weariness of a man who knows the world, Pinky pointed to the entrance of Monahan's Bar.

"Shut yer face," he said, "an' go inside. I don't want no help tonight."

"Whatcher t'ink you are?" demanded Isidor in a shaking voice. "A shootin' gallery? Any guy can see you right down the block. Ain't everybody told you the woid is out? He's layin' for you, boss. Are you nuts or what? Do you wanna die?"

Whatever Pinky's inclinations were, he did not answer. He seemed to have forgotten the code of honor which ruled in the precinct where he lived.

"Are you off your bean?" reiterated Isidor shrilly. "He's just waitin' to kill you. He's just waitin'."

"Shut up," said Pinky, "an' go inside. I wanna be alone. You don't understand a guy like me. I wanna think."

"You wanna think!" squeaked Isidor. "Say, boss, ain't you thought enough? Ain't you always thinkin'?"

"Shut yer face!" said Pinky.

It was sure to happen. It was as inevitable as fate when Pinky was alone. He felt the night about him, and thrust his hands into his pockets. He heard the roar of the Elevated trains and the boat whistles on the river, deep and loud, like voices, and they set his mind in a vague and introspective state, as he stood and waited. He never knew how long he stood there before he became aware of the Medicine's presence. He felt it first by the report of a pistol, and by the hiss of a bullet which whistled past his ear.

There was no one who did not admit his ability when he brought his thoughts to earth. Instinctively, easily Pinky jumped to one side. He was always a high-class gunman when he fell to work, and his knowledge of small arms surpassed the experience of most in the business. He knew the value of precision, and thought shame to jerk at the trigger as the Medicine had done.

As everyone knows who is acquainted with the tortuous reaches off Chatham Square, Monahan's Pool Club is one of those places where the plain-clothes force make frequent calls. It is like hundreds of such places, dirty and unhallowed, a fitting place for Pinky to meet his Waterloo. In front there is a bar with four pool tables two steps down behind it, and farther to the rear a back room for private conversation. The shooting was quite audible inside of Monahan's Saloon. Isidor heard it, and all the other boys heard it, but only at the first shot did they betray emotion. As the second shot sounded they grew quite calm again.

"It's him," said Isidor. "The boss is lettin' go."

In all there were only three shots. By the time the third report echoed in the street they were lighting cigarettes. They knew the noise of Pinky's weapon.

"Ain't he neat?" said Isidor with a connoisseur's enthusiasm. "He done it in two shots. There ain't many guys like him."

That was all he said. They knew it was all right. It was, after all, a simple shooting, as nice and quiet as such an affair could possibly be, out in the street with no one to be bothered, not cluttering up any place or damaging furniture. Executed as it was, it would be worth perhaps a paragraph in the morning's press. At the third shot they knew it was all over, and that Pinky was already far away.

Old Bill Monahan, rendered sear and immune by fifty years of tortuous living, placed an additional dozen sarsaparilla bottles on the shelf behind his bar, and switched on more light.

"Jim," he said to his assistant, "beat it with the booze an' pass the soft drinks around. We'll be raided in five minutes. Them last two shots was Pinky's. You can't keep a good man down."

They still thought that Pinky was all right until a thing happened which startled them, every one. They were just about to return quietly to the tasks of a pleasant evening when Pinky himself came in. It was hard to believe at first, for it passed all belief. He had dropped a man, right out on the corner he had dropped him, and he had not run away.

Heedless of danger, heedless of all consequence, he walked right into Monahan's Saloon, with his hat over his eyes and rubbing his hands against his coat.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Monahan. "What's the big idea?"

"Boys," said Pinky, "I got him. Pass the drinks around."

"Hey!" roared Mr. Monahan, hastening toward him. "Whatcher doin' here? Don'tcher know enough to beat it, after you've killed a guy?"

As though nothing had occurred to make the evening exceptional, Pinky looked up with a trace of annoyance at the harshness of Mr. Monahan's voice.

"Are you talkin' to me?" he asked.

And Mr. Monahan grew startled then. The pages were thick and full in his lexicon of life. He had seen men drunk and sober. He had seen them bend and snap, but there was a serenity, an assurance on Pinky's countenance which was startlingly peculiar.

"You're drunk," began Mr. Monahan.

"Nix," said Pinky dreamily. "I know what's what, that's all."

"Come here," said Mr. Monahan in a gentler tone. "Now listen."

"There ain't nothin' to listen to," said Pinky. "I plugged him twice—that's all."

"Now listen here," said Mr. Monahan. "Don't look at me like that—listen. I'm a friend of yours, ain't I? And all the boys here is friends—see? I don't object to your croaking off a guy, but when you step in here afterwards—why, it gets us in all wrong. It ain't decent. It ain't square. Now beat it before the bulls is wise."

Calmly, stoically, Pinky looked up at Mr. Monahan. The boys had stopped their pool game, and were leaning forward to listen. Isidor had hastened to Pinky's elbow, but Pinky seemed regardless of it all. He was not calm like a heroic man of action, but stupidly calm, and immersed solely in himself.

"Trouble," said Pinky—"there won't be no trouble."

Was there any wonder an embarrassed silence should follow Pinky's words?

"Boss," said Isidor gently, "you come along with me."

But Pinky did not move. He did not seem to feel Isidor's hand upon his sleeve.

"Now listen," said Mr. Monahan soothingly. "You're sorter dazed-like. I'm an old guy. I know how you feel. You just behave—you get me? It's only the cops is excitable at first. They lose their heads like, and they've been waitin' for you to get someone. You know what they said last time. Now beat it—an' next week no one'll say a woid."

How were they to know what was passing in his mind when even Pinky did not know? How were they to guess that his thoughts soared far beyond a dead man in the street outside?

There were footsteps in the street, and voices. Already a police whistle was blowing, but Pinky did not heed it. Mr. Monahan seized him hastily by the shoulder, but Pinky did not move.

"Beat it out the back," Mr. Monahan whispered. "That's all you need to do.

(Continued on Page 48)

DODGE BROTHERS
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(Continued from Page 46)

They'll be glad to see the Medicine go out. They'll forget it if you beat it now."

Pinky looked at Mr. Monahan in cold contempt.

"An' why should I beat it?" he said.

"Why?"

Mr. Monahan was staggered. Everybody was staggered at the question. Its absurd simplicity was enough to catch the breath of any thinking individual.

"Why?" shouted Mr. Monahan. "Because you'll get pinched if you don't. Don't everybody know about you an' the Medicine—an' you right here, and him dead in the street?"

"I won't get pinched," said Pinky, and they knew they had to deal with a madman then.

"You won't?" roared Mr. Monahan. "Why the hell won't you?"

"Because," said Pinky simply, "I'm on the inside; right wid th' organization—see? The Big Guys will understand."

"The Big Guys!" echoed Mr. Monahan. "What Big Guys?"

For an instant Pinky seemed startled. Experience had given him deep faith in Mr. Monahan's knowledge of the upper reaches of the world.

"The Big Guys," he repeated. "Don't yer know? The Big Guys!"

Mr. Monahan had opened his mouth to reply, when Isidor's voice, strained to the breaking point, hastily intervened.

"Cheesit!" he cried. "The street is full of bulls, an' they got the wagon."

Mr. Monahan turned appealingly. A little group had surrounded them, for the boys all knew that Pinky was in trouble. He pointed to Pinky in a desperate, hopeless way.

"Take him away," he shouted. "Dontcher see he's nuts?"

With a rapid, significant gesture Pinky sprang back.

"Don't get funny with me!" he cried. "Why should I beat it? I ain't done nothin' wrong."

Even now when they speak of it, it is something which they cannot understand—the needlessness, the uselessness of a good man wasted. If he had only gone then, who knows? He might have seen the light. His company might never have been lost to those who admired it most.

"Boss," said Isidor brokenly, "you come along wit' the boys an' me. It'll be all right if you'll only come."

And then a noise at the door stopped further talk.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Mr. Monahan, reaching for a sarsaparilla bottle. "It's too late now."

And it was too late. Before they could speak again a half dozen plain-clothes men were standing by the bar. There was no need for introductions. They knew everybody, and everybody knew them.

Even then Pinky's friends did their best, though they knew that he was fallen and his star was dimming in the sky. They gathered close about him, sullen, but not afraid.

"Line up there," came a familiar voice. "Line up by the wall."

There was an uncertain silence, and no one moved. For a second not so much as a muscle moved, and no one spoke. Uptown the days of romance were nearly dead, stamped down to level, mediocre hours, but downtown the medieval mind still held its sway, and blood still flowed hot. That silence was a silence of unweighted rashness which might have gone to any lengths. It was only Pinky's voice that brought the light of reason.

"Do what he tells you, boys," he said. "Lookit—he's a friend of mine."

They thought it was a joke at first, but he was not in jest. He was nodding toward a short thickset man, rotund about the waist, with a broad, well-fed, clean-shaven face, and with a derby hat pushed far back behind his ears. Never until then was he so sure that things were fixed and that great external powers concerned themselves with men. Lieut. Alonzo McCarthy himself was with the plain-clothes force that night.

Under the dusty electric lights in that beery fly-blown room he looked as solid as a rock and as dependable as time. He knew Pinky. Pinky saw he knew. There was a flash of recognition in Lieutenant McCarthy's eye, and then Lieutenant McCarthy was smiling at him affably, and Pinky winked back at him, and his face twisted also into the semblance of a smile. Something was passing between them which was more than words. Pinky could feel it in the way his heart beat and in the way his mind went light. It was brotherhood, and more than that. It was a mutual understanding of the system which ran the world. Pinky's voice rose shrill and clear, and rang with an unworldly note that was like some prophet's cry of triumph.

"He's a friend o' mine," he said. "Didn't I tell you it was all framed up? Didn' I tell you the Big Guys would take a hand?"

They all understood. It was all fixed. He could see it in the look those grim-faced men exchanged when he said those last few words, and in the broader, pleasanter smile on Lieutenant McCarthy's face. Lieutenant McCarthy turned and whispered a word to the man beside him, and softly tapped his forehead.

"That's right," said Lieutenant McCarthy, "he's a friend of mine. We know all about these Big Guys, him and me. We're all friends here. Now let's stay friends—right on the square."

"Sure," said Pinky. "Right on th' square—that's me."

"That's right," said Lieutenant McCarthy. Pinky glowed beneath the kindness of his voice. The sympathy, the gentle understanding that was there, made him feel, as nothing else had made him feel, that he and the world were quite in tune. For he was a philosopher, though it was hard to guess. He was never more of a philosopher than then.

"That's right," said Lieutenant McCarthy. "You treated me white, my boy, and it's certainly my turn now. Say—I want to talk to you about these Big Guys. Let's leave the bunch out here, and step into the back room, just you an' me."

"Mister," inquired Pinky, "did the Big Guys send you here?"

Pinky could see them all looking at him then. He stood alone in the center of the room, alone with that strange obsession that was on him. Would the boys never understand? Why had they backed reluctantly away? Why were they looking at him like strangers, curious and half afraid, when everything was so plain? At that very moment, up somewhere in marble halls, the Big Guys were sitting, placid and emotionless, watching the world go on.

"The Big Guys?" echoed Lieutenant McCarthy. "You bet your boots they sent me. Come along."

"Boss"—it was Isidor's voice that was calling him, like a lost voice from the dark—"say, boss, doncher go'"

"Say," said Pinky, "doncher see it's all framed right, all fixed on the inside?"

Down the barroom, past the pool tables they were walking side by side, Pinky small but unnaturally jaunty, and Lieutenant McCarthy solid like inevitable fate.

"Yes," said Lieutenant McCarthy, and no one was ever sure, but sometimes they have thought his voice was slightly sad—"yes, it's all fixed right. Now you come quiet now."

Lieutenant McCarthy was very kind, and very solicitous and gentle. He took Pinky's right elbow in a friendly manner, and piloted him along, and Pinky went, filled with an elation such as he had never known, the elation of a man who has done the right thing, and who has come through clean, and with the righteousness of a man who has fought other battles than his own.

When they entered the back room he was smiling a wistful crooked smile. Is there a saloon or a ghost of a saloon anywhere which has not its own back room and its family entrance? The room in Monahan's was like all the rest, musty and reminiscent of other days, with three tables and rickety chairs, and a single light from the ceiling. Often Pinky had seen it in a dozen different aspects, but it had never seemed so bright.

"Now," said Lieutenant McCarthy, drawing a deep breath, "everything on the square."

"Mister," said Pinky, "you ask the boys. It's heads up every time wit' me."

"I believe it," said Lieutenant McCarthy. "You're a white little guy."

Pinky nodded in a genial way, embarrassed almost by that gentle praise, and Lieutenant McCarthy smiled.

"Now just to show you're white," he suggested, "let's both be white before we talk. You got a gun—put it on the table there; and I'll put mine with it—see?"

"Mister," said Pinky reproachfully, "there ain't no need—but here."

Pinky reached into his pocket. He did not notice Lieutenant McCarthy's shoulders grow taut as he did so, for his mind was on other things. He placed his pearl-handled revolver, the one the boys had given him, softly on the table, and Lieutenant McCarthy placed his automatic beside it.

"That's right," said Lieutenant McCarthy, "that's right. Now don't get jumpy Why are you fellers always jumpy? Everything's all right."

"Mister"—he could not tell why, but he felt himself grown cold "Mister," said Pinky, "what you got to say?"

"There," said Lieutenant McCarthy, "take it easy now. Don't get scared. It'll be over in a minute. There's a dead man in the street outside. Are you the boy who did the trick?"

"Hey!" said Pinky. "You otter know."

Lieutenant McCarthy cleared his throat.

"I'm asking you," he said huskily; "did you do it?"

Pinky looked up at him with a pride that set incongruously on his battered face.

"Say," he said, "who else did you think it was? Say, you knowed. It was him or you, mister—an' I'm wise when I pick a scrap. Listen—tell the Big Guys when I get 'em I get 'em clean. Tell the Big Guys I play the game right t'rough."

"So you did kill him?" said Lieutenant McCarthy. "All right. That's all I want to know."

"Mister," said Pinky, "two shots was all I needed, and he's the toughest boy in twenty blocks. Sure, I got him. I always get 'em. You tell the Big Guys that."

Why was it Lieutenant McCarthy's manner had changed? Why had he drawn so close?

"All right," said LieutenantMcCarthy. His voice was no longer genial. Instead it was hard and coarse. "That's enough from you."

Pinky caught his breath. He felt dizzy. The whole room was going round, whirling like his thoughts, whirling into chaos. His mind could never work fast in matters of pure reason. It was too much for him. He could not understand.

"Keep quiet now," said Lieutenant McCarthy. "Hold out your hands. I got you, and I got you cold."

Then Pinky found his voice. It came in an agonized gasp out of the depths of things, from the bottom of his soul.

"You ain't ——" he began.

Lieutenant McCarthy stopped him in the manner which all operatives use toward the underworld, half brutally and half with a sneer.

"You bet your boots I am!" he said. "You bloody little tough—you dirty little gunman! Do you think you can murder in the street and not get caught? Hold out your hands and try on these."

It always was hard for Pinky to think. His breath was coming fast, but his mind was running slow. His strength was leaving him, and something more than strength.

"You ain't gonna ——" he gasped. "You ain't—not after what I done—not after ——"

"I do what I'm paid for," said Lieutenant McCarthy, "and I don't take no funny business. Do you think I stand in with crooks? Hold 'em out."

Lieutenant McCarthy had snatched his wrist. He could feel the fingers biting into his flesh. He seemed powerless to draw away.

His strength was going, and more than strength. Some vision, some hope, whatever it was he had, was swirling into the black. The Big Guys—where were the Big Guys then? Pinky's face grew white, and with trembling lips he voiced the thought.

"The Big Guys ——" he began.

"The Big Guys!"

A shiver ran through Pinky then, not at Lieutenant McCarthy's voice, but at the laugh that followed. He was laughing—yes, he was laughing—and the laughter rang through the emptiness of Pinky's soul. Everything was dying. Justice and truth, and everything he hoped, whatever it was he hoped, all the dreams he dreamed, whatever they were, and the visions, whatever the visions were that he had seen—were dying out—in laughter.

"The Big Guys," said Lieutenant McCarthy. "There's only one Big Guy here, my boy, and I'm the Big Guy—see?"

Out in the front of Monahan's place the crash of a chair and a low cry met their ears, and they knew that Pinky was done for then.

They heard the cry, but they never understood the pathos in it. How were they to know that something more than liberty was gone, something more precious than gold and wealth—that a system of philosophy was going, as all systems go, lost in the blackness of disillusion, lost to the world forever?

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A View From "Black Rock" of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia, Shenandoah National Park Area

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

A CITY WORKER

The Chef of the Help-Yourself Place—As Told by Himself to John Mappelbeck

IN DAYS of old, on a busy New York corner, there stood a saloon. Out of the passing throng men drifted into it through swinging doors on three sides, and lined up at the long mahogany bar for a glass of beer or a slug of whisky. Then they turned around to a bountiful free-lunch counter, where a smiling darky served slices of roast beef, corned beef or ham, and beans and potato salad. Or they could help themselves to a stalk of celery, a couple of green onions, a cube of cheese, a shaving of sausage, or a dozen other snacks.

Times change. The saloon is gone. The beer-and-whisky habit has been pronounced bad by the laws of our country. But the free-lunch habit was all right, and if you go to that corner today you will still find men—and now women and children, too—dropping in for roast beef and mashed potatoes, ham and beans, and lighter snacks of food, with coffee or milk instead of booze. The saloon has been replaced by one of our cafeterias.

The word "cafeteria" is in all the dictionaries now, defined as "a restaurant where the patrons wait upon themselves." It came out of the West originally, but the self-serve restaurant is very popular in our big Eastern cities. You will find cafeterias in thousands of factories, stores and business establishments, in hotels, colleges, railroad stations, and in small towns as well as in cities. People like this kind of eating place because it is quick—there's nothing like it for feeding a big crowd in a short rush hour. And they like it, too, because helping yourself makes the food cheaper than in a restaurant with waiters. One of the great winter sports in Florida is telling your neighbor in the cafeteria line how little you spent for your meals yesterday, and having him go you five cents less.

Just a few steps from our cafeteria on the old saloon corner is a big hotel with a fine dining room, where your check would hardly be under a dollar, and might run to two or three. The average check in our cafeteria is thirty-five cents, though we pay just as much rent as the hotel, and have no rooms upstairs to bring in revenue.

I'm telling you all this because I think you'll want to know how it's done, and now I'm going to tell you that.

The hotel has French chefs, and its kitchens on the premises. We feed a good many of its guests for thirty-five cents. We can't afford to hire French chefs for that. We can't afford to do much cooking in the cafeteria, because every square foot of space is needed for customers and service. This cafeteria is one in a chain of twenty-five. Running twenty-five separate kitchens would be too expensive, even if we had the space. So our kitchen plant is centralized in a modern factory-type building over here on the North River. It covers four city lots, a quarter acre of ground, and is six stories high, and just as soon as we can get the structural steel we're going to build an addition that will double our floor space.

Red Foods the Best Sellers

YOU can call me the chef if you want to; or the steward—I am both—but the new term, food engineer, really fits my job better. When you feed 150,000 people daily, as we do, or provide lunches for 5000 or 10,000 people in a factory between twelve and one o'clock, you have a machine-and-quantity production, and there's just as much engineering to it as purchasing or cooking. And a lot of human nature too. Don't think for a minute that my customers are a mob, because they are all individual human beings when it comes to appetite. One tub of strong butter in the cake, and they'll walk out on me!

Yet they do some things that fit into the theory of crowds. The psychologists say that when people get together in a crowd they are ready to cheer, or sing, or lynch somebody. I know that when they get together in a restaurant they go for about the same dishes; particularly if there is color in them, and more particularly if that color is red! Our best seller in ice cream is strawberry. We sell a good deal more stewed rhubarb when it cooks up red. And if we cook red apples so the color is kept, they're snapped up about four times as fast as baked apples with no color.

We are over here on the North River partly to cut down the real-estate charge in our overhead, but also because it is handy to market. This is one of the most interesting and little-known parts of New York, the narrow water-front strip up and down the Hudson where the city's food comes in. It has all been figured out, what the individual New Yorker eats—about a ton and a half of food yearly, or 10,000,000 tons of it to be handled, prepared, cooked and served. Way down at the lower end of the line you will find the fruits and vegetables coming in, with their docks and auction sales, and then the butter and eggs, and a little farther along the meats, and so on until, up here where we are, you can smell the cooking and baking and see the milkman starting out at three in the morning.

For his thirty-five cents we have to cater to several different kinds of customer. He may want a hearty meal for his money, in which case we have ready for him combinations like a twenty-cent beef pie, a cup of coffee and a cut of apple pie. For breakfast he will probably select eggs, with or without bacon, or oatmeal, or griddle cakes—these are the kind of things that have to be cooked on the spot. It may be, again, that he wants a light snack, and his thirty-five cents will be split in two, because he comes in twice, eating fifteen cents' worth now and twenty cents' worth the next time.

What the Millions Eat

WE'RE in a bigger and better free-lunch business—frequent light snacks at odd times without the booze. Of course people pay for the food, but then it wasn't free even in saloon days, because the profit on booze and "well-let's-have-another" amply took care of that. We are handicapped in this way. Our customers never set 'em up again, and we have to make our small profit on one modest sale.

The old American plan of three hearty meals a day was all right for people who worked at hard labor outdoors, but it doesn't fit city folks' living conditions and eating habits in the city are changing. Breakfast is often a cup of coffee and a roll, followed by a light lunch at noon and a hearty dinner at night. A good many New Yorkers eat light snacks in the forenoon and the afternoon as well. See how the light lunch has made its way into the five-and-ten-cent store, and note the little ten-by-twelve corner lunch stands for people who stand up, the ice-cream-soda counters, where thousands eat light meals, and the remarkable growth in popularity of the hot dog, once sold only at the seashore. Most of the foreign-born people in our big cities are snack eaters by inheritance, and the American-born city dweller is making a natural and sensible adjustment to new conditions.

The light-lunch habit is quite in keeping with the best medical opinion about diet for city people—just what the doctor ordered! Therefore, some of our best sellers are sandwiches, cakes and buns, and light cuts of meat with vegetables. The best seller of all is—what would you guess? A five-cent coffee cake, not too sweet for men nor too flat for women, and generous value for the money in actual nourishment. We sell 65,000 every week. And we do a wonderful business in sandwiches. Some of the best minds in our business are concentrated on sandwiches these days, making the old ones better, and inventing new ones. The plain ham sandwich is now made by machinery which slices the bread and meat and puts them together. Besides ham, we put in tongue, corned beef, cheese and other cold fillings; and there are the hot sandwiches with roast beef, chicken or eggs between. You would probably not notice it, but our sandwiches are also cut according to the market price of the filling. All our prices are in even nickels and dimes. We can't change them when the market rises or falls. But if ham is cheaper we can put a little thicker slice in the sandwich, and we do. This applies to all our dishes, hot or cold; according to the market price of raw materials, principally meats, we gauge the portion.

If our customer is a woman she will generally spend her thirty-five cents for salads and sweets. A man eats to satisfy his hunger, but a woman is more particular about the flavor of food, and we have to be very careful about that. Women may eat for flavor at the expense of nourishment, though there isn't any reason why they should, because some of our daintiest and most popular dishes are highly nourishing, like ice cream, chicken and lobster salad, cakes and pies, and some of the newer sandwiches with salmon and similar fillings.

If food engineering is really a profession, then it is part of the food engineer's job to see that people get well-balanced assortments as well as satisfying and economical ones. Some restaurants now print the number of calories in each item on the bill of fare. We have no printed bill of fare, because our customers select by looking at the dishes. But we adjust the calories to market prices from day to day by regulating portions. And we can do as the sensible housewife does, serve the foods that are cheapest at the moment. We have an advantage over the housewife in being able to purchase a good many standard things in quantity at times when they happen to be reasonable, and storing away six months' or a year's supply. Last year we bought forty-five cars of canned tomatoes, at a time when they were being sold pretty close to canner's cost, about 400,000 cans, which lasted us three months, until the next crop was packed. But we never buy job lots that are cheap because something is lacking in the quality. Many thousands of dollars could be saved every year if we did—but we'd simply lose in the falling off of customers. The connoisseurs are not all found in the expensive hotels. Our thirty-five-cent customer is just as appreciative of good quality in his food as the millionaire who orders a little dinner in a private room. Why, our customers give parties too! Take a cash-desk count in our restaurants, as we have done, and you'll discover that cafeteria patrons are just as hospitable as folks with bigger bank rolls. The young man entertains his best girl, the husband takes the wife out one night a week for a vacation away from the kitchen stove, the city fellow entertains his out-of-town friend, and father buys lunch for the whole family on the way to the movies or Coney Island. They pick out the eating place as carefully as the millionaire, even though the check doesn't run more than fifty or sixty cents per person.

No housewife ever had as endless a job as mine, for our kitchen is never closed. Some of the restaurants close Sundays, but others are open every day in the year, and every day the kitchen must cook the fresh dishes. But we do practically everything by machinery, because that cuts down the drudgery and the cost, enables us to get along with the fewest number of cooks and helpers, and keeps us up to the highest standard of cleanliness. "Not touched by human hands" is absolutely true of many dishes, and we touch none of them more than is absolutely necessary, and will make the process automatic from end to end just as soon as the manufacturer gives us the machinery.

Pies Assembled Like Flivvers

HERE is the pie shop, but the bakers won't begin until eight o'clock tonight, for we send the pies out fresh and warm every morning. This big revolving table is the pie-making machine. Fresh pastry dough, mixed by machinery, passes between those rollers, and comes out in a sheet of uniform thickness for crust. Around the edge of the revolving table are frames. The first man puts a pie plate in a frame as it comes along, and covers the bottom with dough. The machine turns slowly to the next man, who puts in the filling. Coconut custard is our best seller, and after that apple, but during the fresh-fruit season we fill them with strawberries, cherries and raspberries. We have fresh berries all the year round now, because they are picked during the season, cleaned, sweetened and put in cold storage, to be used all through the year, fresh and good in every way. The filled pie travels slowly to the next man, who puts on the top crust, if it is that kind of a pie. Another man trims the edges and makes a mark to show what the filling is, and then it is ready to bake. Besides saving work, this machine keeps the pie makers up to a pace of six pies per minute. We have to assemble our pies like automobiles, because we bake 23,000 a week, and they are baked on the same continuous plan, passing through an oven that operates on the conveyor principle, going in one end and traveling slowly just the right number of minutes.

Machinery is used in all the work of peeling and cutting. Potatoes go by the bushel into a whirling device that grinds the skins off with an abrasive while they get a thorough washing. Apples are peeled for pies and apple sauce by revolving knives. Meats are cut the exact thickness for steaks and chops with a revolving band saw. Mayonnaise and other salad dressings are mixed in mechanical agitators.

Most of our cooking is done in steam-jacketed aluminum kettles that hold from 125 to 150 gallons each, and the baking is done in various types of ovens, some of them operating on the continuous principle, as in pie baking, others of the Ferris-wheel type, and still others big ovens into which men shove the rolls, coffee cake and small wares, hauling them out when done.

I'll give the housewife just a few figures, and she can imagine next time she prepares and cooks dinner by hand

(Continued on Page 94)

News of First National Pictures

The screen's newest favorite—Doris Kenyon, who will appear in "I Want My Man" and other First National pictures.

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "I Want My Man"

IF you had, in Rip Van Winkle fashion, slept away the past eight years, how would the world look to your awakening eyes? Flapper orgies; a new generation, hectic-flushed from the mad whirl of excitement; a new life, more intense and eager. You'll feel the shock of it in "I Want My Man," a picturization of Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House." Its hero has been blinded since the early days of the war. Science works a cure. Then the revelation. Surely the world in all its history had never changed so quickly!

"I Want My Man" is a beautiful love story with Doris Kenyon as the girl who gives up the man who loved without seeing her, and fights for him again against new and more daring man-hunters. Milton Sills, as the hero, is co-featured with her, and other principals are May Allison and Phyllis Haver.

Milton Sills has one of his strongest dramatic rôles in "I Want My Man." With each new picture he proves himself a towering figure in the screen world. On the right he is seen with Miss Kenyon in their latest picture.

Above—Richard Barthelmess and Catherine Wilson.

Richard Barthelmess in "New Toys"

NEWLYWEDS—beware! The pretty toys you are playing with—that tiny new home, that new baby, have not killed entirely the big dreams you once had of world-conquest and adventure. And when the glitter is off the new toys—then beware the danger period

"New Toys," adapted by Josephine Lovett from the Sam Harris stage success, is just the story for Richard Barthelmess. You will enjoy him as the proud young father, and fear for him in that dramatic moment when destruction hovers above his home. Mary Hay is the young wife who tires of her toys, dreams of thrilling the world from behind the footlights

The picture is worthy of Barthelmess. Since the beginning of his remarkable career he has always identified himself with fine and wholesome entertainment. More and more his name is associated with an ideal; he is growing into America's Dick Whittington.

"Her Husband's Secret"

THE baby on David Torrence's lap above is going to grow up to become Patsy Ruth Miller, one of the central figures of Frank Lloyd's latest drama, "Her Husband's Secret," which is now playing in leading theatres throughout the country. It is a story of environment that all but kills the good in a man until the love of a young bride resurrects it and he dares death to redeem himself. Antonio Moreno and Ruth Clifford are other principals in the cast

The story of this screen drama appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last summer under the title of "Judgment," by May Edginton.

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE PALSIED ELD

(Continued from Page 21)

"I'm used to paddling stern," Brohard replied. "And I can get better speed out of it. We ought to make this in two days, seems to me, if we dig."

"The river's tricky a few places," Tidd protested.

Brohard laughed.

"I won't put you on a rock," he promised. "Get in bow, old man."

Tidd obeyed with a curious passivity. He was extremely anxious that this man should be pleased with him, but at the same time he could not help feeling that the other was being unnecessarily abrupt and domineering. He began to keep a little mental score against Brohard's account; and when they camped for the night it amused him to remark in a disappointed tone, "I figured we'd be down to the pond by this time."

Brohard chuckled.

"Say, old man, you never made this far in a day in your life."

Tidd did not argue the point. He was a little dismayed to discover the completeness of Brohard's ignorance where woods wisdom was concerned. The canoe, as Brohard loaded it, was too high in the bow, too low in the stern, and Brohard lacked the wit to understand this. When, on the morning of the third day, they left the main river and started up Larch Brook and it became necessary for Brohard to use the pole, Tidd found new evidence of the other's ineptness, and he began to look upon Brohard with a definite contempt.

Brohard broke two poles that day, and a stop had to be made while Tidd cut and fashioned new ones. Night caught them at the foot of the lake into the upper end of which Black Brook emptied, and with a four-mile paddle still ahead of them the next day.

Tidd could not resist saying, "I figured we'd be there before now."

"Bad luck with the poles today," Brohard retorted. "That's what held us back."

They found two hunters, natives of the state and therefore without guides, camped on the lake shore, and made their own camp near by. Brohard fraternized with the two men after supper, leaving Tidd severely to himself. Tidd looked the camp over with an attentive eye and criticized the manner in which the fire was built.

"Woods mighty dry," he warned the hunters. "You see to't that don't get away from you. Fire get started up here now there'd be a bad time."

The two men took this warning, he thought, a little sullenly; and after he had turned away he heard Brohard say to them in a deprecating tone, "He's an old-timer, but we're going to have a younger man up here before long."

Tidd slept little, with this word for a bedfellow.

By mid-afternoon of the next day Tidd had been able to satisfy even Brohard that there were no beaver along Black Brook, and therefore no trappers. Their canoe had been left some ten miles away, on the lake shore, while they struck through a forest of virgin spruce to avoid the swampy lowlands, making a circuit down to the brook above the swamp. The day was unseasonably warm and sultry, the air very still in the deep woods, though overhead a wind began to blow. Brohard suffered with the heat; and Tidd saw that the larger man sweated profusely, and drank heavily at every stream they crossed which offered a trickle of running water. Nevertheless Brohard kept the pace Tidd set, though his face blazed with his own exertions.

Once, a little after noon, Tidd thought he smelled wood smoke and spoke of it; but Brohard shook his head.

"Maybe you do," he said. "There's a fire over northeast of here—been burning two weeks now. But I can't smell a thing."

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, it was Brohard who called the halt.

"Well, it looks like we can't locate them today," he said gruffly. "They've hid out pretty well."

"If there's anybody in here trying to trap beaver, they're crazy," Tidd remarked.

"They're here all right," Brohard insisted. "You better have it on your mind; come back by and by."

"We might's well get started back to the canoe," Tidd suggested. "It'll be dark now 'fore we get there."

Brohard nodded.

"All right," he agreed. "Might as well."

Tidd swung around, considering for a moment; then he struck off at an angle to their course.

Brohard asked quickly, "That the way?" Tidd nodded, and Brohard looked at his compass. "I make it we ought to strike easterly more," he insisted.

"We get better going this way," Tidd replied. "I guess you can figure I'll get you out to the canoe if you come along."

Their way at first lay through the tall spruces, thickly interlaced overhead. By and by Tidd thought he smelled smoke, and a little later he was sure of it; but he did not speak of the matter again. Nevertheless he quickened his pace, anxious to get up on the ridge ahead and try to look off to the eastward. The day, he thought, was darkening; and at length through a rift in the trees he saw a cloud that was indubitably smoke, scurrying high above them.

He said then, "There's a new fire, pretty close by."

Brohard's voice had a startled note in it.

"You think so? Where?"

"Tell better when we can see," Tidd replied indifferently. "We'll swing up on the ridge. There's an outlook there."

They did thus change their course again, and began to climb; and Tidd saw that Brohard was perspiring even more profusely than before. But Tidd increased rather than slackened their pace. If this fire was as near as he believed it to be, they might have to travel; and if they were going to travel, the sooner the better. He reached the backbone of the low ridge toward which he had directed their course, and followed it along till they emerged at last upon a bald ledge from which they could look off toward the lake on their north and to the eastward. What they saw was definite and appalling. The fire had started near the foot of the lake.

"That camp where we stayed last night," Tidd commented. "I knew they was fools in the woods."

Spruce growth gave it quick fuel; and it had leaped in their direction and come into the hardwoods, where dead leaves lay inches thick upon the ground, dry as so much tinder. The wind was behind it. It had slipped along the lake shore and was already between them and the spot where they had left the canoe.

"Canoe's gone by now," Tidd remarked gravely.

While they watched, the fire crept toward them; the smoke lifted and rolled over their heads. Brohard, panting with his exertions, stood at Tidd's shoulder and looked down at the conflagration.

"Say, we've got to get out of here. It's coming our way," he cried. "Come on, old man."

He took a step or two down the ledge, but Tidd did not move.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"Cut down to the lake."

"Canoe's gone," Tidd reminded him. "There's marsh along the lake down below us, too. Take you all night to get to open water, and nowhere to go after you got there—if the fire didn't catch you."

Brohard caught at his arm.

"Well, old man, we can't stand here."

Tidd shook him off, and calmly filled his pipe. "There ain't any hurry," he replied. "It'll die down toward night. We'll start a couple of back fires down there in the edge of the spruce. May do some good."

"It won't die down with this wind."

"Well, prob'ly the wind will slack, come night," Tidd insisted. "You go down along there and start a fire or two, and I'll go this way. Then come back up to this ledge and I'll meet up with you here."

Brohard shook his head.

"No, sir. You know these woods and I don't. I aim to stick with you."

"If we don't hitch, you just strike due south. Ain't only about twenty-two-three miles to the river."

"No, sir, I'm sticking with you," the big man insisted.

Tidd sighed.

"All right, stick then," he directed, and plunged down the hill toward the fire.

Half an hour later, Brohard gasping at his heels, he was back at the ledge, and his countenance showed more concern. His back fire had been overwhelmed; the main conflagration was creeping up the slope toward them and Brohard was plucking at his elbow.

"We've got to get out of here," the younger man insisted.

Tidd nodded.

"Yes, I guess we might as well go on up over the ridge," he agreed. "Ain't a thing we can do here, fur as I see."

"Let's go! Let's go!" Brohard cried.

"You'll get plenty of going," Tidd assured him. "Don't be in too much of a hurry to gulp it down."

And he turned and set his face downhill, plunging into the ravine below them, then beginning the long climb up the easier side of the mountain which barred their path.

There are, between the lake where Tidd and Brohard left their canoe, and the northward bend of the river in the curve of which lies Machiel's farm, four main ridges or mountains. These eminences run east and west and the valleys between them are deep. The first is the easiest ascent, both because the slope is gradual and because there is water to be had at springs here and there. Tidd knew where these springs lay, and he took a longer course than was necessary in order that Brohard might now and then drink from them. The larger man was in continual need of water. The heat from the fire made itself felt around them and Brohard suffered. When they stopped beside a spring he threw himself prone and drank heavily; when they started on once more he burst into a heavy perspiration and at the end of half an hour he was suffering for a drink again.

They made the first ridge in some three hours of climbing, and it seemed to Brohard that the fire lapped at their heels all the way. Tidd did not appear to hurry; but there was a persistence about his shambling walk that was terrible. Now and then Brohard threw himself on the ground, gasping, his heart pounding in his breast, fighting for breath. At such times he would cry out hoarsely, and Tidd would stop and wait, not even sitting down, till Brohard was able to go on again. But as soon as Brohard rose from a prone to a sitting position, Tidd would resume his climb; and Brohard fought after him, fearful of being left behind.

By the time they topped the ridge, the moon had risen; the silver of its radiance combined with the fierce glow of the fire against the sky. The wind was become a gale, and the fire crept after them, not seeming to move swiftly, yet never falling any farther behind. Now and then an ember, still glowing or blazing, floated high in the hot air currents to fall into the forest between them and the main fire.

Atop the ridge, Tidd sought a bare ledge so that he might look back and down, and Brohard clung at his side. When they stood still the wind chilled them so that Brohard's teeth chattered.

He asked uncertainly, "Can't we start a back fire here?"

"Wind would bring it right after us," Tidd replied. He considered for a moment, looked at Brohard. "Guess we'd best keep moving," he said. "Get down to the foot of the next ridge, anyhow. See what she does when she hits the top here."

"Any chance for a drink around here?"

"We'll strike a brook, 'bout halfway down," Tidd promised. He added, without any condescension in his voice, "You'll find it some easier, going downhill."

"I'm all right if I can get a drink," Brohard murmured hoarsely. "Go ahead, old man."

Tidd's eyes flickered with resentment at this appelation; but he led the way, threading surely through the trees, picking his way in the moonlight, diverging to take advantage of a hardwood ridge where the leaves had fallen, permitting the moonlight to flood the ground. After half an hour Brohard heard the whisper of water in a ravine on their left, and cried out and plunged that way and drank; and Tidd waited quietly till the other joined him again before going on. As they descended deeper into this valley, water was plentiful; Brohard drank again and again, regaining his strength and his spirits. At the foot of the next ascent, Tidd called a halt.

"Must be about eleven," he said. "Took us quite a while to come down. We can rest a spell here and see what she does when she hits the top. May burn out there."

"Can't we strike down brook?" Brohard urged.

Tidd shook his head.

"Fire's swung that way a'ready," he replied. "And there's a cedar swamp down below 'bout ten miles. We got to keep on south. It's hard going, but it's the shortest way. You git you some rest if you can. I'll keep an eye open for a spell."

"I'm about ready to sit down a while," Brohard confessed. "Quite a hike over that ridge."

"Oh, that," Tidd replied indifferently.

Brohard sat down with his shoulders against a spruce tree; but the bed of needles under him was alluringly soft and the night was warm, and by and by he slipped farther down and fell asleep. Now and then he dreamed uneasily, but he did not fully wake till Tidd shook him by the shoulder.

Then he sat up sleepily, remembered where he was, and asked in quick dismay, "What's the matter? What's the matter now?"

"Guess we'll move," said Tidd.

"What's happened?"

"Well, it's coming on to daylight, and the wind still blowing, and it'll blow harder. And there's some fires started this side the ridge. They're edging down this way."

Brohard could see flames flickering along the crest of the eminence behind them; he swallowed hard and got to his feet.

"All right," he said. "You show the way."

So they resumed their progress, Tidd picking his course downgrade, across swampy ground where cedars grew so thickly that they could not see a dozen feet, then over a low backbone of ledge and down and up again. Twice and thrice they crossed small streams; at the third Tidd stooped and drank sparingly.

"Ain't any more water till we get over this next ridge," he warned Brohard.

Brohard drank till he could drink no more.

"I wish I had a canteen," he grumbled.

"You'll be glad you ain't carrying it," Tidd told him. "Ready now?"

"Go ahead," said Brohard; and Tidd moved away at that shuffling walk of his, his bent shoulders bowed forward, his figure losing itself in the gray light of early dawn. Brohard followed close upon his heels.

From that last water to the top of the ridge is about two miles of steady climbing through well-grown spruce and over a ledge or two. The grade is never steeper than the pitch of an ordinary roof; but there were moments when it seemed to Brohard that if he fell backward he would never stop falling. The needles were slippery under his feet, and before he had gone half a mile his mouth was dry as dust and he spat continually. Tidd's pace was steady and taxing; but at more and more frequent intervals, Brohard was flatly unable to go on without waiting to catch his breath and permit his heart to cease its laboring. Once or twice Tidd spoke impatiently.

"We got quite a ways to go," he explained. "And that fire's going to travel some today."

"I'm coming," Brohard gasped. "Be all right if I had a drink of water."

"There's a spring right over the next ridge," Tidd assured him.

They were, at Brohard's best pace, more than two hours in making that two-mile climb. His thighs ached with the continual exertion of lifting his weight, his feet were sore from slipping backward at every step; he had worn a hole in his sock so that his toe was blistered and raw, and his whole body burned with a lust for water. Yet when at last they reached the top of the ridge and the way flattened out before them, the easier walking gave the younger man instant relief, and his spirits rose. Looking backward, he saw that the fire had filled the valley below them, was already halfway down to the spot where they had spent the night.

He felt a new buoyancy within himself, every confidence in his ability to outpace the creeping flames.

Tidd, slouching along a few yards ahead, did not look back or pause; and Brohard called to him, "How far to that spring of yours, old man?"

"'Bout a mile and a quarter," Tidd replied.

"All right, let her go," Brohard exhorted him. "I may be slow on the climb, but I can do a good sprint downhill."

(Continued on Page 57)

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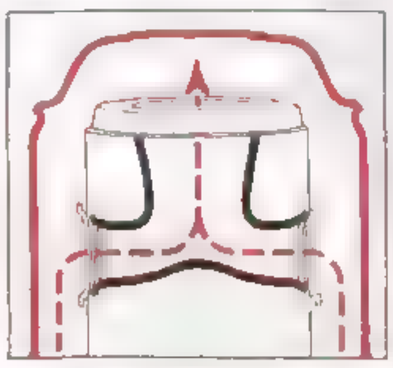

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(Continued from Page 52)

"It's downhill enough for anybody," Tidd commented, and abruptly turned to his left and dropped over the lip of a ledge, struck sandy going, and half slid, half ran down a precipitous slope, easing his progress by fleeting grips at the trees on either side. Brohard, at first appalled at the steepness of this descent, nevertheless followed. His weight was thrown forward and his sore toe screamed with pain; he turned around to back laboriously down the hill, and came to the bottom of the first pitch to find Tidd waiting him with utmost patience. Brohard gasped.

"Got to take off my shoe," he explained. "Fix my sock. Cutting my foot in two."

"Fix it good," Tidd advised him. "This downhill work is hard on a man's feet if he ain't used to it."

"You don't seem to mind it much," Brohard commented grudgingly.

"I've gone through from the lake back there to Machiel's in a day," said Tidd indifferently.

"How far is that?" Brohard was tugging at his shoe.

"Twenty-three — maybe twenty-five miles. We only got twelve or thirteen to go from here, though."

Brohard adjusted his sock as best he could and they went on. And still the earth fell away beneath them, and their progress was like a long slide down through the thick forest. If the toil of climbing had been agony, the strain of continually holding back was new torture, and even more acute.

After half an hour, they stopped to rest. Brohard, though not out of breath, was racked in every muscle. Tidd was the same weary, shuffling old man he had been in the beginning.

"How far have we come?" Brohard asked.

"Pretty near half a mile," Tidd told him.

"Half a mile?" Brohard echoed. "Man, you're crazy!"

"Well," said Tidd, "it ain't over a mile and a quarter to the spring, and we've come about a third of the way."

"I'll be damned glad to see that spring," Brohard commented.

"Kind of thirsty myself," Tidd agreed. He added doubtfully, "It ain't much of a spring, either. But I guess there'll be some water there."

They were an hour and fifty minutes dropping from the top of the ridge to the spring. Brohard swore it was a good five miles.

"I've done it in twenty-five minutes, more'n once," Tidd replied. "Spring's in that hardwood growth right ahead of us there."

Brohard panted on. They had been forced once or twice to climb out of deep ravines, only to drop into new depths again; and this necessity of losing altitude that must be painfully regained had been agony to the younger man. His mouth was parched; he yearned to the water ahead. But when they came to where the spring had been, there was only dry black muck; and even when, with a pointed stick, Tidd dug a hole, no water filtered in.

Brohard lost his self-control at this disappointment; he cursed Tidd and cursed the fire, the smoke of which now poured up over the ridge behind them, and he cursed the season which had dried up this spring, and he demanded that Tidd produce water or suffer the consequences.

Tidd said stoically, "Well, it's bad. Best I can say is to go ahead. If we swing off to the east, we'll run into the fire sure. It's down in the swamp there a'ready. West of us there ain't any water that I know of unless we happened to strike some. Awful dry in there. Nearest I know of is a pond, 'bout twenty miles, and that ain't but a mudhole. Or we can go ahead. It's about five miles to the top of Old Bald and there's a little spring there that ain't never been dry when I was there, just this side of the top. It's maybe six miles from there to the river, and no hard climbing after we top Old Bald. Just down a little and up over Martin's Knob, and all downgrade after."

Brohard cried desperately that there must be water nearer than five miles.

Tidd moved his shoulders indifferently. "Dig down fur enough and you'd hit it, likely," he agreed.

And eventually Brohard regained his self-control and said sullenly, "All right, go ahead. But you'd better show me water the next time you promise it, old man."

"I wouldn't refuse a drink my own self," Tidd reminded him; and a low swirl of smoke set Brohard coughing and he remembered the fire behind them and got to his feet

"Go on, go on!" he cried.

From where they stood to the top of Old Bald is called five miles. The actual ascent is perhaps no more than two thousand feet; but intervening ravines must be crossed, and each entails a steep descent and a steeper climb. The first climb left Brohard tortured with fatigue; the ensuing descent racked him. He had a mad hope that in this ravine they might find water, Tidd to the contrary notwithstanding; but there was only the bowlder-strewn bed of a flood-time torrent, dry as dust now. They pushed on doggedly, and Tidd stopped when Brohard stopped; and Brohard passed from [illegible] to trembling weakness, his head swimming, his lips cracking, his eyes blurred. His progress was no longer the voluntary act of his controlled limbs; he moved automatically, and at times it seemed that he must fall; but always he managed to raise himself erect again and stumble on.

Tidd, inscrutable and grim, showed no outward evidences of fatigue; he shambled tirelessly on; and Brohard, watching the figure thus pressing on before him, began to mumble in blind hate of the little old man, mouthing mad words to himself, striking at nothing in thin air, his fingers clenching. His strength had left him; he progressed now simply because he was alive and wished to continue to live. This spark of life drove him on. By and by, looking back from a bare ledge, they saw the fire relentlessly pursuing them, no farther away, perhaps a little nearer; and once from some vantage point they saw a new fire breaking out between them and the main conflagration, smoke rising where a burning brand had dropped. Brohard lost all account of time; but by and by he saw a sweep of low country off to his left, and he perceived that the way his feet took was no longer upgrade but down, and that this descent was easy and gradual.

His senses cleared and he called to Tidd and challenged loudly, "How far, old man?"

"Six miles," said Tidd.

"Six miles?" Brohard cried. "Six miles? You old fool, it was only five when we started!"

"That was to the top of Old Bald," Tidd reminded him grimly. "We passed that just a while ago."

Brohard groped with this, finding something wrong with Tidd's statements. He had fixed Old Bald in his mind as a goal toward which to strive; if Old Bald was behind them, then something was amiss. Suddenly he remembered. Tidd had said there was a spring before they reached the crest.

He threw up his arms and screamed, "Water! Where's the spring? You said there was a spring!"

Tidd stopped and looked back at him appraisingly. They had passed the spring, as dry as the other one had been; but he thought that if he told Brohard this the other would collapse, surrender to adversity; and he could not leave Brohard here. The fire was sweeping toward them, the wind behind it. It was now about half past three in the afternoon, no more than an hour of daylight left. The fire would overtake them if they loitered here; there was nothing to check it until they should pass Martin's Knob, ahead; perhaps not even then. He dared not risk the truth, lest Brohard abandon the struggle; so through his parched lips he lied soothingly.

"Ahead," he said. "Up on the Knob. Guess you didn't hear me right before."

Brohard lurched toward him.

"You've drunk it up!" he cried, furiously accusing, pointing a shaking finger. "You drank it all! Look at you, grinning at me! I want water—water!"

"It's on ahead," said Tidd carefully.

He dared not say more. He was, after all, an old man, and he was very weary. If he stopped to talk, weariness would overcome him. Just to talk was an effort, calling for all his reserve of strength to frame words. Brohard still babbled behind him as Tidd turned and started forward along the way. He could hear Brohard profanely abusing him, pursuing him, running after him; but he walked without increasing his pace. By and by Brohard fell, and Tidd heard his cry and waited for the younger man to get to his feet again before he went on.

For a mile or more they progressed thus, Tidd in advance, Brohard trying to overtake him, and falling down and clambering to his feet again. And Brohard babbled aloud.

By and by his voice ceased, and Tidd stopped carefully, and looked around and saw that Brohard had fallen and did not move. Tidd waited, but the other still lay motionless, so Tidd went back to him. He thought Brohard must have hurt himself in his fall; he bent above the other to see.

Brohard's hands groped up and caught Tidd by the throat and he shouted in triumph. He began to choke Tidd, and he cried, "You've got the water! You've got the water! Damn you, old man, give it to me! Give it to me!"

Tidd felt with weary resignation that his senses were going, that he was about to die. He collapsed atop Brohard, fell across the bigger man.

It was pure accident that as he fell his hand encountered a heavy shard of stone.

Machiel used to love to tell the story.

"We have gone up over the Knob," he would explain. "We stop' the fire there, that night, all of us working at it till daylight. But before we get there to where we stop her, I hear old Tidd singing his song to himself. And then he comes into a moon patch, and I can see that he has something on his shoulders, the way a man totes out a deer. So it is Brohard that he carries so, and he does not know us at all, till we hold him and give him water, and tell him all is well again."

He laughs aloud, at about this point in the tale.

"I tell you, it was a ver' cur'ous thing to see," he will say. "The little old man carr'ing the big young man that way. I don't see how he can do it. I said to him after that I do not see how he can carry so big a man. But that old Tidd he just grin at me. I'll tell you what he says about it.

"'I couldn't carry him at all if I hadn't thought about hitting him with a rock on the head,' he says. That is what he says about it. 'After that, it is ver' simple matter,' he says."

Neither of the men was the worse for his experience. Brohard, in his senses again, was properly appreciative. He praised Tidd publicly; and he gave the old man assurances that as long as he, Brohard, had any influence, Tidd's job was perfectly secure.

Tidd must have nursed a grudge against the younger man, for his reply had an edge to it, a cutting irony. What Tidd said passed from mouth to mouth, and always brought guffaws; and these guffaws in the end drove Brohard out of the service altogether.

Brohard — this was in Machiel's kitchen and many heard him — Brohard shouted angrily, "Yes, sir, old man, you'll be game warden here long as I have any say about it."

And Tidd, replying, shook his head mildly, "No, sir. No, sir. I'm quitting, getting out. I ain't what I used to be. I played out on that trip with you. Man that can't stand a little thing like that ain't any business being game warden. I guess I must be getting old."

It was a pity, for Brohard might have made a good man in time. But he should have known, as everyone else knew, that Tidd did not like to be called old.

Veil-like Falls on the Island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands

Watch This Column

To Editors of Country Newspapers: I want a good, dramatic, human story of newspaper life, and *am willing to pay liberally for any that I accept.* Back in your memory there must be some stirring incident that will make a first-class picture. Please resurrect it, outline it and send it to me. Tell me why you think it would make a good picture, and also suggest the members of the cast.

LON CHANEY, who plays the Phantom in Universal's great production ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** experimented with his make-up for three months before he declared himself satisfied. The Phantom is a great architect and musician, but has a distorted visage and always goes masked. This, I believe, will be the greatest picture Universal has ever made. It is from the celebrated story by Gaston Leroux. The picture was directed by RUPERT JULIAN, who made ***"Merry Go Round."***

Coincident with this advertisement, the better theatres will be showing ***"Secrets of the Night,"*** a Universal Jewel, featuring JAMES KIRKWOOD and MADGE BELLAMY, and a cast including Zasu Pitts, Rosemary Theby, Tom Wilson and Edward Cecil. This is the story of a banker who plots to have himself murdered so that his insurance will take care of a deficit caused by the failure of a depositor to pay notes which the banker had endorsed. A fine love story runs through the picture and it is remarkably dramatic and extremely amusing. Directed by HERBERT BLACHE.

Just to jog your memory: Don't fail to see HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado"***; REGINALD DENNY in ***"Oh, Doctor"***; PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Smoldering Fires,"*** a story of real people, "even as you and I"; HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Hurricane Kid"***; LON CHANEY in ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** Please write me a letter, tell me which of these you have seen, and what you think of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

THE BEST TIRE KELLY EVER BUILT

"No more tire trouble this trip, sir! I have put Kellys on my car."

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

FLEXIBLE, because it is made up of *long cords looped around* the beads instead of *short cords* cut off and anchored *at* the beads.

Flexible, because the construction of the carcass makes it possible to use a flexible *tread*.

Flexible, because there is more give and play with the long, looped cords than there can be where short, anchored cords are used.

And rugged—more so than any Kellys you have ever known.

That means extra mileage as well as extra comfort.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

man, I guess you won't chop down any more cherry trees for a while."

—*McCready Huston.*

Drab Ballads

VIII

LAST night at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, VERA BERLONI, (SONG RECITAL, ACCOMPANIED BY PIANO & POLICE), sang with great success the operatic oddity entitled:

I'LL KILL THE SAP THAT THREW THAT COCKROACH DOWN MY POWDERED BACK

The opera was thronged with fashion and society;
The Horse Shoe section gleamed with jewels rare.
Lucia was the bill, and no one sang a bit off key,
It was a gala night, said each one there.
And in a lower box sat Lady Vandergilt De Vere,
With young bloods who amused her with their fiction;
When suddenly she rose and split the perfumed atmosphere,
By yelling in her crude, uncultured diction:

REFRAIN

"I'll kill the sap that threw that cockroach down my powdered back!
That sort of rancid humor gets my nan.
He don't know much of etiquette, and I will bet my jack,
He couldn't prove he is a gentleman."
The management with vigor sought to soothe her murmuring,
Admitting, though, she had cause to be riled.
The opera then continued with that sextette where they sing
(Close harmony,
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—*Harry G. Smith.*

Its passion and fire your praises will earn.
The song to make a cross-eyed universe yearn:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

A Dame Comme Il Faut

WHEN lunching or dancing at Sherry's
Or dining in state at the Ritz,
I like to be smart—know I'm dressed for my part—
Feel sure my ensemble just fits.

At Newport, Palm Beach or the races,
On Fifth Avenue or on the Mall,
If my frock isn't right or my hat is a fright,
I'm really not happy at all.

In a garden I don't like a tailleur.
On horseback I won't wear a gown.
At tea I'm in chiffon and laces, and if on
A throne, I'd feel dressed in a crown.

For a bullfight I'd sport a mantilla;
Have a matador sing me a song.
In the South Seas some beads would suffice for my needs;
There, it doesn't take much to belong.

In Ireland, it's green I'd be wearin'.
In Russia, sans red I'd feel sad.
But Scotland I'll shun like the point of a gun,
For I look like the devil in plaid.

—*Margaret Mochrie.*

Clerical Coöperation

DEFTLY my amanuensis
Reconstructed jumbled tenses;
Graceful Grace, grammarian,
Cute, utilitarian,
Varied verbs and lingual mazes,
Canned my blurbs and altered phrases—
Curtailed turgent selling shams,
Handled urgent telegrams—
Yet always somehow could contrive
To finish up by half past five!

Then out came her lipstick and powder puff white—
'Twas time for retouching, for this was the night.
A durable daub on her tip-tilted nose,
A fugitive peep at her flesh-colored hose,
A confident pat on her competent tam,
Then out in the turbulent six-o'clock jam!
Oh, sweet was her smile and happy her glance,
For evening had come—it was time for romance.

What she did or where she dallied
No one knew when forth she sallied.
If she sought sensational
Pastimes recreational—
Where she dined and who her friends were,
What her secret, social trends were—
Never seemed to interfere
With her work-a-day career.
Always cheerful, rarely late,
In she popped at half past eight!

Then she pointed her pencils and oiled her machine.
Her working utensils were tidy and clean.
She handled dictation with rare savoir-faire;
Efficient, omniscient, alert, debonair,
A Priestess of Commerce, a Vestal of Trade,
A thorough, reliable, businesslike maid,
With serious mind that could coolly connive—
And serious mien until half after five.

Other girls had gossiped, tittered;
Grace, however, coolly flittered
Round the office silently;
Mattered not how violently
I, in rages apoplectic,
Gave her pages, lurid, hectic—
Colorful profanity
Marred not her urbanity—
So, I signed her up for life,
Meaning, she became my wife.

No longer a lipstick or powder puff while
Is called on to aid her in greeting the night.
No longer concerned with her tip-tilted nose,
Her duvetyn tam or her flesh-colored hose,
She toils at my side with unquenchable zest—
A permanent partner and modestly dressed,
A wife stenographic to whom I dictate—
A real, indispensable, sensible mate!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Dementia Radia

Why Insanity Is on the Increase Among Editors of Radio Magazines

DEAR SIR: I made a set out of an old cigar box and some of my wife's hairpins. It has one tube and no ground or aërial. I have picked up Aberdeen, Scotland, London and Spain, but can't seem to get Australia. Can you tell me what's wrong with it?

To the Editor: What station was broadcasting at 4:98 A.M. on Thursday morning, December 68th? I think they were playing The Miserere from Wagner's opera Madam Butternut, after which an announcement was made in a language that sounded like Sanskrit.

Dear Ed: Will you please let me know what kind of a radio set to buy for my sister, Annie, who has been stone-deaf since 1898?

Sir: Will a steam condenser connected in World Series with my vacuum cleaner improve my reception from distant stations? My reception in near-by Police Stations is all that could be desired!

Dear Editor: I have a panel, two low-loss condensers, two verniers, one audio-frequency transformer, one rheostat, one filament switch, two super-neutralizers, a pair of old rubbers, a bottle of salad oil and the delicate mechanism from a two-dollar watch. What set could I build that would use these parts and still have enough left over for a flivver sedan?

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Dad's Growing Reputation as a Story Teller Encourages Him to Try One at Home

"It suits me, and I'm hard to please!"

Mr. Burrow says a pipeful, without the tongue of Demosthenes

Some smokers are apparently easy to please and easy to suit in their pipe tobacco. There are plenty of brands for them.

Edgeworth is made to suit the hard-to-please smoker—in fact, for those who might call themselves connoisseurs, if pipe-smokers ever did apply so high-sounding a term to themselves.

Mr. Burrow, while modestly regretting his avowed lack of equipment as a testimonial writer, speaks volumes in one trenchant sentence.

Here is his letter:

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

Were I possessed of a gifted power of speech, a trenchant pen, and a Harvard vocabulary, I'd dash off to you a prosy sentiment extolling the virtues of Edgeworth. *However, it suits me—and I'm hard to please!*

This—after many unsatisfactory attempts to suit my sensitive palate. My records of purchase will bear me out that it satisfies me, and I'd go a long way for Edgeworth.

Very truly yours,
G. M. Burrow

Not everyone likes Edgeworth. But those that do, as Mr. Burrow, generally like it violently.

Edgeworth in a way is similar to the kind of men you form decided opinions of—perhaps favorable, perhaps unfavorable. But the point is, the very character of such men forces you to a definite opinion, one way or the other.

Edgeworth is pretty much that kind of tobacco—smokers either like it immensely or not at all.

And if you like it at first, the chances are about ten to one you always will—unless your tobacco taste changes. For Edgeworth stays the same. We never tamper with the flavor or quality. Perhaps that's the real reason why there are so many life members of the Edgeworth Club.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 12 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Lifetime

Twin jewels! Two writing instruments that are making American history

No great craftsman ever built more exquisitely made pieces of jewelry than these two remarkable Sheaffer achievements. A green pen and green pencil of Radite, that set new standards of beauty and service! In the world sweep of successful performance, this rare bit of craftsmanship has speedily set new ideas as to what a good pen and a good pencil ought to be. And the overwhelming public response exceeds even our own high expectations. A new material, born of scientific quest for finer color, with lightness and strength, adds the final touch to Sheaffer dominance. Radite! Unbreakable and lovely as a jewel. Sheaffer's "Lifetime" pen, with nib unconditionally guaranteed, and the "Lifetime" pencil, with two-way lead control—propel-repel-expel.

"Lifetime" pen $8.75—pencil $3.75—guaranteed. Others lower

R'S

• SKRIP •

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

(Continued from Page 32)

"Really, gentlemen," I said, "this is almost unpardonable. Is it possible that you permit a perfect stranger to walk in here from the street and go to sleep in my bed?"

"Permit him!" they repeated, viewing me as though I had said something bizarre. "Ha-ha!"

"I shall arouse him at once," said I, suiting the action to the word, "and shall insist on his departing."

"Don't wake him up," implored Eddie with obvious uneasiness. "Oh, don't do that! You don't know, Joy, how glad we were when he went to bed. He's drunk and he's rough. For heaven's sake, let him sleep!"

"He looked like a right good fellow," said the man Pete to me persuadingly.

It seemed to me, counseling myself to be poised, that the company must see their obligation to take their chance acquaintance with them when they broke up for the night, and as they were speaking plausibly of one more round and that a consolation one, I determined to accept my unbidden bedfellow for the nonce. He seemed a cleanly person, but unnecessarily extensive, as it were. He was spread out in the manner of a starfish at ease, reaching toward the four corners of the bed. I crept in beside him, displacing his arm gently but firmly, and began then to insist on my just half of the bedclothes; he had rolled in them, if I make the difficulty evident.

But thereupon, and almost with the initial pull, and displaying, I must say, an alertness truly remarkable in a man far gone in liquor, he placed a large foot against the lower part of my back and hurled me from the bed and onto the floor with a single convulsive movement. Turning to have an understanding with him as to our respective rights, I saw that he had not awaked, but was still slumbering heavily. Judging with charity that his effort had been involuntary and that he could be trusted not to attempt it again, I got again beneath the clothes and drew on them; and again I found myself thrown to the floor with the greatest expedition.

"Don't think it for a moment," said I to him hotly, and I launched myself into the bed again with the utmost resolution. But now, and as though the act had become with him a matter of habit, he kicked strongly in my direction the instant that I jarred the bed. I pinioned one of his arms, and should in all likelihood have reduced him to submission had he not rolled over and leaned sluggishly upon me with all the weight of his upper body, throwing his arms about me then and snuggling his great head into my abdomen.

"Won't someone do something about this?" I said, my patience exhausted.

"Let him sleep, can't you, Joy?" said Eddie Stroock.

"Deal the cards, deal the cards," grumbled another, glancing at me with an indifference that was tantamount to hostility.

"But it is out of the question to let him sleep like this, you know," said I; and I grappled with the fellow manfully, giving him the hammer lock, if I have the word. I succeeded in breaking his grip and I leaped with agility to the floor.

My pajamas had fared badly in the conflict, and I saw that I should shortly be *in puris naturalibus* if I did not discontinue. It was a confusing situation. Though I am in good health and able-bodied, I do not pretend to giant strength, and I could see with half an eye that the sympathies of the card players were not enlisted in my behalf. I could have called an officer, but that sort of complication is repugnant to one of fine feeling

I took the couch for the night. In the morning I saw to my vast relief that the stranger had departed and that Eddie Stroock alone was in the bed. I speak of the former as a stranger because he is still such to me. I have never discovered his identity, and the whole episode must remain one of the eerie and inexplicable happenings of a great city.

I was feeling very blue in the lumbar region, and I was having a look at it in a shaving mirror with a view to applying an emollient when Eddie passed a humorous remark. I rounded on him and gave him a piece of my mind, you may believe. He was contrite then, I tell you.

"Eddie," said I, "I am extremely sorry, and I should be delighted to entertain you and your friends; but it is the next thing to an abuse of hospitality for you to make my home a gambling hell and to lend moral support to an intoxicated ruffian who kicks me out of my bed in the most summary manner. No, no, it will never do. I am sorry to have to say these things to you"

"Go right ahead, Joy," he said, looking aside ashamedly, but wringing my hand. "I deserve every word of it. You're a true friend, Joy."

"But what have you to say in return?" said I reasonably. "And moreover," said I, producing the morning's mail, which I had just opened, "why did you give me a check for fifty dollars and which the bank now returns marked Insufficient Funds? Did you not tell me that you had eight or nine thousand dollars on deposit?"

"I did, and so I have," he said positively. And then he put his arm about my shoulders impulsively and said, looking around cautiously, although we were quite private, "Joy, I'm in trouble with the income-tax people, and that's why I asked you not to put this check through at once. They've attached my bank account and everything I've got, and tied me up tighter than a drum. They got wind of some big deals I made last year, and they want me to pay them two thousand dollars more income tax. I don't mind telling this to you, Joy, but I hope it won't go farther."

"Two thousand dollars more tax!" said I, thinking rapidly. "Why, Eddie, that would indicate a very large income indeed."

"I'd rather you wouldn't question me," he said earnestly. "Now you know why I've got to put on a poor mouth and live in a place like this"—he looked about with a weary smile—"until the matter is settled. It won't be long, Joy. One of the last things Henrietta said to me was, 'Eddie, if you're ever in trouble, you go straight to my brother Arthur, and he'll understand.' And you do understand, don't you, Joy?"

"I understand about the check," said I stubbornly, "but the matter is beyond that. I cannot have my home full of roisterers. I'm sorry there was any mistake, but I simply cannot have it."

"Say no more," he said with a gesture. "I am sure Henrietta would want me to do as you say, and if you don't like to have the boys around, I'm through with them forever. Only tell me that you're still my friend."

"I am your friend, Eddie," said I in all sincerity, "and that is why it distresses me to see you cheapening yourself with such associates. I am sure that Henrietta, since you hold in such honor the memory of my late lamented sister, would express a like sentiment."

"Then we'll say no more about it," he said, "and I'll promise to forget all you've said. And now, Joy, if you'll slip out and get a bag of rolls, I'll watch the coffee."

He was such a boy that it was hard to hold anger against him, and he had a manner of claim upon me through my late sister. She had died twelve years before, but her memory was not withered in my heart. We had been dear to each other, Henrietta and I. And I liked Eddie for himself, and do still. He was a bit of company for me, and I do believe now that I had been a bit cut off. When a man comes to the age of forty-seven, and is then isolated, he values the budding of a new friendship; like an old stump putting forth a green branch, as it were, and if I may venture a poetical phrase. Shortly I came to fear the approaching time when the income-tax people should release their grip on Eddie's funds and enable him to live again the spacious and elegant life which he described to me so vividly. It is true that he pictured that coming time as one in which we should both be recompensed for present deprivations. He confided to me in bosom confidence that he had been making forty thousand dollars a year. It quite took my breath away.

I had occasion one morning to go to Greenwich Street, in the lower part of the city, on an errand in relation to my annuity. Eddie had described to me an excellent chance to invest a thousand dollars for a large profit, a chance which he was debarred by his circumstances from taking advantage of, and I had gone to see a Mr. Beakes, the gentleman who pays me my monthly stipend and whom I meditated urging to advance me the suggested sum. Mr. Beakes, however, was not in his office at the time. I encountered Eddie on Fulton Street on my way to the Subway, told him of the temporary setback, and was thereupon invited by him to lunch.

He led me to a very large office building and to a long lunch counter under the massive staircase in the main hall; we sat upon stools. Perhaps he read in my face something of contempt for the entertainment, though nothing was farther from my thoughts, for he said, rather aggressively, "Do you know how much money they make here with this counter? A cool fifteen thousand a year, if they make a dollar. I know something about this business, and I've inquired around. Ten cents for a cup of coffee and fifteen cents for a piece of pie; and look at the people standing up to eat!"

"Remarkable, isn't it?" said I, though I was not particularly intrigued, you know. But I looked compliantly at the five counter men who were thrusting the simple fare into grasping hands, and at a stout and pleasant-faced lady who was preoccupied with the coffee urns.

"That's Mrs. Stelling herself," said Eddie. "See her? She's got a ten-year lease of this place at two thousand a year. Can you imagine her winnings? I know a broker offered her seventy-five thousand dollars for the lease, and she turned him down. Think of it, Joy!"

He bowed and smiled very sweetly at a young woman who sat behind the cash register. Judging by the enchanting glance he received in return, he was on a footing of privilege there. He had not invited my attention to this young woman, but it was attracted of itself. I have not been a rogue among the ladies—oh, dear, no—but I have an eye for a fine woman as well as the next, and here was one. She was a choice cut, speaking *entre nous*. Tall and willowy, with large and roguish blue eyes and bobbed hair of ashen gold—involuntarily, I straightened in my seat and pulled the lapels of my jacket and gave her a bit of a twinkle. Nothing was farther from my mind than to initiate a serious affair, you may believe it on honor; and had the lady displayed any headlong interest in me, I should perhaps have retreated slightly until she recovered self-command; but one is human and has one's predilections, you know. She looked at me amiably, but not so as to cause me to search my conscience. Eddie took our checks, totaling fifty cents, if I recall, and went to the cash register and indulged in persiflage, getting, it seemed to me, as good as he gave. I waited behind him, cherishing a little, perhaps, the memory of that amiable glance. At such moments one is uncomfortably conscious of a stomach if it be ever so slightly protuberant. I put my abdomen against the counter, not with any frivolous notion of hiding beneath it an item which departed from a true Greek beauty of figure, but merely to stand at ease

"And do bring your father, too, Mr. Stroock," she said in a lovely voice, looking at me again and so kindly. However, it was not entirely the same thing, if you follow my thought, and I moved away from the counter in a bit of a tiff. I know I do not look my age; I certainly do not feel it.

"How do you like her?" he said when we were again in the street.

"She would improve on better acquaintance, I dare say," said I.

"That's the daughter—only daughter," he said. "Name is Laura—Laura Stelling. I call her Larry. I had her going, didn't I?"

"To be perfectly candid, Eddie," said I, "I was not paying the slightest attention."

The day was Friday, the one day in the week which Eddie chose to spare from whatever business engrossed him in his suspended state, and I was not surprised to see him enter our apartment early in the evening. But when he removed his overcoat I saw that he was in dinner garb, wearing the Tuxedo, and I supposed that something was afoot. I must say he made a striking figure in formal dress, carrying it as though it were a garment of every day.

"Aren't you ready?" said he.

"For what?" said I.

"To go over to the Stellings."

"Though not averse to a bit of sociability," said I, "I prefer a more accurately couched invitation than I have had"

"Oh, don't be foolish," said he, laughing lightly. "Larry is a great kidder. You really made a wonderful hit with her, Joy, if you must hear the truth. Come on, doll

Effecto AUTO Enamels

"If my boy can do *that* with Effecto, *I* can paint my car!"

Why not try it yourself? The next time you look at your car and decide something *must* be done about that seedy looking finish, just dip your brush in Effecto Auto Enamel and flow on one or two coats.

You'll be agreeably surprised to find how easily and smoothly Effecto goes on without runs, laps or brush marks. Free flowing and self-leveling, it dries in twenty-four hours and leaves a tough, lustrous finish that will make your old car look like a new one.

Effecto is not a paint, wax or polish, but the *original* automobile *enamel* that will wear longer than the paint on most new cars. Made in eight live *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing. Sold in all size cans by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Free Quarter Pint Can of Black Effecto Enamel

Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel.

Free Effecto Color Card and Names of Local Dealers Sent on Request

If you wish a professional finishing job, your automobile painter can secure the very best results with one of the several Pratt & Lambert automobile finishes.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y
In Canada, 91 Courtwright Street
Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Save the surface and you save all

This is the new way to finish a shave

WHEN you wash off the lather after shaving, you take away some of the skin's natural moisture. To keep your skin pliable and free from chapping, you must conserve its natural moisture.

So, after shaving don't leave the skin totally unprotected. Don't put on preparations which absorb moisture. *Help the skin retain its own natural moisture.*

Aqua Velva is a new preparation made by us expressly for this purpose. *It conserves the skin's moisture.* After shaving just pat on a few drops:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Thousands of men are now keeping their faces soft and comfortable in this new way. Try it. A 150-drop test bottle will be sent you *free*. Use coupon below or postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For free test bottle

Address:
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 42-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick St., Montreal.)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Post 2-21-25

up. Comb your hair and put on a clean collar; that will be plenty."

I knew he was only cajoling me, but still one wishes to look one's best when in the company of a lady, and I was at some pains with my personal appearance. I put on my blue serge, my flowered white waistcoat and a snappy bow tie; and when I had brushed my hair both ways toward the center, I do not think I looked a day over thirty-five. And, too, I ran over a few topics for conversation. When one has devoted an hour a day to self-improvement over a term of years, one is never at a loss for a subject, and cannot fail to be a fascinating and informing conversationalist; but I had been conscious in the past of a certain diffidence and languor of invention when in the company of young ladies, and forewarned is forearmed, as it were.

We took the Elevated to Seventy-second Street and went then by cab to Seventy-first Street, where the Stellings occupied a very respectable apartment in an old-fashioned nonelevator house near the park. Mrs. Stelling was knitting by the light of a table lamp. She rose as the maidservant ushered us into the living room and bade us welcome very kindly, asking us if it was cold out. The beauty of the cash register appeared in a moment, and I paid my homage in a few deftly turned phrases. Mrs. Stelling lowered her knitting to her lap and looked at me over her glasses. One is necessarily the cynosure of all eyes when one has something real to say and has the art to say it. I had tendered Miss Stelling a nosegay of pansies which I had purchased at a stand beneath the Elevated stairs, and I said to her with winning grace that pansies were for thoughts and that my thoughts while negotiating for them were of their likeness to the hue of her eyes.

"I think he's a little rascal, ma," said Miss Stelling, but I caught the telltale tremor in her voice.

"I think he said it something beautiful," said Mrs. Stelling. "Never you mind her, Mr. Joy. You sit right down here and talk to me."

This disposition was not in accord with my anticipation; but I trust that I am always a gentleman, and I acquiesced for the nonce. Miss Stelling and Eddie went into the dining room and bent together over an album of photographs.

An elderly gentleman arrayed for the street issued from a bedchamber. Mrs. Stelling called to him.

"Oh, Fred," she said, "come here a minute and meet Mr. Joy. Mr. Stelling, Mr. Joy."

"Charmed, I am sure, sir," said I, shaking his hand.

He reciprocated with a polite phrase, but I thought he looked very shrewdly at me, as a husband would be pardoned for looking at a rather presentable fellow whom he encountered in the company of his wife. I need hardly say that he did me a grave injustice if any jealousy was rife in him. Philandering with married ladies is contemptible and is not at all my sort. But he continued on his way quietly.

"Doubtless, Mrs. Stelling," said I, offering a topic, "you are interested in the discoveries of archæology and research in the history of ancient peoples. I attended a very fascinating lecture last week. It seems that at the time the city of Troy was burned by the Greeks ——"

"Did you say Troy?" said she alertly.

"Troy, Mrs. Stelling," said I. "But you are doubtless quite familiar with the story of its capture and destruction by the Greeks."

"Not a word," said she, dropping her knitting and hearkening with the closest attention. "Merciful heavens, what do I hear? Do tell me all about it, Mr. Joy."

I sketched to her briefly the story of the taking of the ancient city, prefatory to telling her of the result of recent excavations on its site. She was a gratifyingly responsive though somewhat puzzling audience. Her chronology was sadly awry, and she seemed to think I was detailing a recent affair. I glided lightly away from dates so as to avoid embarrassing her.

"This is what comes of not reading the newspapers," she said decidedly. "To think there could be such awful goings-on and I not hear a word of it, and my own brother a captain on one of the Hudson River boats! But don't tell me any more now, Mr. Joy; I'm all in a flutter. Let us play cards. Do you play cards, Mr. Joy?"

"Nothing but cribbage," said I.

"Do you play cribbage?" she cried gladly. "You're the very man I've been hoping to meet for years. Sit right there, Mr. Joy, and don't you budge until I go and get the board."

We played cribbage.

"Do you know Mr. Stroock for long?" said she.

"Quite all his life, madam," said I. "His brother married my sister, you know."

"Then I must be mistaken in him," she said, after reflecting. "He looks to me like a pool player. Is he in a position to support a wife?"

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Stelling," said I smilingly, "he is very well to do, very well to do. In fact, if I may relieve a mother's natural anxiety by divulging a confidence, his income last year was in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. I happen to know that, because the Government is now proceeding against him for a large increase in his income tax, a matter of two thousand dollars. I speak to you in strictest confidence, Mrs. Stelling."

"You don't tell me," she said, having a look through the doorway at the couple in the dining room. "I never would have thought it; he looks flighty and sporty to me. Nothing settled and reliable and serious and such as a woman can hold to, like there is about—well, about you, Mr. Joy. Now, if I was thinking of getting married over again ——"

She caught herself and looked down at the board with a slight smile.

"Oh, la, Mrs. Stelling," said I, laughing gayly to cover the momentary awkwardness, "I'm old enough to be her father."

She had intended to say, you know, that if she were a girl again and unmarried she would show the good sense to prefer a man of dignity and solidity; but she had spoken in a way to suggest that she would have chosen me at the current time were she free to choose. I knew she didn't mean that, but it gave me a bit of a thrill, as you may believe. She was still in an unimpeachable state of preservation, with fine eyes and good features and just a shadow of gray on her heavy brown hair. Not that I allowed my thoughts to dwell even for an instant on her charms, but one cannot help observing.

"And what line are you in yourself, Mr. Joy?" said she, dealing cards.

"I am retired from active pursuits, Mrs. Stelling," said I. "I have a matter of fifty thousand dollars invested in an annuity."

"You're not too old to be active," said she. "You don't look like a lazy man."

On our way to our apartment, Eddie said to me, "Pretty nifty little home they got there, eh? But say, it's nothing to what it could be if the old lady wasn't such a crab. Never mind, things will be different afterward. The boy that marries Larry will sit down in a butter tub if he knows anything. Say, Joy, let me have another fifty, will you? I want to take her out horseback riding on Sunday morning in the park and show her some class."

"But, Eddie," said I, "you have had a hundred and fifty from me already. Not that I wish to be disobliging."

"Don't be that way, Joy," said he, clapping me in his hearty way on my back. "It's only for a few days more, and then I'll hand you a blank check. Say, I was down to see the income-tax people this morning, and I got that thing about fixed up."

He told me what he had said, and what the government officials had said, and I saw that he had got much the better of the exchange. I let him have the fifty dollars, though the strain of tiding over a man accustomed to an income of forty thousand a year was telling upon my finances.

He said to me on Sunday evening gleefully, "Well, Joy, old sock, I'm about set. I asked Larry to marry me this morning in the park, and she had to admit she was willing, only she said I should talk to her mother. Well, naturally I wouldn't want to marry the girl without her mother's consent, would I?"

"And very fine of you, Eddie," said I.

"But the trouble is, Joy," he said moodily, "that the old dame doesn't take to me a cent's worth. She always seems to be watching me, and she asks me sly questions. She's a nosey old wren, and I know she'll give me the third degree. Listen, Joy, she seems to like you; would you mind going and sounding her out and finding how she feels?"

"You wish me to ask the hand of her daughter in marriage?" said I explicitly. "I dare say that I could oblige you, Eddie. But don't you think I should speak to Mr. Stelling?"

"What's he got to say about it?" said Eddie confidently. "He's got nothing to say. You speak to her mother."

I yielded to his entreaties and promised to act as intermediary. Revolving the matter the following day, it occurred to me that it would be elegant and appropriate to tender the ladies a dinner and to broach the subject of an alliance thereafter in an atmosphere of good will and mutual esteem. I had Mrs. Stelling on the wire at her place of public refreshment, and I requested the company of the ladies at the Hotel Cheathem at seven o'clock, saying that I should have a very important communication to make in the course of the evening. I said that I should be enchanted to have Mr. Stelling also as a guest, but she said that Fred would be on his run at that hour. Mr. Stelling, as I learned in time, was a locomotive engineer on the New York Central, and I can understand that he could not leave his charge *in transitu*, so to speak, even to attend an affair that touched him so nearly. I had chosen the Hotel Cheathem because I am acquainted only slightly with the more elegant and commodious hostelries of the city. I had found a dinner-card of the Cheathem in our apartment some time since, and Eddie, whom I questioned idly, had shown familiarity with its cuisine and dispositions, stating that he dined there frequently and rated it as quite the finest in New York.

To lend éclat to my mission, I rented for the evening a dinner coat, appropriate trousers with silk stripe, and silk hat, garments which were not in my wardrobe at the time, laying out on that account a total of two dollars and seventy-five cents, a sum which I did not doubt that Eddie would gratefully refund me. When one is about to become part of a picture of high life, one wishes to contribute his proportionate share. I met the ladies in the lobby of the hotel. While they were doffing their wraps and giving to their appearances a final touch, I sauntered to the doorway of the great dining room and stood there, observed and observing.

By a chance which I held at the time to be both odd and fortunate, but which I have since come to regard as merely odd, I saw Eddie Stroock standing hard by. He was in dinner garb, and was standing in an easy but erect and graceful posture, with his arms folded across his chest; calm and collected and with an effect of habitude, you know. I confess that I had been qualmish, conscious of my smartness, though I carried it off quite gallantly; and I was rejoiced to see Eddie, and to enlist his moral support and to show the people about that I was not in the least a green one, I said, "Why, good evening, Stroock!" I called him Stroock, you know, a bit artfully, and I put out my hand.

Do you know, I had to pluck his hand away from his chest, and even then he did not warm to me, not at all cordial. He looked at me with a faint frown on his excessively composed features, and muttered, barely moving his lips, "Hello, Joy."

"The ladies are with me," said I smilingly. "We shall make it a foursome, shall we not?"

His arms fell at that, and he looked at me with indubitable consternation.

"They're here?" he breathed in a tone of horror. "You tell them you saw me and I'll kill you!" And he walked quickly across the dining room and disappeared around a turn. The room is L-shaped, as perhaps you know.

A very gentlemanly fellow—he proved to be the head waiter—was in the vicinity, and seeing the haste of Eddie's departure sensed intuitively that something was wrong. Looking troubled, he snapped his fingers sharply, and that producing no ameliorating result, he walked after Eddie, and I did think I heard him call his name.

I saw that I had committed a *faux pas*, as one says in the French tongue; and making the best of matters, I preempted an adjoining table, sitting down at it so that no contention over it might be fomented by arriving guests. The ladies came and took their places, and we waited quite some time. The gentlemanly fellow then approached and addressed me, saying "I'll get you another waiter right away." He was in dinner garb, as were—I came to see—the other attendants present.

"But we haven't had a waiter yet, you know," said I shrewdly, scenting a possible overcharge.

(Continued on Page 64)

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YOU have to fight for health these days—just as you do for every other good thing in life—and you need all the help you can get.

Sometimes these helps come from the least expected sources, too.

And this is the surprising thing about sauerkraut.

But it's a fact, nevertheless. Sauerkraut is taking rank today as one of the most important items in the corrective diet, and in the preventive diet, also.

If you were in Carlsbad this very day you should not be surprised if they put you forthwith "on the sauerkraut diet." For Dr. Arnold Lorand, long famous there, praises sauerkraut emphatically in his great work, "Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet."

Even Anders' "Practice of Medicine" places sauerkraut first in the vegetable corrective diet. Metchnikoff, the great Russian who succeeded Pasteur at the Pasteur Institute, published articles on the value of sauerkraut and its wonderful lactic content in fighting the enemy microbes which form in the human system and especially in the intestinal tract.

Sauerkraut is a direct aid to digestion, splendid as a cleanser and regulative—and a natural health food at the same time. The Russians, Germans, Danes, the Dutch and the Belgians, among the heartiest peoples in the world, have known these things for centuries. Now America is turning to this famous ancient health-dish in its turn.

Only a few weeks ago Dr. C. A. L. Reed, former president of the American Medical Association, devoted an entire article to the health-giving properties and extraordinary corrective value of sauerkraut.

The booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," illustrated, will be sent you free. It contains page after page of genuine information and facts about sauerkraut—its richness in the vitamines, minerals and salts—and best of all, perhaps—what a delicious, wholesome food it is for the workers, for office folks especially, and home folks always. And there are many tested recipes which will delight your palate.

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(Continued from Page 62)

"The man who had this table was suddenly taken ill," he said. "Just a moment."

"But was it anything serious?" said I.

"Very serious," he said. "He'll never work in this hotel again." And with that he departed, sending to us a young man who took such interest in us and was so helpful and kind that I gave him eventually a twenty-five-cent piece.

We had the table-d'hôte for one dollar and fifty cents per person, and the dinner went off very smoothly and suspiciously, being marred by no untoward incident, unless perhaps by the fact that at the very close I discovered that there were no funds in my dinner clothes and that I had overlooked the necessity to put them there. Mrs. Stelling cured this with ready wit, advancing to me the sum of four dollars and seventy-five cents, the which I promised faithfully to reimburse her. We made an excellent impression, so much so that the head waiter himself went and stood by the door and bowed to us as we passed out, and said to me, "Was everything quite all right, sir?" and was so kind and friendly that I took him by the hand—a gesture which, at its initiation, caused him to smile gratefully. He recovered his gravity directly, though, verging then on sternness.

We returned then to the abode of the Stellings, and when again in the living room, I said, "Mrs. Stelling, madam, I am here on a delicate and important mission, an affair of the heart. I may speak in private, may I not?"

"If you wish, Mr. Joy," she said, coloring and bestowing on me a glance in which there was at least a trace of acidity. "I won't stand in your way." And she rose and walked toward the doorway, walking quite rigidly and with chin in air, and evidently proposing to leave me tête-à-tête with Laura.

"But, Mrs. Stelling," I remonstrated, "this is not quite my idea, you know. It is to you that I wish to address myself, Mrs. Stelling. Pardon me, won't you, Miss Stelling? No offense intended, you know."

"To me, Mr. Joy?" said Mrs. Stelling, all her acid turned to sweetness. She said to Laura in a caressing voice, "Go into the dining room, child, and look at the pictures for a while; you'll find last Sunday's funnies on the sideboard. Close the door, child, close the door."

"Mrs. Stelling, madam," said I, speaking, as it were, to the back of her head, since she sat with her face turned down and away, "propinquity of manly strength and female charms finds its expression inevitably in love. This is biology, madam; it is physiology: it is psychology. And that physical and spiritual attraction between the sexes that makes them yearn for each other as the flower yearns for the sunshine and the needle yearns toward the pole—the magnetic pole, Mrs. Stelling, and not the geographical pole; there is a displacement which you will find an interesting topic at another time, but we shall not go into it here—in a word, the attraction finds its highest expression in the institution of marriage."

"There is a great deal in what you say, Mr. Joy," she murmured thoughtfully.

"The difference in worldly possessions between the parties to the marriage which I am now about to propose to you," said I, "is not such as to occasion any abhorrent suspicion of fortune hunting. The gentleman for whom I speak, and who is too bashful to appear *in propria persona* while he has reason to anticipate an unfavorable reception of his suit, is exceedingly well off, quite of independent means, I do assure you, Mrs. Stelling. And I believe that you have from your business enterprise something in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars a year. Correct me if I err, please."

"A little better than that," she said, giving me, however, a single penetrating look. "It was seventeen thousand three hundred net last year. But that's not found money, Mr. Joy. We had to work for it, and you and any gentleman who entered the family will have to work for it too. Excuse me for plain talking, Mr. Joy."

"The more the merrier," said I, "and labor is a pleasure when it is sweetened by love—by love, Mrs. Stelling."

I confess that I found a strange and terrifying sweetness in repeating that word to Mrs. Stelling, and the liquidity of the glance which she bestowed upon me now was disturbing. I told myself that it was occasioned by a memory of the past, like the return of a strain of half-forgotten music, resurrected like a memory of love in the springtime of life brought back by the odor of a flowering hawthorn—*crataegus cordata populoris*—but it was incredibly moving, and I took alarm and thought that perhaps I'd better expound Eddie's case to someone of like sex.

I said to her then, "I imagine I shall speak about this to Mr. Stelling. It would be much more businesslike, I do believe."

"What has he got to say about it?" she said, repeating Eddie's identical and hitherto inexplicable words.

I would not have you think for a moment that obvious facts escape me. I am, on the contrary, very alert and penetrating; but none the less the truth which she now unveiled to me was dazzling. I saw a great light, as it were.

"But surely he has something to say about the marriage of his own daughter," said I, remonstrating.

"Oh, Mr. Joy," she said, so pleased, "did you think he was my father? Well, I never did! It is true that he is much the elder of me, and people would never take us for brother-in-law and sister-in-law, but —— Why, Mr. Joy, Fred is my late husband's brother! He is my brother-in-law, Mr. Joy."

This was a facer; it put quite another complexion on matters, you know. Decidedly, I had not supposed that the worthy locomotive engineer was her father; one does not speak of and to one's father as "Fred," does one now? That would argue an extraordinary unsophistication and ignorance of accepted usage. But I had taken it that the gentleman was her husband, and I had not inquired.

This put, as I say, quite another face on matters. I shall, however, and from a sense of delicacy in which I do not doubt that you join fully, refrain from anything so crude and ungentlemanly as a verbatim rendition of our subsequent conversation. Passing briskly over it, with the general observation that the matter then in hand was disposed of to mutual liking and consent, I took up the topic which I had intended to broach from the first, and worked upon her weaker intellect so with argument and appeal that she quite surrendered whatever of aversion or suspicion or antipathy she had had for Eddie Stroock, and said that she would not stand in the way of the young people's happiness. Overjoyed, both on Eddie's account and my own, and observing that it was nearly twelve o'clock, I bade her good night and hastened homeward with my glad tidings.

Eddie was sitting on the bed, clutching the handle of his valise, or bag, as though he meditated an immediate departure. The look he bent upon me was so uncommonly morose and indicated such perturbation of intellect that I paused in the doorway in uneasiness.

"Come in here, you little sneak," said he, pointing me out so that there should be no mistake. "I want to talk to you."

"But, Eddie," said I, yielding reluctantly to his importunity and approaching him, "there is really no occasion for this, you know. I'm here to felicitate you, and, if you will, to be felicitated in turn. Don't look at me that way, I beg of you."

"What have you been up to?" demanded he.

Sunset, Battleship Bluff, Salmon Bay, Seattle

"To be perfectly candid," said I coyly, "I have about decided to get married."

This announcement, which should have been the occasion for much friendly rejoicing, moved him to a burst of mocking laughter.

"Well, you pot-bellied little joke," cried he, shaking with cruel mirth, "do you think she'd look at you? So that's your game, is it? You've been trying to cut me out, hey? Talking mush, giving bouquets. But I caught onto you tonight at last when you walked them in on me at the Cheathem and tried to show me up. That finished me with you. I'm off you for life, you snake in sheep's clothing."

He swaggered toward the door, his valise in hand.

"But, my dear boy," said I, laughing in turn at the absurd mistake that he, as I then supposed, was making, "I have paid no court to Miss Stelling. Indeed, I have come to tell you that Mrs. Stelling, under my persuasion, will now favor your suit. She was obdurate for a time, pleading her widowed state and the loneliness which would be hers when you took her only child away, and I overcame that objection most dexterously by offering her my heart and hand. A sincere attachment to the lady was my basic motive, but I beg to assure you that I should have lacked sprightliness in popping the question were it not that I was removing an obstacle to your happiness and discharging an obligation of sacred friendship. Therefore, my dear lad, I congratulate you, and I know that you will now congratulate me from a full and relieved heart upon my engagement to wed the mother of your dear intended."

He had stopped at the stair head in the outer hall, and now, to my surprise, I saw that he had colored profusely and not with pleasure.

"What?" he cried. His valise fell from his relaxed hand; he stalked toward me with unmistakable animosity. Seeing no reason for his ill will, but being none the less alarmed by it, I shut the door quickly and shot the bolt. "Open that door, you bald-headed little hijacker!" he shouted, throwing himself against it.

Complying only in a measure with his wishes, I put a chair against the door and mounted to the transom, through which I addressed him.

"What is it, Eddie?" said I in mystification. "I tell you I am going to marry Mrs. Stelling. Do collect yourself."

"And I tell you I'm going to kill you!" he said.

"But, Eddie," said I, "have you misled me? You gave me every reason to suppose that your affections were engaged by Miss Stelling and not by her mother. You did, indeed, my boy. I'm not reproaching you, except for a lack of candor; but you should have confided in me—you should indeed. This is most distressing; you make me feel perfectly terrible."

"Open that door and I'll make you feel worse!" he shouted, throwing himself vainly against it. "Rob me, would you?"

He desisted at last and departed, fulminating threats of the direst sort and all directed at my person. He was quite frenzied with disappointment.

I have searched my conscience in the matter of my dealings with Eddie Stroock, and I have found no cause to reprobate myself. He had told me most explicitly that the lady to whose heart he was laying siege was Miss Laura Stelling, my present stepdaughter. This was artifice on his part, I now perceive. He conceived of me as his rival from the first, and sought to lull me into a sense of false security by speaking in denigrating terms of the present Mrs. Joy. I cannot think otherwise. It is not as though I, through any simplicity or naïveté had misread an obvious state of facts—I never do that. The affair has still its puzzling aspects, but I need only say that Eddie has not reappeared, either to press his pretended suit for Laura's hand or to pay me the two hundred dollars he had of me in all

I can only add that he imposed on me the more readily for that Laura is a charming girl even in her callow immaturity. She is betrothed to a prominent lawyer who eats a fair dozen pies a day in her honor and just to be with her, sitting in a row of worshiping and devouring young men. But Mrs. Joy and I have no thought but for her happiness, and I think I can say that we look forward to her nuptials with a satisfaction unalloyed by the least tinge of mercenary regret.

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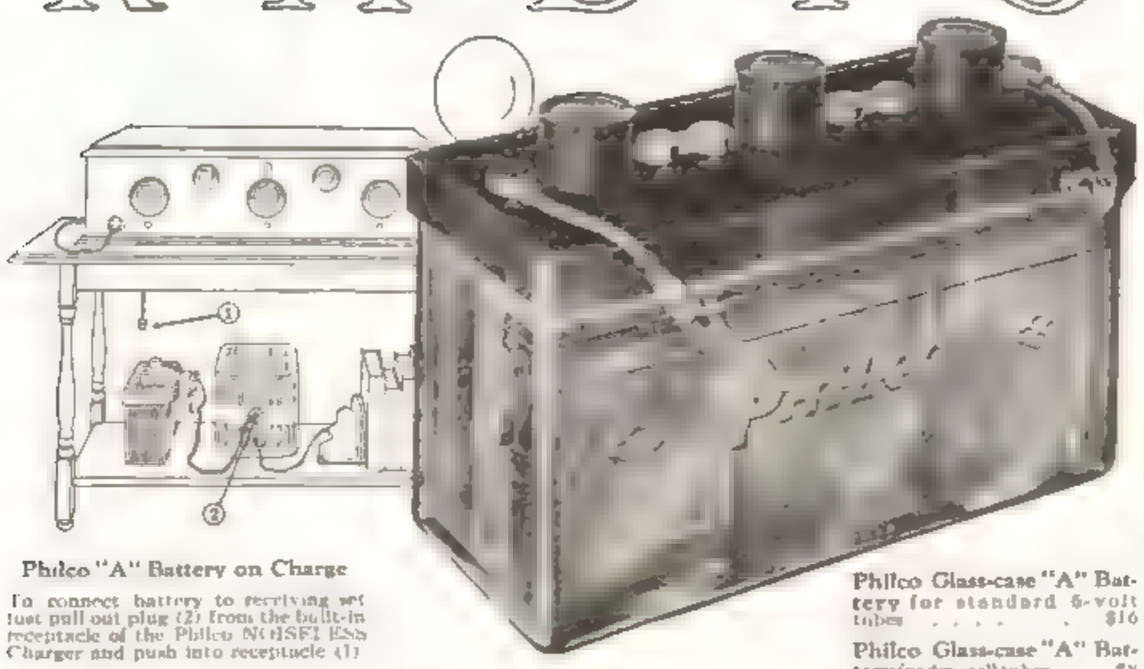

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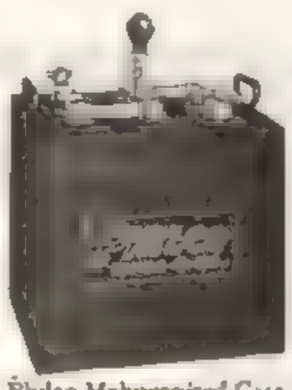

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POWER

(Continued from Page 5

It's a long way back, but I can shut my eyes and see the blue-white hills of the winter pinelands, as lonely as death, with the wolves howling out of the darkness of the forest and the sound of sleigh bells on the frosty air. And it's the bells I remember best. I can see the logs, the towering loads of logs, with the shouting men on top of their sleigh loads, snow-splashed and rime-covered, the logs creaking and whining under their chains, with the frosted horses tugging and pulling and the bells ringing as they went: silvery bells, chiming through the white hush of the winter morning, through the blue dusk of the deepening twilight; bells jingling and jocund; bells distant and dreamy; bells on sled tongues and harness collars and neck yokes; bells on tug buckles and hame points; whole strings of bells paralleling surcingles under steaming bellies, chiming musically with every lift of every sharp-shod hoof; bells that beat the loneliness back and made my wilderness a land of ceaseless music. I loved to hear them, to be near them.

I ran away once, riding on an empty bobsleigh, with a dangling chain dancing and singing behind it and a double chime of bells caroling from the iron-gray team in front of it. I rode into the bush until the driver, with an oath, stopped and made me dismount, ordering me to get home or he'd flay the hide off me. And in my efforts to make home I got lost, utterly lost, and darkness came down on my world, and it was only God's own mercy I didn't die of cold and hunger that night. But when my legs could carry me no farther I spotted the lights of a lumber camp and was taken in and given hot soup and sandwiches made of thick bread and cold pork and put to sleep in a wall bunk. There I lay awake, listening to a fiddler who played wonderful tunes while the lumberjacks shouted and danced and quarreled and sang about the red-hot stove. I was taken home the noon of the next day. For the first time in my life that I can remember, my mother put her arms around me and held me close against her breast.

She was good to me, that mother of mine, but she was not a demonstrative woman. She had scant time, I suppose, for showing her feelings. And hard work makes a hard race. Small as I was, as I've already said, I had to help with the farm chores. I had to carry swill to the hogs and skim milk to the calves and gather eggs and keep the wood box filled, and water and bed down the stock, and shovel snow in winter and pull weeds in summer. It's queer what we remember, out of the welter of time. It seems only yesterday when I'd carry my wooden bucket of skim milk out to the calf pen and the bunting and drooling noses of those calves would poke themselves through the pen slats and suck at a loose button on my threadbare old reefer or get hold of a loose sleeve end and do their best to drain a breakfast from dry cloth. If they were young, I'd help them to take up the skim milk by letting them suck on my bunched fingers as they drank, and the clinging moist mouths, I remember, would give me a small chill of nerve ends up the arm. And I must have been an acquisitive little beggar, even in those early days, for I could find eggs where no one else found them; and once on the trail of a stolen nest out in the surrounding slash, I never gave up until my hidden cackle berries were duly gathered in.

But even my pleasures, in those early days, were in some way tangled up with production. Fishing, for example, has been the one joy of my life. And I was allowed to fish, as a boy, because the string I invariably brought home helped out the family larder. I was also an expert frog snarer. Armed with pole and line and a three-pronged hook adorned with a bit of red flannel, I would pioneer along the woodland swales and swamp edges and capture my harvest of meaty-legged bullfrogs. I can still see myself wading barefooted into amber pools warm with the spring sunshine, dropping my snare beside a sleepy greenback and neatly hooking him as he leaped for my incendiary splash of red.

In spring, too, I was allowed to help with the sap buckets in one of the near-by sugar camps. Why I was given money for this work I could never quite understand, since life, for a week or two, turned into one cloying dream of sweetness. I drank sweet sap by the quart; I licked birch paddles dipped into sirup boilers; I ate maple wax, cooled in the snow of the dwindling bush drifts—ate it by the pound. And I carried home precious cakes of the brown sugar, wrapped in birch bark. But my crowning joy, as I remember it, was being allowed to sleep with the bushmen in their open-sided shanty, watching the midnight glow of the fires under the boiling pans and feeling very grown-up in being a member of that rough group.

Later in the season, like other boys of that countryside, I became a berry picker. I was sent foraging about the slash and clearings with a wooden bucket tied to my belt, picking wild raspberries until my fingers ached and my hands were reddened with the running juice. A full pail was always expected of me. Sometimes, when the berries were plentiful, I'd make rogans of birch bark and fill them as well. But I'd always have time to eat my fill, to watch the squirrels and the whisky jacks, and perhaps get a glimpse of a fox or a whitetail deer as it vanished through the dappled shadows.

Once, I remember, I came face to face with a brown bear. We stood staring at each other for several moments. I know now that this bear was not so big as memory tries to paint him. But he seemed big enough at that time to petrify me with terror. I don't think I breathed until he turned and shuffled off through the brush. Then I took my pail and ran like a whitehead. Always from that day I shunned that particular stretch of woodland. I even used to dream about that hairy monster standing and disputing my right of way and dining on my bones. Those nightmares passed away, however, when early in my teens I came into possession of Syd Steinhoff's old muzzle-loader. For when I possessed a firearm I possessed power, and fear is only the knowledge of weakness.

I have still another painful memory of my berry-picking days, but I can't be sure how much of it is real and how much of it is mere imagination. I seem to remember a tall and ragged Indian who stopped me on my way home through the woods and took my pail of berries away from me. I resented that theft and tugged at the pail with all my strength. But the great figure pushed me aside with a lordly gesture and walked away with the fruits of my labor. I may, indeed, have dreamed that entire encounter. Yet I know that my youthful attitude toward all Indians was one of contempt touched with hate. They seemed a poor lot to me, already losers in the game of life.

I can still recall one begging Potawatomi buck who had come to our house asking for tea, stopping in the yard before an iron kettle in which my mother was boiling down lye leached from wood ashes for her soft soap. As far as I can figure it out, that redskin mistook the brown liquid in the pot for maple sirup. At any rate, he quietly dipped out a ladleful, blew on it and swallowed the scalding stuff. It must have blamed near burned out his tube linings. I felt that I was avenged, as I stood calmly watching his contortions, for the earlier theft of my pail of berries.

Yet my prejudice against the Indian may have been partly based on another episode which took place either before or after the soap-kettle encounter. The small cellar under our kitchen was reached by a trap-door in the floor boards of the kitchen itself. I'd been sent down to get a dish of potatoes from the cellar store and had left the trap-door open behind me. It was wintertime, for there was snow on the ground, though the sun was shining brightly. When I was down there three Potawatomies walked into the house, striding in, as visiting Indians always do, one after the other and never bothering to knock before entering. At any rate, after the glare of the sunlit snow they were unable to see that unexpected opening in the kitchen floor, and the three swarthy figures came tumbling and grunting down beside a very terrified young boy who crouched back in the darkness, wondering when the customary tomahawk would sink into his skull.

Another memory I have, not altogether without significance, was the building of a footpath about our home yard, left muddy with the spring thaws. For this I tugged load after load of clean yellow sawdust from the near-by mill. Then I struggled home

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with even bigger loads of pine slabs, which I staked down about two feet apart, filling the space between with the sawdust. It was hard work for me, but I kept at it to the end; and I glowed with triumph when I had finished that, my first job of road building. Thereafter we could walk dry-shod from the back door to the root house, to the well platform, even to the chicken coop and on to the pigpen and the stable. It was my first transportation system, and from time to time I reballasted it with fresh sawdust from the mill and refilled an occasional washout and repaired an occasional break in my retaining walls.

But about this time a new world was opening up around me. There was no school in our immediate neighborhood, so for two hours every evening my mother sat at the kitchen table with me, teaching me the three R's. She let nothing interfere with those lessons, for she was determined from the first that I should have my chance in the world. She was very patient with me. Even when lessons were over, she would talk to me until bedtime—talk to me as she might with a grown-up. This, I think, was one of the reasons why I became more serious-minded than most boys of my age. It cut short my youth, in a way; but, on the other hand, it gave me an earlier start at the serious things of life. By the time I was eight years old I could milk a cow, strip the udder to its last drop, and steady her with a fence rail across her shin bones if she threatened to kick. By the time I was eleven I could drive a one-horse cultivator and handle an ax and unhitch a team. I was not averse to these labors. They don't seem to have impressed me as drudgery. But there was little time for play in my life. Like other boys so placed, I had to make play of my work.

But my mother apparently couldn't have been very successful with her farm. A dry summer burned up our crops, and I can recall the solemn visits of a solemn old note shaver in black, with much talk about mortgages and foreclosures and overdue interest. One night, on coming home from the mill, I found my mother in tears. She wasn't a woman who easily surrendered to grief. She tried her best, in fact, to keep her wet and reddened eyes turned away from me. But I knew that evil had overtaken our house.

About a week later we were put out of it. An auctioneer with a drooping mustache that made him look like a walrus appeared on the scene, our meager furniture was put out in the open air, and piece by piece our belongings were sold to the highest bidder. It made so moving a drama in my quiet life that sorrow at the loss of those friendly old objects seems to have been eclipsed by the excitement in the repeated duels for possession and the continuous quips of the walrus man mounted on our kitchen table. But my heart sank when I realized that our livestock was to be included in the sale. I crept to my mother, who was seated on an overturned washtub, and buried my face in her lap that I might not see the animals I had loved led away. She strained me to her shoulder and I could feel her body heave with a quiet sob or two. Then she pulled herself together.

"Be a man, Jack," she said as she patted my back. "We'll win out yet."

We stayed at a neighbor's house for a week or two and then my mother moved on to Nagisaw, where she ran a sort of boarding house for the lumberjacks and road men. I can remember how the spiked boots of the rivermen ground the floor of her dining room into a mass of slivers; how they wore thin the treads of the dark and narrow stairway that led to the sleeping quarters above; how they ranged themselves night by night about the old round-bellied stove and smoked and spat into its ruby throat and told tales of log drives and timber wolves and ax duels and hairbreadth escapes from forest fires, until I was shooed off to bed.

But our home in Nagisaw, luckily, was near a school, and no time was lost in starting me off on my new studies. I was a shy lad in those days, having lived much of my life alone; and it was the cruel custom in frontier communities such as this that all newcomers could be accepted only after battle. I was a quiet and self-contained youngster, but I was thick-muscled and sinewy and strong as a young ox. And before I was a day at the new school I saw that my fated rival was one Archie Hueffer, the son of a mill boss and the undisputed autocrat of his class. He was taller and two years older than I was, and enjoyed a considerable local reputation as a hoof slapper. This meant that when he fought he fought with his feet as well as with his fists. This discomforting fact, however, did not altogether discourage me, and I duly accepted his challenge for combat.

I was a new boy and I had no supporters. I stood, indeed, an object of common ridicule, some of my classmates finding my clothes a source of merriment and some of them, having detected me in certain of my home duties, crowning me with the unsavory term of "pot washer." So I felt very much alone in the world as I made my tremulous way down to the trysting ground behind the pail-timber mill, where we could fight without interruption from our elders.

It was, I suppose, a good deal like other fights engaged in by that young savage known as boy. It was a long fight and a bitter one. Blood flowed on either side. The time came, in fact, when I could view my enemy through only one eye. A false wave of courage swept through me, however, when I saw that I had a chance of holding my own. But I failed to count on my bigger enemy's adeptness and finish as a kicker. When he found that he could not pound his way to victory with his fists, he resorted to adroit and unexpected movements of the feet. A boot toe against the ribs knocked the breath out of my body and another in the stomach left me uncertain of my bearings. Before I could recover from this, the agile leg that could flail like a ballet dancer's brought a heel up flat against my face and sent me sprawling; and before I could roll over I was kicked again and again about the body, until the only thought that remained in my muddled head was to get beyond reach of those merciless feet, before I went to pieces like a barrel without hoops.

I managed to get on my hands and knees, but that was the best I could do. And then I tried to crawl away. I could hear the shrill chorus of derision as I floundered off on all fours, triumphantly kicked from behind as I went. I crept away, my body aching with pain. But in my soul rankled the sharper pain of defeat. I sobbed aloud as I struggled to my feet and groped my way toward the mill shed, my flight followed by the cruel gibes of the crowd who had witnessed the pot washer's defeat.

I was still sobbing there when a pale-eyed giant in a plaid woolen shirt open at the throat flung down a cant hook and came solemnly over to where I leaned against a slab pile. He turned me around and put a huge forefinger under my chin and lifted my face up to the light. Then he pulled a flask from his pocket and made me take a drink from it. The stuff I drank burned my throat. It was raw liquor.

"So they're all agin ye, air they?" he said as he wiped my face with a rusty red handkerchief that smelled of sweat. He turned and looked back at the jeering group. Then he took a chew of tobacco and stood silent a moment.

"Air ye licked?" he asked in an encouraging man-to-man way.

I don't know whether it was that unlooked-for sympathy or the redeye that had begun to sing in my veins. But I squared my battered jaw and shrilled out, "They can't lick me, not a damn one o' them!"

The great hand thumped me on the shoulder.

"Now ye're talkin', lad. Ye're not licked till ye say so. And ye're goin' back to face that bootin' bully in fair fight."

We went back, much to the amazement of Archie Hueffer and his gang. My millyard giant was very businesslike about it all. He drew a circle in the trodden sawdust and placed young Hueffer in the middle of it. Then on Archie's shoulder he placed a chip, with the solemn injunction that all comers were to be challenged to remove that pregnant bit of pine bark from its resting place.

My enemy's slightly swollen eye was on me as he issued that challenge. I could hear the derisive shouts of his supporters and the millman's warning that the first fighter who used his feet would be thrown into the river. But my body was on fire as I stepped into the ring. My ears were singing as I confronted Archie Hueffer, as with one hand I knocked aside his precious chip and with the other smote him smartly and unexpectedly on the end of the nose.

Boys' fights, I've found, are very seldom knock-down affairs. They are more like the straddling combats of pullets, with few clean-cut blows and much showy ruffling of feathers. But toil had hardened and broadened my bony young fist. There was weight behind it, and I burned with a black rage. I fought like a she wildcat robbed of her young. I brought a red stream to young Hueffer's nose and knocked two of his teeth out, and clutched his ankle as he went to kick me in the groin. And as he struggled up from the sawdust I drove a second fist into his relaxed jaw and for the second time sent him sprawling.

But bully or not, he was of the breed that doesn't easily give up. He came back for the third time, and for the third time we closed and countered and pounded each other's swollen features. When he went down of a heap, after a straight-arm drive that took the skin from my knuckles, I promptly and triumphantly sat upon his prostrate body and drunkenly demanded if he had had enough, and he somewhat thickly acknowledged that he had. Whereupon I took my hand from his throat and rose with dignity and addressed the assembled multitude of youth, shrilly challenging any member thereof to meet me in combat or thereafter hold his peace; and as my challenge was not accepted, I that day became the acknowledged leader of the aforementioned gang of young savages. For more than two years, after divers encounters with would-be rivals, I managed to maintain that leadership. Archie Hueffer and I, it is true, were no longer open enemies. But it could not be said that we were altogether friends. . . .

Tassie has just stopped me, on her way through, to ask what all the excitement is about. I didn't know what the girl was driving at. But here I've been shouting at Wallie without knowing I was doing it. And when I come to think of it, I feel a bit tired. Yet it's strange how those old scenes can stir me up, after the lapse of more than forty long years. It's strange, too, how vivid they can stay in the mind. Wallie says I've been making faces and shutting my fists for the last half hour. Well, perhaps I have, for I can still feel Archie Hueffer's heavy shoes against my ribs. And I can feel again the joy that went through my tired body when my bony young fist flattened Archie's nose and that twin stream of blood went reddening down about his panting mouth and trickled from his chin. It's a long time ago, when I come to think of it. But, in a way, it only seems a week before yesterday. . . . Perhaps my Natalie was right when she had the nerve to call me an old man. I guess she wasn't so far wrong, for I'm getting on a bit, and this stirring up of the past has made me feel as antiquated as a Lambert pine.

II

THEY were not all violence, those boyhood days of mine, though naturally the violent days have been the remembered ones. I can recall other things, softened with a haze of beauty and strangely misted with the dust of time. It must have been bald and hard, that life on the fringe of the Michigan pine woods. But as I look back at it through the years, it seems oddly crowded and colored and opulent, for about this time a new world was opening up about me. Through the narrowed portico of school and study I was able to enter a garden — the garden of literature. I began to read books. I stepped, tingling, into an Eden of romance.

As I look back on it, it seems as abrupt and miraculous as emerging from an unlighted coal cellar into an apple orchard afire with bloom. But there were trivial tales to go through, I suppose, before I stumbled on the great ones, the unforgettable ones. The first of these seems to have been Robinson Crusoe, and night by night that story of shipwreck and islanded solitude carried me away from my bald little room, where I was supposed to be asleep on my bed of corn husks. A little later came the thrill of meeting and knowing Tom Sawyer, then fresh from the press.

That story told of a life much closer to me in those days. It was not apparently regarded as model reading for the young, since one half of it, I remember, was read in a haymow and the other half of it was devoured among the raspberry bushes along the sunny side of a railway cut. I never dreamed, as I looked up from those magic pages to watch the afternoon down train rumble past, that the day was to come when the writer of that tale was to travel in my private car and stretch his legs under my dinner table. For Mark Twain and I met later in life, and a responsive gleam crept into his melancholy eyes, when, over our after-dinner cigars, I tried to tell him what Tom Sawyer had once meant to me.

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A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

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There were other books almost as magical. For digging a hole ample enough to contain the mortal remains of a dead horse, already in an advanced state of decomposition, I was rewarded by a neighbor named Pilcher with the loan of two dog-eared volumes by Bret Harte—The Luck of Roaring Camp and The Outcasts of Poker Flat. I found the noble-hearted gamblers therein described much more appealing than were the Sunday-school-book heroes who dripped with sugary goodness and enriched the patient listener with pious platitudes. Harte, in fact, had me almost persuaded to run away and follow in the steps of the forty-niners. I think it was the tranquilizing influence of David Copperfield, which came into my possession in exchange for a broken-bladed jackknife and a small but bona-fide cannon that could be loaded and fired with black powder, that prompted me to remain at home and demand less glamour from my immediate associates

But the great accession in the matter of reading seems to have been a coverless and tattered copy of The Count of Monte Cristo. I can no longer recall where or how I got it. But I remember that I was discovered poring over its opening pages and that it was promptly taken away from me as no fit and proper volume for a young boy to be wasting his time over. Day after day and week after week I searched for that hidden book, ready even to defy my mother in order to recover those tattered pages and determine what further events were to come out of the Château d'If. I found my lost volume eventually, tucked away behind a meal box in my mother's pantry. I found a new hiding place for it underneath a loose board in my bedroom floor. And night after night, when my school lessons were finished and my home work done and I was supposed to be sound asleep, I would slip out of bed, relight the little coal-oil lamp, resurrect my beloved volume and go wafting off over the seas of romance. When I heard my mother's heavy step on the stairs, coming up from her long day of labor, I'd hurriedly hide away the book and put out my lamp.

But one night, unfortunately, I read longer than I should have. I fell asleep, in fact, with the telltale lamp still burning and the forbidden novel still in my hand on the old patchwork quilt. At any other time, I think, my mother would have understood. But she was a harassed and toil-hardened woman at that period, and her one obsession was to see me succeed at my school studies. She knew nothing, I suppose, of a boy's secret hunger for high romance, of his craving for some glimpse of the light that never was on land or sea. At any rate, I was promptly awakened and confronted with my breach of trust and punished for the same by being forbidden to go fishing for perch along the overflow coves of our near-by river at high-water time, when one's catch was limited only to the number of fishworms in one's bait tin. The next morning The Count of Monte Cristo was burned in the dining-room range before my own stricken eyes. It was five long years before I could get my hands on a second copy and finish reading the story.

But the glamour, for some reason, had gone out of it. By that time I had grown into less of a dreamer and was more interested in the technical books that already impressed me as holding the key to power. For even in those days I had an itch for power. I remember being taken to Detroit, where, with a bag of peanuts in my hands, I sat on the new city hall steps and watched a military band march past. It was the first time I had ever heard a real band, a brass band. It sent shivers up and down my spine and pretty well went to my head. It spelled greatness to me. It stood for some proud and haughty pageantry of life which had always been denied me. And as I listened to those martial strains athrob with the beat of the big drum I rather giddily determined that some day I was going to be a great man. It seems, in a way, like the foolish mood of a foolish young hulk of a backwoodsman munching peanuts on a dusty stone step. But I can't help feeling that that was one of the most formative periods of all my life. It brought vision, and no life is great without vision.

On another occasion, for all my youth I was one day given an emergency job as flagman at a D. & B. crossing where a new culvert was being put in. That was a red-letter day for me, a grand and glorious day, when I stood in the middle of the muddy road with a red flag in my hand. There I savored my first taste of authority. With one wave of that flag I stopped the mufflered farmers on their loads of bagged grain; I imperiously checked the advance of the four-horse team hauling sills for the new post office; I grimly turned back the visiting bishop beside the local sky pilot in his lemon-crate top buggy; and I unconcernedly waved aside Old Man Hueffer behind his prancing roans. It was my first draught of power over other men. The joy of it, I'm afraid, rather went to my head. When there was no actual traffic to check, I stood ankle-deep in the mud, waving back imaginary caravans and arresting nonexistent captains of commerce. But I loved it, and my one lament was that my taste of power should be so fleeting.

My mother was always behind me in this aspiration toward bigger things. She had a blind faith in what book learning could do for a boy. She would never let me miss school. Even though the snow was waist-high, I was sent forth to my daily lessons. At night I was duly cross-examined and tutored and talked to; and most of my learning, I must confess, did not come to me through schools and schooling. I was through with schools, in fact, before I was fourteen years old. But I was not through with study.

When I was thirteen my mother's health began to fail. The winter before she had had an inflammation of the lungs, from which she never entirely recovered. Her cough stayed with her during the summer that followed, and she became frailer and frailer. I had to help her with the housework. I became pretty expert, as I remember it, as a dishwasher, for those stacks of smeared crockery were high enough to bring efficiency to the most awkward hand. But I took a strange pride in seeing those dinner dishes cleaned and polished and arrayed in rows. It was, I suppose, my awakening love for organization, for order and system. And my pride in that work even eclipsed the fear of ridicule at the hands of my boy friends—boy friends who clung stubbornly to the belief that all such labor was unfitted to the lordly male.

When school opened again, in the fall, my mother got a big-limbed Finn girl to help her with the housework. Her name was Drina. The men, at mealtime, joshed and jollied her until her milk-white skin would turn rose color. She pretended to dislike their teasing. But young as I was, I noticed that she never ran away from it. And in the end, I remember, she married one of the rivermen, who had bought a farm up on the Titabawassee. I also remember that I was called on to bolster up the family budget that fall by delivering four huge milk cans every morning to the depot platform. I'm not sure whether they were for shipment down the line or for use in the construction-gang camps.

But one morning as I drove up to the depot a strange thing happened. The agent, it seems, had been trying to revive a dying stove fire by using the kerosene can on it. I had backed up to the platform and was ready to lift down my first can of milk when I heard the explosion and saw him come running out of the station room with his clothes on fire. He flung himself down and tried to roll, I suppose to keep the flames away from his face. He rolled right across the wooden platform to the tail-board of my old spring wagon. When I saw him there, smoking and burning, I pulled the top off a milk can and tilted the whole six gallons over him as he threshed at himself like a boy fighting bees.

It troubled me, to think of wasting all that milk; but it did the trick. And the two of us used a second can to put out the fire in the station house, for there was no water handy.

Big Sam Callard, the head of the road, came up the line that afternoon and sent word over to the school that he wanted to see me. The other boys told me I was going to get hail Columbia for throwing away twelve good gallons of Big Sam's milk, and I half believed them.

But Big Sam didn't give me hail Columbia. He shook hands with me, and seemed surprised at my youth when he looked me over, and announced that I was made of the stuff that he wanted behind him in his work. He said there was a job waiting for me on the road any time I cared to take it.

I ran home, to carry this news to my mother. My joy was tempered, however, by the thought that she would never allow me to leave school. To be a railroad man had been the dream of my youth, and to have that prize thrust in my hand and then taken away again even gave a touch of bitterness to my thoughts as I went in over the worn old threshold. But my mother, this time, did not interfere with my movements. I found her in bed, stricken with a sudden hemorrhage.

She took my hand and held it hungrily. Something told me she was going to die, even when the others about the house stoutly denied it. I stole back to her and stood at her side in an agony of helplessness. She was the only one close to me in all the world

Her face grew softer in those last hours. I can remember that even her hand, the hand that used to be so hard and red with work, became pale and tender, like the hand of a great lady. She stroked my head when I bent over in a fit of helpless sobbing. She pushed my tumbled hair back and studied my face. I have never forgotten her eyes as she looked at me. In them I could see a great sorrow and a greater love for the boy she had to leave behind her. . . . Before midnight she was gone. . . .

That was the end of our home. After that, too, there was no more school. The following Monday I went to board with the Widow Remick and began work on the railroad. I began as call boy in the engine house. My job was to call the crews two hours before duty. We had two boys, for the night and day shifts, and my labors were light enough. But I couldn't regard myself as a railroad man. I was still more or less of an onlooker.

It wasn't until I went into the roundhouse as a wiper that I felt within the sacred circle. That great divide in my life became doubly marked when for the first time I donned long pants. I felt converted, overnight, into a man. My work in the roundhouse, it's true, was neither clean nor easy; but I loved the smell of hot oil and steam and wood smoke and the companionship of the iron horses that coughed in and out under the blackened roof. I liked, too, the mixing with stalwart and tobacco-chewing men whose casual blasphemies seemed almost a carelessly flaunted badge of courage. And I learned there what I was to learn over again a good many times afterward: I learned that labor could be man's best friend, that a full day was the best medicine for an empty home, that heavy work is the best cure for a heavy heart.

There was, I think, a tacit understanding among the men there that they were to make things as easy as they could for the new kid. They were kind to me, in their rough way. And I loved being in that cavernous-roofed and sooty roundhouse, among the tired engines being made ready for their next run. It seemed like being close to the heart of a vaguely organized power I couldn't quite understand. It consoled me in a way. But it could not altogether rid me of the desolation that still ached in my oil-stained young body. At night, in my lonely room at the Widow Remick's, I was even foolish enough to give way to tears. More than once, I guess, I blubbered myself to sleep like a five-year-old youngster.

There was one thing, I remember, that rather helped to buck me up. When I got my first pay I made good on a dream of my childhood and bought for myself exactly the kind of jackknife I'd always wanted. It was a huge and wonderful knife. I loved it as a mother loves a child. I carried that knife for ten long years, and the time came when I had reason to suspect that my own wife was jealous of it, for she formed the habit of scoffing at its weight and hiding it away before I decked myself out in my Sunday best. She said it turned me into a walking blacksmith shop; and she may have been right, for I remember that it had a saw blade and a hook for removing stones from a horse's foot and a blunt-edged spoon for reaming out a pipe bowl or removing wax from the ear. It also had a nail file and a can opener, a five-inch marking blade, a corkscrew, a toothpick, a bistoury for slitting pigs, and, last of all, a hollow shank with a glass-beaded peephole wherein one glimpsed a plump and pink-tinted lady in fleshings. At least one-half the appurtenances of that complicated implement, it is true, were of no immediate use to me. But what I liked about it, I think, was its power, its promise of service in unforeseen emergency; and it was something entirely my own, bought with my own money.

But a knife is only a knife, and mere metal could not fill the great want in my life. I realized that fact when a fireman named Whelen, a great rabbit hunter and lover of dogs, came to me one day and told

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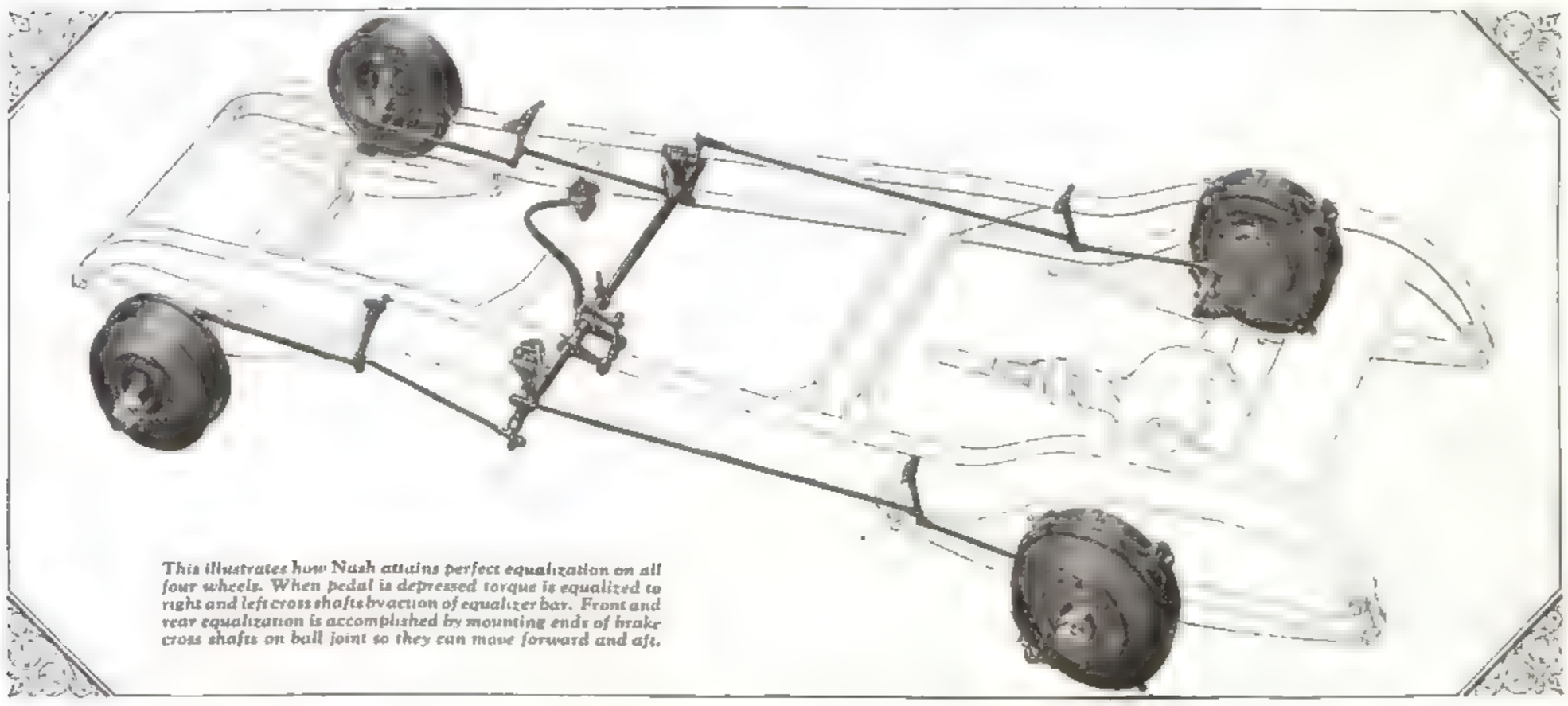
NASH

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value



This illustrates how Nash attains perfect equalization on all four wheels. When pedal is depressed torque is equalized to right and left cross shafts bv action of equalizer bar. Front and rear equalization is accomplished by mounting ends of brake cross shafts on ball joint so they can move forward and aft.

The Industry's Greatest Four-Wheel Brake Achievement

Unquestionably Nash-type mechanical four-wheel brakes are the safest, the simplest, and the most practical in the industry. Such a strong assertion would be an extravagance were not the evidence of their superiority so conclusive. Briefly, here are their ten distinguishing features:

1 Nash-type four-wheel brakes are fully equalized—to right and left, to front and rear. The dangerous, swerving characteristic of partially equalized brakes is entirely eliminated.

2 They have been engineered to an unique degree of clean, simplified design.

3 They have fewer points requiring lubrication than any other mechanical brake system known.

4 They are entirely encased in front and thus kept completely free from dirt and water.

5 They are permanent of adjustment. This has been attained through the use of extremely large braking surfaces.

6 They are not hampered by heat or cold but operate perfectly in all temperatures and climates.

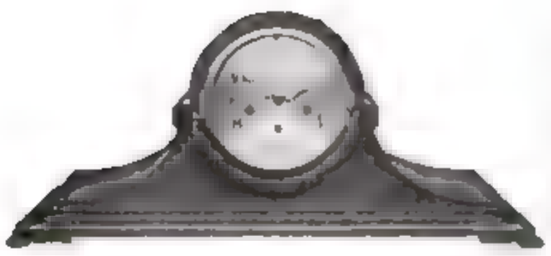
7 The shoes in Nash front-wheel brakes are made of light weight aluminum die castings—a very strong and costly construction.

8 Perfect steering control is assured by a scientific distribution of the pressure so that 60% is applied to the rear brakes and 40% to the front.

9 Nash grinds the brake lining to a perfect finish after it is applied to the shoes. Thus the brakes grip the wheels with absolute surety and velvety smoothness.

10 Nash disc wheels are specially designed to house the front brakes snugly. Both wheel and tire form a protecting shield to the brake.

Four-wheel brakes are standard Nash equipment on all Advanced Six and Special Six models at no extra cost.



ANSONIA CLOCKS

ANSONIA offers you a clock for every need. The ANSONIA line ranges from the dignified mahogany mantel clock, with its sweet-toned Westminster chimes, to the necessary, but beautiful and dependable, alarm clocks. It also includes low-priced but good-looking watches which are excellent timekeepers. You can always rely on an ANSONIA.

Sonia No. 1. Illustrated above, sounds at each quarter hour the melodious chimes of Westminster. Spirit level on dial indicates when clock is in beat; adjustable feet for leveling. Case of hand-rubbed mahogany; 10" high, 23" wide, 7½" deep $55.00
Raised bronze numerals, $5.00 extra.

Tambour No. 1. Strikes the hour and half hour on two sweet-toned chime rods. Eight-day movement. Silvered dial; antique, gold finished sash. Mahogany finished case, 9½" high, 17" wide $16.00

Bradford. Has antique, tinted dial and colored picture in door panel. Eight-day, hour and half-hour gong strike. Mahogany finished case, 14½" high, 9½" wide $16.00

Squareclox are made in seven models. *Square Simplex*, illustrated, is *the only 10-day automatic alarm clock*; 5½" high×4½" wide. $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra

Mentor is a stem-wind watch, heavily nickel-plated case. Has a 30 hour movement $1.50
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, 75 cents extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P. New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 70)

me nothing bucked a fellow up like a good hound pup. He led me over to a shed that evening, where a hound of his was lying with a litter of eight pups. I can still recall the wave of joy that went through me when he told me to take my pick. It was supper-time, in that four-legged family, and there was one husky little beggar that seemed more active in rooting his brothers aside and claiming the mother teat that others tried to preëmpt. He knew what he wanted, that pup, and he knew how to go after it. That was the pup I chose, and I christened him Rooter on the spot.

Rooter and I became fast friends, and the nuzzling of his companionable little nose in my hand in time drove the desolation out of my soul. I fed him and trained him and kept him in a kennel made out of an old nail keg. He was something to come home to. And of a Sunday we'd go off fishing or tramp the woods together and bring back enough black squirrel and rabbit to pay for his board and keep. And when I started in to study again he'd sit by night with his nose across my knee and gaze up at me with the hungry faith that can make a man wonder why his own two-legged breed so seldom hangs to a friendship without a string to it.

It was Rooter who kept me from going sour; and it was Rooter who, two winters later, when I was skating on the river and went through the ice, brought red-whiskered old Sandy MacIntosh from the pumping station and gave him a chance to push the end of a fence rail under my chin before I let my half-frozen body slip back beneath the broken rubber ice floating around me. He had a bark like a bell, that dog, and an eye like a girl's, and a heart that wouldn't quail before a truckload of tom lynxes.

But the important point, at this time, was that I had begun my life as a railroad man. I was a strong boy and I liked to show my strength. I was a wolf for work. So I soon became a machinist's helper. My secret hope was to climb up through the position of machinist and graduate from the roundhouse to the big erecting or repair shops, and there some day be foreman, and from foreman to forge on to master mechanic or superintendent of rolling stock. But Big Sam Callard, who had been keeping an eye on me, saw fit to direct me otherwise. He put me in the yard for a few weeks and then transferred me to brakeman on one of his mixed trains. He told me he liked my idea of trying to learn engineering through correspondence courses—which the other men had rather laughed at—and advised me never to cease to observe and study and work for the road.

It was while braking on that mixed train that I first met Aggie Newton. She was the daughter of a farm owner up the line, and once a week she went to town on the mixed for a music lesson. I wasn't altogether unaware of those trips. I was shy, though, and there must have been a considerable number of music lessons before I found courage to speak to the demure and quiet-eyed girl in the red-lined woolen cape.

I was little more than a youngster then; but I decided, in my own mind, that Aggie Newton was the girl I was going to marry. That dingy old day coach seemed brighter when Aggie was sitting in it. I can still remember the rose pink that swept up into her face when she had left her mittens in the car seat and I had them waiting for her on the next trip to town. We became quite friendly after that and had a good many talks together. Before, I hadn't thought much of my brakeman's job. But I was sorry when Big Sam Callard told me he was going to put me on to firing on one of his engines; and it didn't add to my happiness to find that Archie Hueffer had fallen into the habit of driving Aggie back to the depot in his father's canopy-top phaeton when she started for home again.

I had, of course, to go through my first examination as fireman. They weren't so formal in those days as they are now, but I was more nervous about it all than I pretended. To advertise my off-handedness, in fact, I confronted the examiner with a partly consumed bull's-eye in my mouth. A bull's-eye, I might explain, is an old-fashioned confection, a ball of brightly colored candy, like an all-day sucker without its stick. And I can still remember the examiner's disdainful eye as he watched me remove the half-dissolved ball from between my jaws.

"You know your train rules, kid, and you know your engine," he said to me. "And you strike me as husky enough to throw wood into the box. But you've got to cut out the sugar-teats before you can get to runnin' a D. & B. locomotive."

So I bought me a razor and began to shave once a week, whether I needed it or not. A few days later I was put to work bucking a wood-burner in the gravel pits. After that I fired for a logger on an upper-valley side line. It was hard work, but I liked it; and at night, wherever I could get a lamp and three feet of chair room, I studied my textbooks.

When it came time for promotion to locomotive engineer the superintendent stopped short and said, "Rusk, how old do you make yourself out to be?"

For even then it was in the rules, of course, that no man under twenty-one years of age could be eligible for an engineer's position.

I found the nerve to force a grin as I asked him, "Do you mean officially or as a friend of the family?" But he didn't relax a line.

"I'm making up your examination papers," he solemnly retorted, "and I want your official age." He waited for me to say something. "Are you twenty-one?" he finally demanded. My spirits sagged at that, for I knew the rules well enough.

"No, sir; I'm only eighteen," I had to tell him.

That seemed to make him mad. He stared down at my papers and then he fixed a cold eye on me.

"How old are you?" he repeated, his heavy jaw shut over his shiny celluloid collar.

"Eighteen," I said again.

He hit the table with his fist.

"Damn you, you're not eighteen!" he bellowed back at me. "You're twenty-one! Remember that, you dunderhead! From today on you're officially twenty-one!"

So when I was still three years under age I got charge of my engine. I became a hogger. They could afford to do things in that fashion in the old days, because conditions were unique. The pioneer is not prone to be strong on precedent. You're apt to stretch the rules a trifle when you're chronically short of men and short of cash, and Big Sam Callard was something more than a mere pioneer with that little eighty-eight-mile system of his up in the woods. He was a great man and a great spirit, a great constructive spirit, and I thank God that I started my work under the wing of a man of that breed. If I've done anything worth while in this world, it's because I've always tried to snatch at a little of the bigness of Big Sam Callard. At that time he had thirty miles of road from Lint to Nagisaw. Another fifty-odd miles of his road ran northwesterly to Pineland. But it was only a little one-horse logging line up in the neck of the woods, wondering where it was going to steal its next flat car and how it was going to keep alive after it had eaten up the timber along its right of way.

But Big Sam was a farseeing man. He had vision, and that put him wise to at least two things. He saw that the timber could not last forever, and he saw that under prevailing conditions he couldn't hope to stand up against the Eastern trunk line which ran across his big valley and with which he interchanged. He could contribute traffic to the big fellows, but because of the limited chance of service he could render his own community, compared with the wider distribution of the trunk lines, he knew that eventually he could be starved out behind his own fences. So he fought like a cornered rat and worked like a hungry badger. He had to battle for elbow room.

In sheer self-protection, stage by stage and mile by mile, Big Sam was compelled to stretch out the trackage of the D. & B. How he did it is a long story and a tangled story, a story of fighting ever-shifting rivals and holding in check the ever-hungry financial men of the East—to whom his little line was merely a single pawn on a crowded board—and holding up payments until traffic brought in another batch of the much-needed dollars.

But he hung on to his road, and he did even more. He not only kept it alive but he made the thing grow—grow like a rock pine without enough rootage, apparently, to feed a maiden-hair fern. He expanded that backwoods string of rust until he'd forced a connection with three trunk-line systems that finally touched his district, three lordly roads that swept by his lean little right of way when it was stretched out like a rubber band ready to break. That, of course, was at the eastern end. At the other end of his line he also kept crawling out, carrying the steel westward as the successively depleted forest growth forced him on into newer areas in the desperate search for traffic. He spread quietly, like a disease. It was more like buccaneering than building; some of it, now and then, being done under the cover of darkness, with the legal department to clean up the debris after the field had been won. There was blamed little brass band and driving of gold spikes in those days.

But by the time the old D. & B. army worm had crawled westward in search of more pine, and got within reach of Lake Michigan, his territory providentially found itself rich in salt wells. That gave Big Sam both a financial breathing spell and a not inconsiderable accession of west-bound traffic. He saw the wisdom of getting across Lake Michigan and linking up with his natural salt-distributing territory by means of vessels at first and car ferries later on. He also had a weather eye open for those newer fields of traffic in the West, when the home-state timber would be a thing of the past. He foresaw what was coming and planned and fought and built to meet it halfway. He could see that Ohio, on the East, would remain a heavy lumber-consuming state, and that conviction took him toward Toledo like a milk snake toward a cream jar. But he also realized, once he could get a western connection, that Ohio bituminous coal could be carried to the other side of Lake Michigan, that a share of the Pennsylvania anthracite traffic might be picked up, and that even New England merchandise and Pittsburgh steel might be made to roll over our rails on their way to Wisconsin and Minnesota and Dakota. And from these latter states, in turn, we had a chance for the grain and flour that had to go East.

Big Sam managed to get his hooks on a goodly share of it, until wider traffic could give him wider chances. Then, reaching out for the dairy and Chicago packing-house traffic, he fought his next fight for direct contact with the trunk lines at Buffalo.

I was too new at the game in those days to see just what he was stretching out for. But I can remember the bitterness with which he used to rail against what he called the Chicago gang, until he got what he was after from them.

"That nabob in a tail coat tells me that if I don't sit tight he'll pick up my little tin road and throw it in his wastebasket! Damn him, I had that dude eatin' out of my hand before he could get around to a change of spats! And my little tin road'll be big enough to pry him out of American finance before I'm through with him!" So Big Sam used to storm. Once I heard him say, with the corners of his big, grim mouth pulled down, "The seaboard or bust!" And I knew it wasn't bluster. He wasn't the blustering kind.

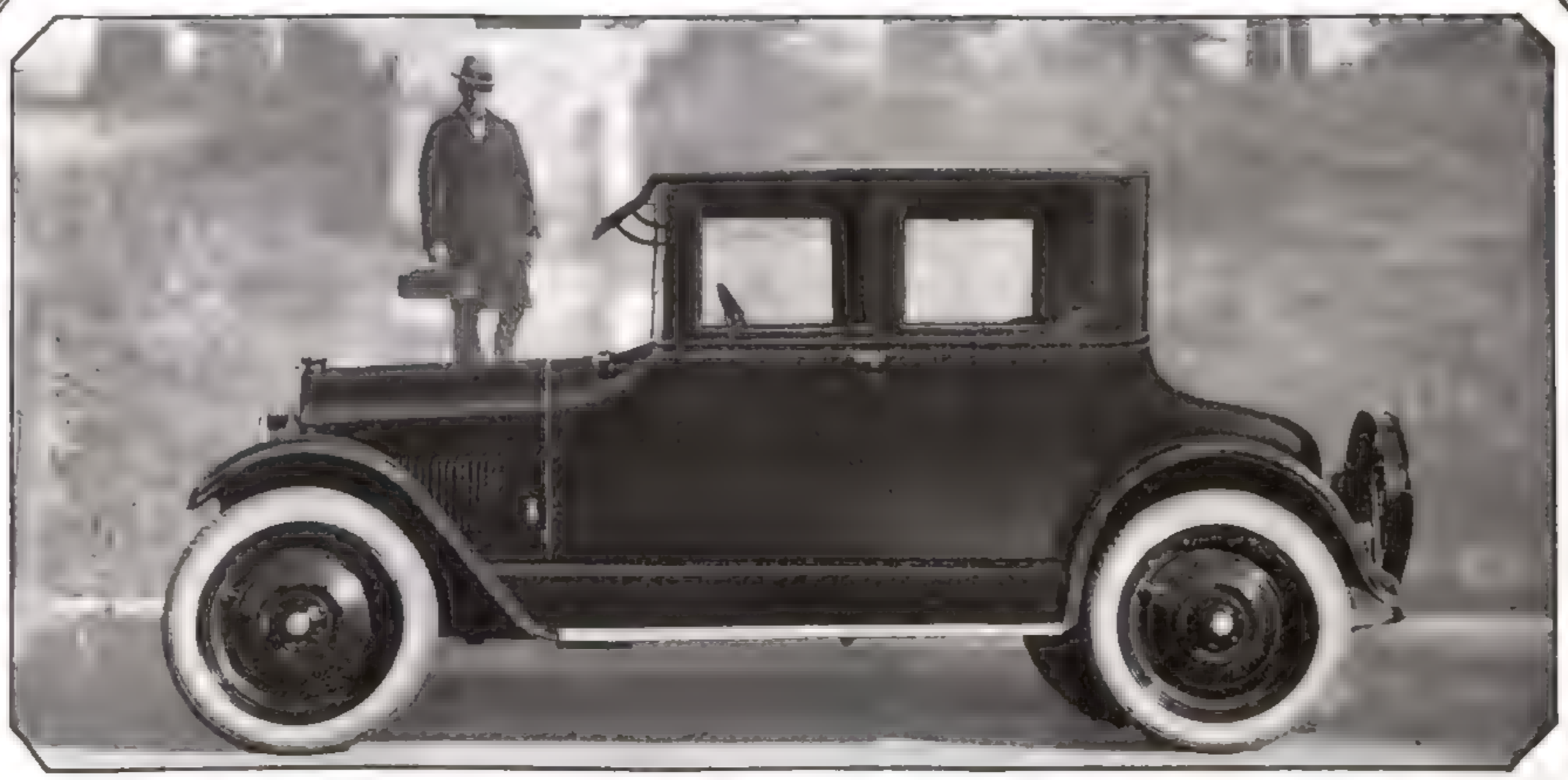
But it was some time before I realized just what he was after. He intended to drive the old D. & B. right down to the Atlantic. With his own head and hand, I suppose, he would have done it, if the Lord had let him live. But the Lord has the habit of sweeping the board clean sometimes, before the game's half finished. So Big Sam was taken, just when he began to see light at the end of his tunneling. He had to leave his job, and a younger head and hand had to take it up.

It seems queer, looking back over it all, that the kid he'd taken on for emptying a milk can over a station agent, should have been the man to step into Sam Callard's shoes. But Big Sam had been grooming me for something like that long before I got wise to it. There were times when I felt like kicking over the traces, in the old days, when he shunted me from position to position and let me sop up all there was in one berth just to shift me on to another. But he saw I had the driving power, and he wanted me to know the business, outside and inside. And perhaps I added a trick or two that Big Sam had never shaken out of the bag.

There was nothing essentially miraculous in what Callard had done with the D. & B. The miracle was that he could carry it through under such heartbreaking conditions. The Wabash did very much the same thing, extending from Kansas City and St Louis, through Detroit and Toledo to Buffalo. For a time, when they controlled the Wheeling and Lake Erie, they even got into Pittsburgh and dreamed of

(Continued on Page 74)

DURANT FOUR
for VALUE



DURANT 4-PASSENGER COUPE, $1160
f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

THE recent reduction in prices of Durant cars has created great interest among the public and the trade.

With the new flexible motor, and the roomy, comfortable, well-built bodies, Durant cars offer unsurpassed value per dollar of price.

Note these prices, then see the Durant line.

PRICES
f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

Touring	$ 830
Coach	$1050
4-Passenger Coupe	$1160
Sedan	$1190

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

FOUR GREAT PLANTS: ELIZABETH, N. J. -- LANSING, MICH. -- OAKLAND, CAL. -- TORONTO, ONT.

It's a delight to drive a Durant

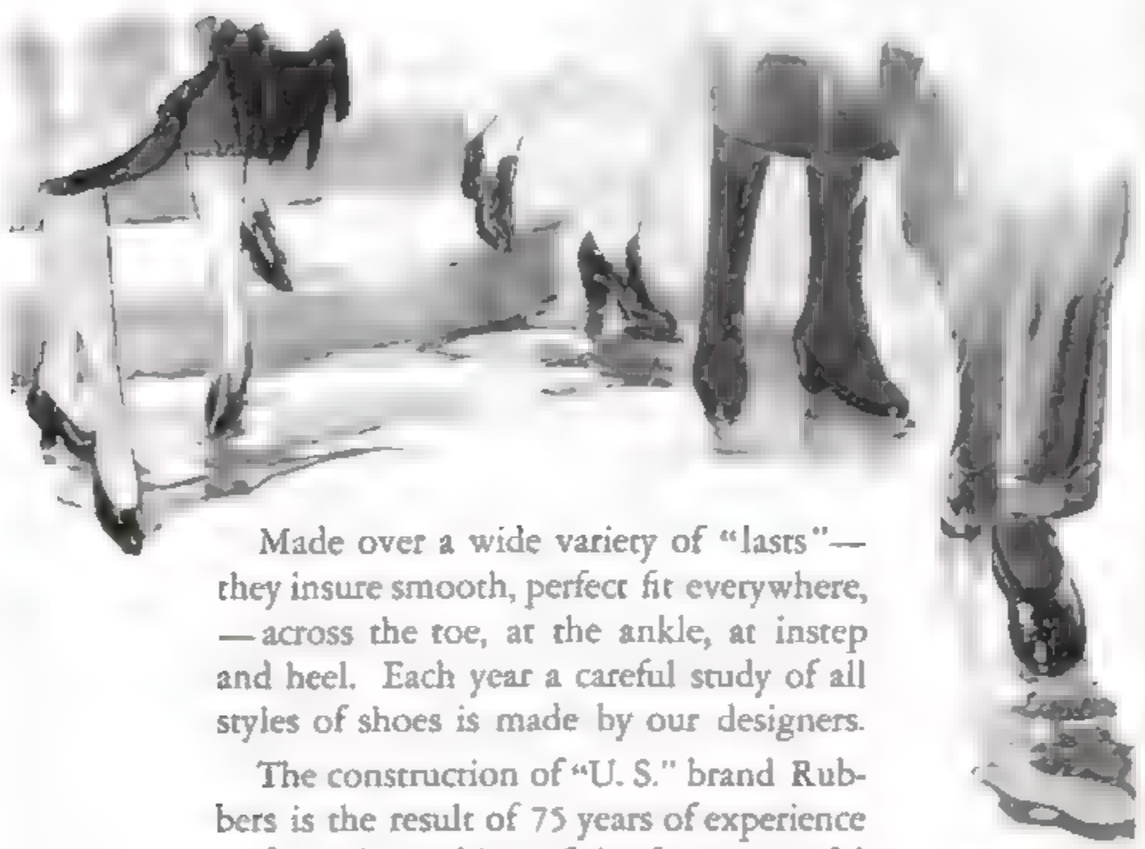
Longer wear—better fit!

BEFORE they leave the factory—the wear of "U.S." brand Rubbers and Arctics has actually been tested and *measured to the finest fraction of an inch!*

In making these tests every single effect of months of hard wear is duplicated by remarkable machines.

One of the machines used in our testing laboratories is illustrated below. These rigid tests make possible the longer wear "U.S." Rubbers are built to give.

"U.S." brand Rubbers and Arctics are as carefully designed for style as the shoes they cover.



Made over a wide variety of "lasts"—they insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere, —across the toe, at the ankle, at instep and heel. Each year a careful study of all styles of shoes is made by our designers.

The construction of "U. S." brand Rubbers is the result of 75 years of experience —from the making of the first successful rubbers, down to the master brand that bears the "U. S." Trade-mark today.

Whether you want rubbers or arctics—for men, women or children—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U. S." line.

Look for the "U. S." Trade-mark. "U. S." Rubbers cost no more and wear longer.

United States Rubber Company

When will the first tiny crack appear?

Under the constant bending and wrinkling, poor rubber soon cracks or breaks. In the machine shown at left strips cut from "U S" Rubbers are bent back and forth like the hinges of a door—thousands upon thousands of times. A magnifying glass is used to detect the first signs of checking or cracking.

Ask for

"U.S." Rubbers

Trade Mark.

All styles and sizes for Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 72)

swinging down through the Western Maryland to the seaboard. But the Wabash had the millions of the Goulds behind it, and the old D. & B. had to scramble for its money the same as a street cat scrambles about for its meals. Why, there were times when pay day forgot where it had gone! There were times when if we couldn't beg an interswitched car we'd steal it. But we all felt that we were just one family, and if finances were low, we were willing to wait.

For example, when one of our early way freights killed a farmer's cow and the owner of the animal was around in half an hour with a demand for payment, that train crew had a mighty sympathetic understanding of our superintendent's dilemma. Every man jack of them had substantial reasons for knowing there was no money in the pay car, and none in the head office and none in the bank. The superintendent sat down on a tie and thought the matter out. He remembered that lawsuits were an expensive luxury. He remembered, too, that suicidal bovines had a mysterious way of moving up both in price and in the pedigree book after their decease anywhere in the immediate neighborhood of a railroader's right of way.

But there was one other thing he remembered. Carrying supplies up to the logging camps had taught him that those husky ax swingers were ardent consumers of fresh meat. So he went back to where the farmer was still shaking a dolorous head over his dead thoroughbred.

"See here, my man," that superintendent curtly remarked, "I can't hold up traffic to argue about a cow. You say your cow's worth forty dollars. Well, hold off on this claim talk for twenty-four hours and you'll get your forty dollars. You'll get it from me in cash, on the down run. Is that clear? Meet us at the water tank tomorrow afternoon and your money'll be waiting for you."

The farmer went back to his plowing. Then our train crew quietly swung the carcass up into a box car. There, behind closed doors, strange rites were indulged in and the offal flung overboard and the neatly quartered Holstein stowed away before sundown. But the grub boss of the logging camp got fresh beef at a reasonable figure next morning, less freight charges and butcher's profits. The salvaged hide even was disposed of for three dollars, and out of the total proceeds the owner of the departed animal was duly paid in full and there was the considerable sum of two dollars and twenty-eight cents remaining, to be officially credited to freight earnings.

We were so hard up in those days that we almost hated to see another mile added to our line, the same as a day laborer with an empty pantry is not overly elated at the addition of another pair of twins to his family. But whatever we were, we were at least one family, and we all had to scratch for a living. Since we had only bonds on the property, and a capital stock for which no money had been paid in, and no working funds or cash in the bank worth mentioning, we had to forage for the wherewithal to keep us alive.

We had only one connection at the beginning, and that a far from friendly one, our big rival from the East despising us as a weak-kneed outfit and standing suspicious of us as a would-be trespasser on its territory. But we were friendly enough ourselves. We borrowed their links and pins and under cover of night quietly and companionably shoved the borrowed cars, newly possessed of broken drawbars, onto their tracks. We frugally greased the palm of more than one of the big-road switchmen to let us swipe a string of open tops now and then. But we kept the cars moving.

Pay day didn't come around for the boys until the fifteenth of the month after it was due, so the rabbit of earnings always scampered two weeks ahead of the hounds of pay roll; and when it came to ties and fuel and supplies we simply had to sit back and wait, like a panhandler in a park, until a new bunch of traffic gave us a new chance to purchase.

I've heard Big Sam tell how in his first winter of operating he carried on with a staff of nineteen, a train crew of five men, an agent, a clerk and a roustabout, a machinist and his helper, and two section gangs, one of four laborers and one of three behind their foremen. But I've also heard one of those foremen say that when Big Sam was ready to see a tie taken out from under the ruts, it was lifted out in shovelfuls. In other words, it was used until it rotted away.

I've said we all felt like one family in those earlier days, and that must be a pretty hard thing for a 1925 operative to understand. There's a different feeling along the line in these enlightened times. But with us the organization wasn't so big that it swamped the individual. When you're running a railroad with a staff of fifty or sixty men, those men have a pretty good chance of knowing one another; and if the road is losing money, they're all going to be wise to it. What's more, they know that if their road's going under, they go with it. It's like a school class where the teacher knows every face on the little short line of wooden benches. So the old D. & B. men had a personal interest in keeping that road alive, in nursing it through its cholera-infantum age.

When Big Sam traveled over his system he went in one of our secondhand passenger coaches, or if it proved to be an all-freight, shared the caboose with the conductor. I've even seen him climb down and with his own hands help unload goods from a side-door Pullman. And at other times I've seen a ticket puncher tiptoe up to the big boss, rubbing his hands together and whispering, "This is a great day, Mr. Callard. The old girl's carrying a hundred and seventy-nine dollars on this one down trip!" Conditions such as this may have given rise to the unjustly circulated story that our early trains used to be held at the station until the conductor had collected enough cash fares to buy coal for the locomotive.

But if we were never that bad, there were other instances where the one-family idea came into active enough operation. Like Napoleon's army, we had to crawl on our stomach. Our little two-by-four road could keep alive only if its home territory kept alive. So, naturally, it had to be largely a matter of give and take.

We had a switch man named Slimson, who fell from grace when he was suspected of teaming home bridge timber and grain-door boards to build a cowshed. When, during the still small hours of the morning, Slimson was discovered hooking his engine onto a car of coal left by our competitor too temptingly close to our tracks, we let our coal dock quietly absorb that coal as the anaconda absorbs the pullet—and the earlier offense, of course, was officially overlooked.

And in the same way, when the home town, which housed what by a wild stretch of the imagination they used to call headquarters, woke up to the fact that it needed electric light, it was Big Sam who engineered the proposition, just as he gave it a fire bell by having a rail bent into a triangle and mounted in a frame. He saw that the bush farmers wanted their land cleared, just as they wanted a little living money. But there was no immediate market for cordwood. He saw that the town merchants couldn't live if the farmers had empty pockets. He also saw that his baby road had to make traffic or go glimmering. So he jumped in and did the sagaciously commonplace thing of quietly organizing a plant to burn wood—wood which he would have a chance to haul. That is, he organized a plant to burn wood to produce steam to make electricity to light the town to obtain a center where trade and factory produce could be made to interplay with the surrounding community. It was the-house-that-jack-built principle applied to pioneering conditions. So township by township the bush was shouldered back. As the power plant ate the timber, acre by acre potatoes and grain and livestock took the place of the vanished tree boles. That meant freight for markets even beyond the little home town.

But as the wheatlands widened there was one fly in the ointment. Our gross trunk-line rival got the longer haul on the grain to the big city and on the manufactured flour and feed that came back to us from this city. Big Sam sensed that it would be wiser to keep those freight charges in the pockets of the farmers along his own D & B. It meant, of course, more money for distribution throughout the community served by our road. So he embarked on the next stupendously simple venture. At his one-horse terminal town he organized a flouring mill and ground his incoming grain and made his outbound flour right at home.

Then came the next step. There was more money in dressed lumber than in logs. In our timber territory the lumberman was the pioneer. After the lumbermen came the cedar men. And after the cedar men

(Continued on Page 76)

To motor in the new Hupmobile Eight is to glide so smoothly and softly that the road seems paved with velvet.

Herein this car brings a new ease and a new freedom to motoring. You relax and rest. You revel in great power, fluid and constant in action, imparting a new steadiness, with never so much as a hint or murmur of "roughness" from the engine—mechanism sure and silent to the point where you almost forget its very existence.

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Four body types, not excelled within $1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, $2375, Four-passenger Coupe, $2325, Touring Car and Roadster, $1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added. Equipment includes balloon tires, bumper front and rear, winter-front, snubbers, transmission lock, cigar lighter with extension cord and inspection lamp, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror. ¶ Hupmobile four-cylinder cars, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field

This in a measure foretells the new delight that awaits you in the Hupmobile Eight, but you cannot grasp its full meaning, of course, until you have had the actual experience of driving the car and riding in it.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

(Continued from Page 74

came the pail-timber men and the charcoal burners, and then the shingle-bolt men, and then the factory-made product that can run all the way from wooden automobile wheels to dining-room furniture. So, with new and widening settlements, there was naturally more traffic in dressed lumber and finished building material than with the same stuff with the bark on or merely rough sawed.

Big Sam accordingly got busy. He crowbarred factories into his territory and coaxed finishing mills along his line. He quoted them bargain rates and baited the hook with a promise of free switching. He solemnly guaranteed them a car supply and a train service as good as they could get along the rival trunk line—though heaven knows where, in times of stress, he used to steal his box cars! Then came still another step. Borings in our big valley had disclosed two things. One of these, as I've already mentioned, was underlying salt water, the other was a seam or two of coal. The coal was not the best in the world and it was in limited quantity; but it was coal, something better than slabs to feed to our hungry hauling engines.

Big Sam investigated and experimented. He tried it out in his locomotives and found it a failure. But he didn't give up. He made changes in his engine gratings and tried again, and he got the stuff to burn. So, instead of hauling in Ohio and Pennsylvania coal, the valley began to dig its own bituminous and keep its money at home. With the development of the mill industry, too, there had developed a worry as to what was to be done with the waste material. Slab wood was no longer burned on the road; and to leave mountains of edgings and sawdust to rot away did not look like good business to Big Sam—and this, remember, was considerably before the day of the efficiency expert.

So the old man devised a plan of using this waste material for the making of steam. What he wanted the steam for was not disclosed—at least, not until the ground was cleared and the ropes laid for his new venture. And then it was seen that he proposed to use his steam for pumping and evaporating the brine which he'd always wanted to get into salt barrels and on its way to Chicago. He built up a new industry. And when he was busy looking after the town sites he didn't neglect the country. He let his great driving power show itself by buying up wild land on his own hook, often enough with trivial enough initial payments, and giving this a chance to be converted into stock farms. He wanted to show his friends and neighbors the possibilities of that valley, and he did it by running a few farms of his own, and running them at a profit.

But above all things he wanted to bring in more neighbors. His fixed idea in railroading, as far as I could see, was this: If you've got a customer who's all your own, give him the last kick of service he calls for. If your customer can use a rival line, give him your surplus energy, but only your surplus. Feed the country that feeds your road. Watch your ties, but think three moves ahead of the game. Give men your best and demand the same from them. Never waste a clinker of coal on a run or a tablespoon of gravel on a right of way. And never waste time on regrets!

I have a photograph of Big Sam in my room, taken in the early days before cameramen learned to play tricks with their soft focus and their light effects. It's a savage old face, with an unexpected amount of gentleness in it, and perhaps a touch of guile. But the thing that still impresses me is its solemnity. They took life less lightly in the old days.

I still have the picture of Lincoln that my mother hung above my little wooden bed. It's a face as rugged and serious as Big Sam Callard's.

I used to lie in bed, as a boy, and study that face as the morning sun crept across the raw wooden boards and lit up the cavernous eyes that could be courageous with faith at the same time they were morose with knowledge. Newt, I remember, used to laugh at the old portrait groups I kept hung up on my office wall. He used to call them pompous old birds and make fun of their whiskers. But when I study those old groups I see something in them I can't find in the younger faces around me today. There's a lean and questioning wistfulness, a shadow of some nobler desire on the older faces. They don't seem to fit in with the flabbier, more finicky, more facetious, more skeptical faces of today. They were sadder and they were stronger; and they were heavier, too, I suppose, for with all their grimness and their pioneer solemnity, they seem to have missed some sort of saving lightness that takes this younger generation over the rough places where we hacked our way through with a hand ax.

But Tassie has just come in and told me that I've done enough for one day. And from the look on Wallie's face, as he winds up for the afternoon, I guess the lad's not going to die of a broken heart because Tassie has to motor him over to Los Angeles in the canoe roadster before my vice president starts East on the Sante Fe. They belong to the younger generation. They'll take the drive curve on two wheels, laughing as they go; and I'll sit here looking after them, the old engine fearing a crumpled crown sheet, thinking of the past.

TO BE CONTINUED

Silver Edge Raybestos

BRAKE SERVICE
What It Means to You

All the essentials which make for safe and adequate brakes are included in Raybestos Brake Service. Nothing is left to chance. Nothing should be left to chance when life depends upon the brakes.

First, there is genuine Silver Edge Raybestos. Raybestos is imitated in appearance; similar names like "Thisbestos" and "Thatbestos" are intended to confuse the purchaser, but Raybestos *Quality* has never been duplicated.

Correct application is just as important as Raybestos. In your vicinity there is a Raybestos Service Station directed by a brake specialist.

High Speed Raybestos Brake Relining Equipment, electrically driven, is used to drill and countersink the lining so that the Raybestos Tubular Brass Rivets can be sunk below the surface of the lining.

This Method prevents squeaking brakes and scored drums plus longer brake life, better brakes and real brake economy.

Illustration shows how securely Raybestos is applied to the band. Rivets are countersunk and do not come in contact with the brake drums.

Why pay just as much for doubtful lining and antiquated methods of application? Why take the chance, when just around the corner is the Raybestos man and Raybestos safety?

Forward the coupon and we'll send name of the nearest Raybestos Brake Service Station.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.
THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont
RAYBESTOS-BELACO CO., Ltd., London, England

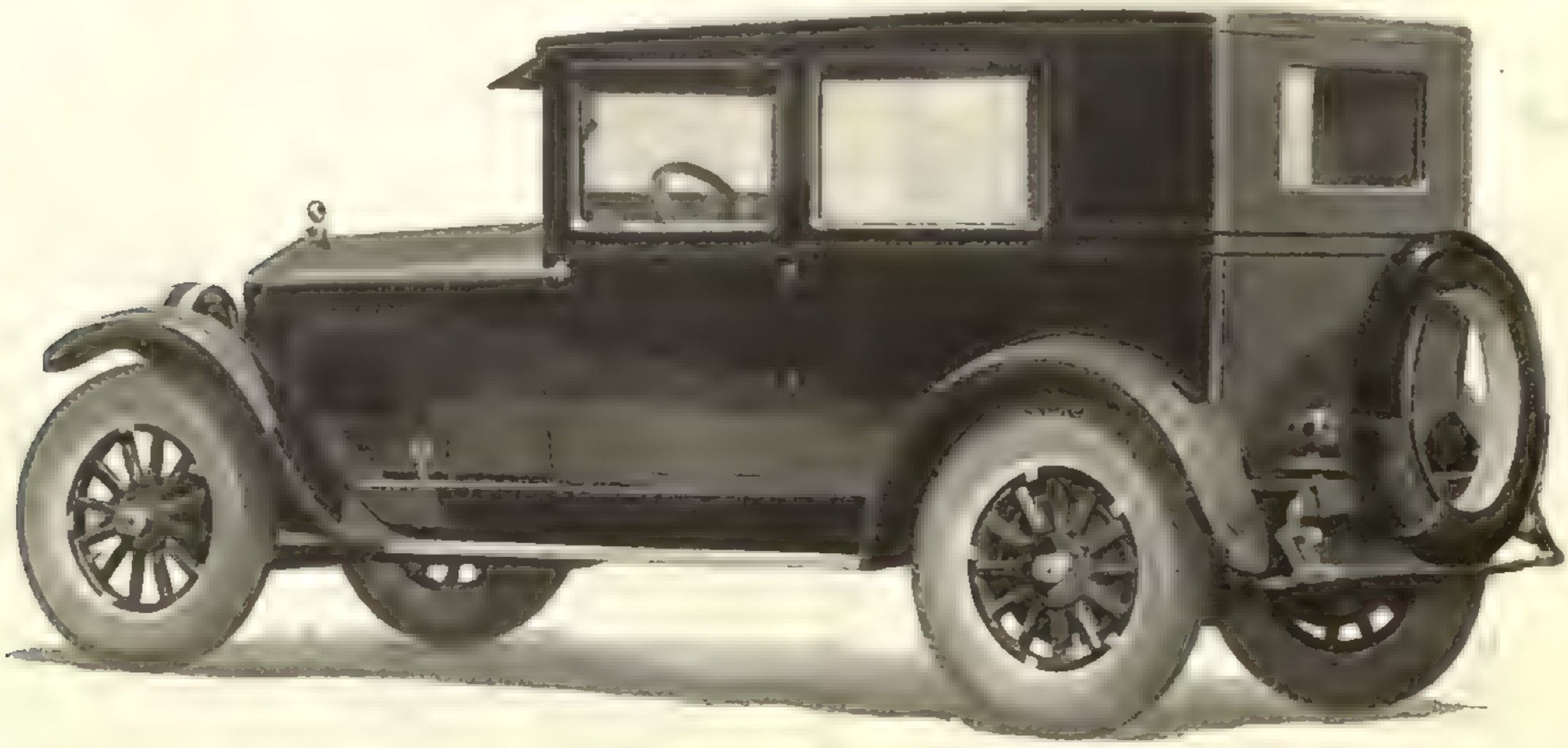
The Raybestos Company,
Bridgeport, Conn.
Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of the Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.

My Name

Address

ESSEX-6-COACH $895

Freight and Tax Extra



None Can Copy Its Chief Value

The Chassis is Patented

The Finest Essex Ever Built

The easiest riding and driving Essex ever built.

The finest Essex in materials and workmanship ever built.

The smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built.

The best looking Essex ever built.

And at the lowest price for which Essex ever sold.

The Essex is built on the Super-Six principle, by Hudson workmen in Hudson shops.

In quality Hudson and Essex are alike.

Essex is a totally different type. It gives results no other car ever gave.

Low price, without disappointment in looks or reliability.

Economy without sacrifice of performance.

Stability and highest roadability without unnecessary weight.

The riding ease of large, costly cars. The handling ease of a bicycle. Utter simplicity in design.

The lowest maintenance cost, we believe, of any car in the world.

These qualities make it the most wanted and largest selling car of its class in the world.

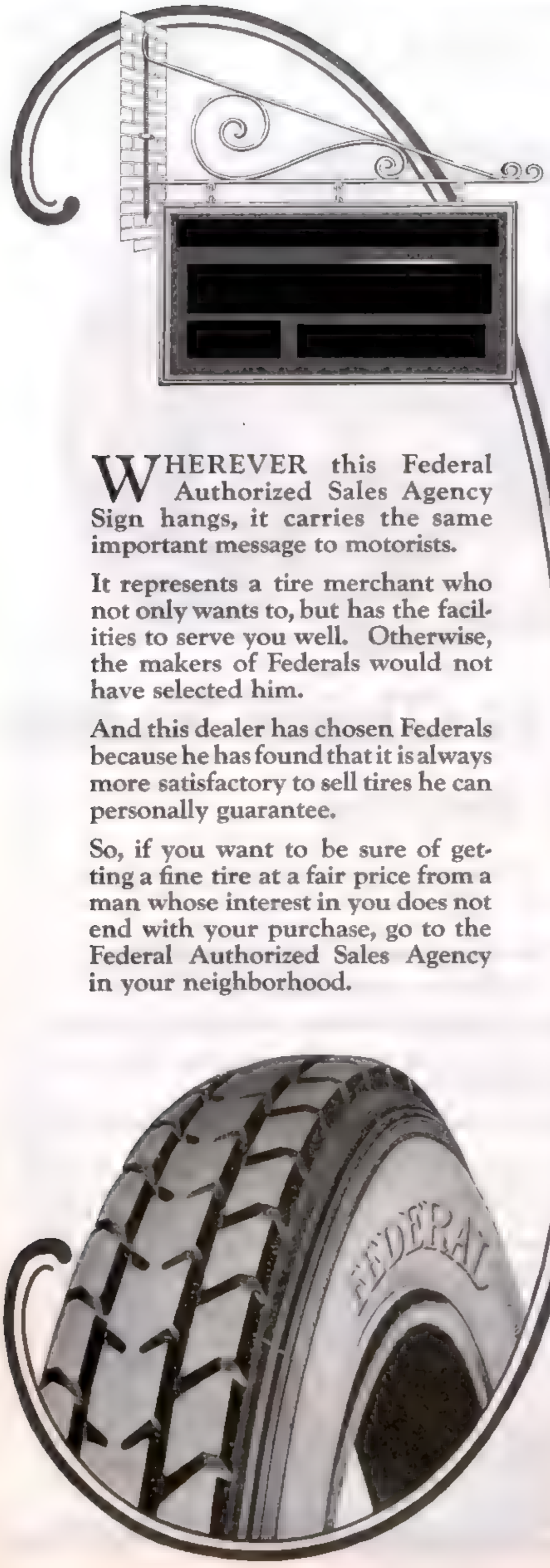
Just as the Coach idea and Coach name have been extensively copied, even by costliest cars, so must future mechanical design seek to approximate the results Essex gives.

But these cannot be copied. The chassis is patented. The patents which make the Super-Six the most enduring, smoothest motor and give it advantages sought in eight-cylinder cars, also prevent any from copying its chassis.

Cost considered Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note its smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price. And consider that two of every three buyers of Essex cars come to it from those who formerly owned cars whose only appeal is low cost.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company – in any Service



WHEREVER this Federal Authorized Sales Agency Sign hangs, it carries the same important message to motorists.

It represents a tire merchant who not only wants to, but has the facilities to serve you well. Otherwise, the makers of Federals would not have selected him.

And this dealer has chosen Federals because he has found that it is always more satisfactory to sell tires he can personally guarantee.

So, if you want to be sure of getting a fine tire at a fair price from a man whose interest in you does not end with your purchase, go to the Federal Authorized Sales Agency in your neighborhood.

LAWS!

(Continued from Page 7)

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that upon the passage of this act the height of all stiff linen collars, whether white, blue, yellow or any other color, worn by male citizens of the United States of America, be limited in height to one and one-eighth inches, regardless of the length of neck of said male citizens.

Sec. 2. That for the purposes of this act a linen collar shall be considered stiff when it shall fail to bend when subjected to a pressure of one-fifth of a foot pound, exerted laterally, longitudinally or perpendicularly, depending on the position of the collar, and the method of exerting this pressure shall be supervised by a Board of Collar Squeezers to be appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the consent of the Senate and the House of Representatives, said board to consist of five men at salaries of $4000 a year, to meet three times a week in the city of Chicago to squeeze all collars that may there be submitted to it, according to the provisions of this act.

Sec. 3. That no limit on the height of soft collars is imposed by the provisions of this act, but that in the case of argument as to whether a collar is soft or hard any police official of any state may, and is hereby authorized to, remove any so-called soft collar from the neck of any male person within the limits of the United States of America and send same to the Board of Collar Squeezers; and that pending the decision of said board as to whether said collar is or is not soft, the collar wearer shall be imprisoned and held without bail.

Sec. 4. That the penalty for the wearing of a stiff linen collar more than one and one-eighth inches in height shall be imprisonment for thirty days or a fine of $100; and that this act shall be in force, or as much in force as possible, from and after and subsequent to and immediately following its passage, but not before its passage, unless such provision be made by the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, by which this act shall be administered.

Sec. 5. That to carry out the provisions of this act there is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of money necessary to carry out the purposes of this act, and such sum may be augmented from time to time whenever the Board of Collar Squeezers or the Bureau of Animal Husbandry finds any purpose to carry out or drag out that has not hitherto been discovered or suspected in the provisions of this act, wherever found, if any.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 4567

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Drugs and Opiates and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

Authorizing the Secretary of War to donate to the town of Neverstop, state of Calivada, sundry decorations of a military nature.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of War shall be and hereby is authorized to donate to the town of Neverstop, state of Calivada, ten German cannon or field pieces with suitable outfit of cannon balls, 100 German muskets with suitable outfit of ramrods and powder horns, fifty German helmets, one German submarine to be cut in halves and used as flower-bed holders in front of the town hall, and one discarded United States battleship to be installed in Prospect Park, at government expense and used as a clubhouse.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 999

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To provide that the United States of America shall furnish aid and coöperation to the several states in the construction, erection, formation, foundation or advancement of any art, business, science, enterprise, undertaking or operation duly and legally authorized by said states, providing penalties for the violation of this act, making an appropriation therefor, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that for the purpose of encouraging, promoting and assisting agriculture, art, commerce, industry, banking, beauty parlors, schools, colleges, grocery businesses, haberdashery shops, meat markets, furniture stores and the financial interests of the Government, and to foster and develop the spirit of patriotism and enterprise among the American people, there shall be erected, in different sections of the United States in which money is needed for the producing of products, for the building of buildings or for the development of developments, banks or offices in which Federal moneys can be stored and to which the citizens of the several states can repair for the obtaining of said moneys whenever an authorization for same has been authorized.

Sec. 2. That when the legislature of any state shall make any appropriation to purchase, lease, construct, buy, develop or otherwise acquire anything, or whenever any coöperative association of citizens duly and legally organized for any purpose shall appropriate money to sell, distribute, get rid of, buy, acquire, borrow, hide or otherwise deal in anything anywhere, then the United States shall furnish to said state or said citizens' coöperative association a like amount to assist in constructing, buying, selling or promoting whatever it is that said state or said citizen or said coöperative association is constructing, buying, selling or promoting, regardless of size or texture, if any.

Sec. 3. That for the purposes of this act the word "anything" as used herein shall include all farm products, Navaho jewelry, military and naval stores, baled cotton, horsehair, tungsten, preserved eggs, printed matter, public buildings, drugs, art objects, canned tomatoes, and objects mentioned in the latest mail-order catalogues, whether perishable or nonperishable, and the Department of Commerce and the Weather Bureau shall determine what other matters in addition to the said matters named in this section shall be considered germane to the purposes of this said act, if any.

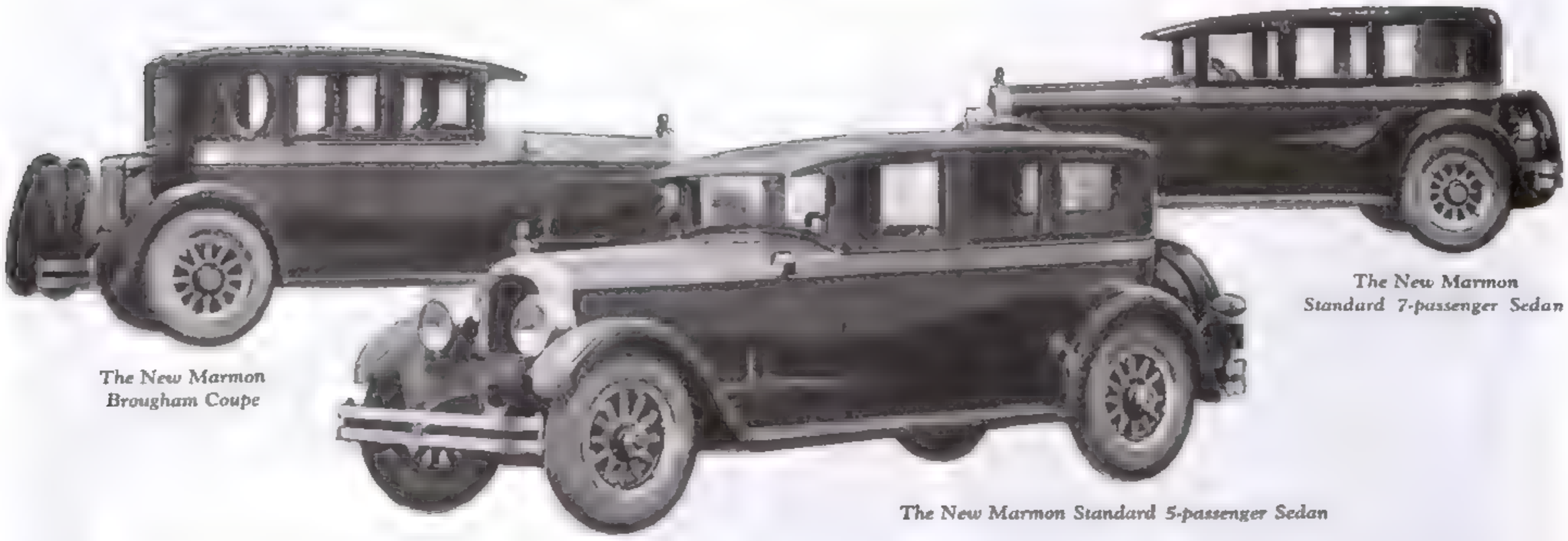
Sec. 4. That the establishment, maintenance and operation of said banks and offices for the said storage of said Federal moneys in said states shall be under the direction and supervision of a Board of Control which shall consist of the President of the United States, the governor of the state where said banks and offices are located, and a dirt farmer from said state, and said Board of Control shall meet on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the purpose of making appropriations, and if the Board of Control is unable to think up appropriations at its meetings, it is by the provisions of this act empowered to employ employes for the purpose of thinking up things for it to make appropriations for; and said Board of Control shall make its own orders, rules and regulations for the appropriation of money, and in times of necessity it may make free and unhampered appropriations without using rules or regulations of any sort, and that said Board of Control may be and hereby is empowered to employ a state superintendent who shall give a bond to the United States of America and the state jointly, where he is such superintendent, in the sum of $100,000, to guarantee the faithful performance of his duties, the expenses of said bond to be paid for by said state; but in the event of his departing or decamping or running out with said funds, the amount of said funds shall be paid out of the earnings of said banks in said state where said departure took place; and if no earnings remain in said banks, then the amount of said nonexistent funds shall be paid out of the Treasury of the United States of America,

(Continued on Page 81)

The NEW MARMON

The whole country says,

"It's a Great Automobile!"



The New Marmon Brougham Coupe

The New Marmon Standard 7-passenger Sedan

The New Marmon Standard 5-passenger Sedan

The NEW MARMON is receiving much enthusiastic attention everywhere it has been shown. Greatest interest, naturally, centers about the NEW MARMON Standard Closed Cars which sell at virtually open car price—genuine, full-fledged closed cars with four (4) doors—not "coaches." Various models to choose from

Concurrently, the NEW MARMON De Luxe Models, through their beauty and luxury, have won the approval of those who desire a still more intimate expression of personal taste.

The body lines of all the NEW MARMONS are entirely new, but aside from many new refinements, the time-tried and time-tested six-cylinder Marmon chassis is the same mechanism on which Marmon has concentrated for so many years.

Open Cars, $3165; Closed Cars, $3295 and upwards, at Indianapolis
Cars may be purchased on convenient deferred payment plan, if desired

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

You, too, will say, *"It's a Great Automobile!"*

No more family shivers

FAMILY shivers attack whole families at the morning breakfast table.

Prevention is simple.

Get rid of cold rooms. Get the heat of your furnace upstairs where it belongs. Improved Asbestocel around your heating pipes will do this. It keeps your heat in the pipes until it reaches your radiators, thereby preventing its escape through cellar masonry and house-walls. Why it does this particular job better than any other pipe covering is explained at your right.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., 292 Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 62 Large Cities For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

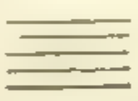
Your heating man will show you the difference *between ordinary pipe covering and Improved Asbestocel*

It is most important that you understand this difference before you apply or repair any pipe covering.

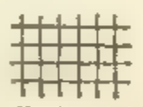
Ordinary heating pipe covering is composed of long flutings open at both ends. Air, circulating through these long corridors cools off your pipe lines and steals your heat.

In Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel the flutings are closed every few inches so that free circulation of air and resulting heat loss is impossible.

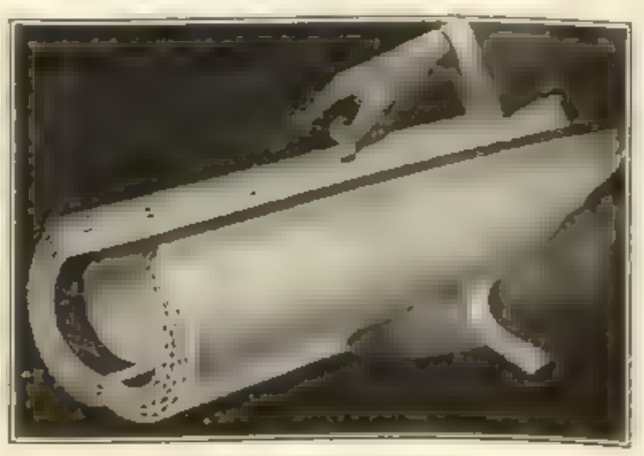
Get in touch with a plumber or heating man. Have him examine your heating system. He can save dollars that you may now be losing in wasted heat.



The cells in ordinary pipe covering are open like this. This is bad.



The cells in Asbestocel are closed like this. This is efficient.



Look for the Red Band

NVILLE Asbestos coal

Continued from Page 78

except in case of tort, when the venue of any payments or actions shall be canceled, or both, and the local manager of said bank is authorized to issue a duplicate for said funds upon affidavit being made by any reputable affidaviter, and to give to said state and to said Treasury of the United States of America a bond, to be approved by said recipients, in an amount equal to two times the value of said funds at the time said duplicate is given, or either or both.

Sec. 5. That the interpretation of Sec. 4 shall be intrusted to a dirt farmer to be selected by an elected committee of dirt bankers, dirt doctors, dirt newspaper editors and dirt college professors in the said state.

Sec. 6. That when the legislature of any state makes an appropriation for the purposes of this act, and said money is desired from said bank, the treasurer of said state shall immediately certify said fact to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and he shall certify said fact to the Press Gallery, and the Press Gallery shall certify said fact to the newspapers; and the Board of Control shall be instructed by telegram from the Department of Labor to buy a newspaper; and on reading the certification of said fact in said newspaper, the Board of Control shall go to the bank and get the appropriation.

Sec. 7. That when the bonded indebtedness of any state, due to the provisions of this act, shall have reached a point where the taxes of said state are in excess of $320 per $1000, then it shall automatically become illegal for any citizen of said state to remove his residence to the state of Florida, which has forbidden the imposition of a state income tax.

Sec. 8. That the sum of $500,000,000, together with as much more as can be located that is not otherwise appropriated, is hereby authorized to be appropriated out of the Treasury of the United States, and all acts and parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act in regard to the appropriation of money are hereby repealed.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 13

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To establish a Department of Dress Control with a seat in the Cabinet.

Whereas, the morals of the American people are being endangered and undermined by the dresses which are being openly and needlessly worn by the women of the nation; and

Whereas, many women, deprived of their judgment by the spirit of unrest which prevails, are expending such vast sums of money for said dresses that husbands and fathers find great difficulty in saving more than eight cents per capita in the course of a year; and

Whereas, in spite of the fact that woman's crowning glory is her hair, the cutting off or bobbing of same has grown to such proportions that a man can no longer remove his coat and collar in a barber shop without being embarrassed by the presence of one or more women: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that there be and hereby is created a Department of Dress Control to investigate, supervise, limit, restrict, restrain and otherwise regulate the garb, costumes, overcoatings, undersuitings and dress in general of all women, together with all by-products necessary to or caused by said dress and costumes, including hats, hairdressing, facial salves and lotions, manicure sets, lipsticks, false hair, shoes, stockings, rings, vanity cases, toilet articles, perfumes, powder and powder puffs, shampoo compounds, and such other articles as may be decided by the Department of Dress Control to come within the purview of this act; and that the Department of Dress Control shall be headed by a Dress Controller General who shall sit in the cabinet whenever he finds the cabinet sitting

Sec. 2. That in the interests of economy and common sense the Department of Dress Control shall conduct experiments to determine the number of dresses permitted to be purchased in the course of each year by each woman and shall for this purpose consider the amount of money earned by said woman, or by her husband, or by her father, or by all, together with the number of dependents dependent on her or on the income producer of the family: *Provided further*, that the Department of Dress Control shall maintain a Statistical Bureau which shall obtain from the Income-Tax Division of the Treasury Department the exact income received by each woman or by her husband or by her father or by whoever it is that puts up said money for the said dresses of said woman, and that on the last Tuesday preceding the first Monday in each calendar year each newspaper in each city and town of the United States shall, at the direction of the Dress Controller General, publish a full list of the women in said city or town, together with the number of dresses permitted to said women in view of the money to which she has access: *Provided further*, that nothing in this act shall make it obligatory on any husband or father or whoever it is that puts up said money to supply said woman with the number of dresses to which she may be entitled if she can get them, if any.

Sec. 3. That any woman who attacks or scratches or throws rocks at or shoots or bites the Dress Controller General, or who attempts to do any or all these things, shall be deprived of the right to purchase dresses for three years.

Sec. 4. That the Department of Dress Control shall determine by careful investigation the most healthful and hygienic distance which should separate dancers, and shall station inspectors at all private and public dances to see that this distance is maintained at all times when actual dancing is in progress.

Sec. 5. That the Department of Dress Control shall employ a corps of Corset Field Agents—female—who shall proceed unannounced from town to town and feel the female population for the purpose of discovering whether or not the corsets authorized by the Department of Dress Control are being worn; and a further force of Corset Field Agents—female—shall also be employed to feel the Corset Field Agents.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 3856

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To make it illegal for any person, male or female, under the age of eighty-two and not incapacitated by illness, to lie in bed after a certain hour in the morning.

Whereas, the development of the natural resources of the United States of America depends on the labor which is devoted to developing them; and

Whereas, the hours during which natural resources can naturally be developed are the hours of daylight, so that the person who remains in bed, according to the unfortunate and inexcusable custom now in vogue in many quarters, is automatically deprived of a large amount of resource developing; and

Whereas, the well-being of the American nation and the American people is of greater importance than the passing comfort of slothful persons; therefore;

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that upon the passage of this act and of a proper appropriation, herein authorized, it shall immediately become illegal for any person under the age of eighty-two, in sound mind and not certified by a reputable physician to be suffering from a major illness or illnesses of such nature as to prevent easy locomotion, such as the Australian zing, the jippy, the heeby-jeebies, the fantods or a hangover, to remain in bed, whether asleep or awake, after five o'clock in the morning between the first day of March and the first day of September, or after six o'clock between the first day of September and the first day of March.

Sec. 2. That any person remaining in bed later than the hours prescribed in this act shall be guilty of a felony, and that for the purposes of this act any person who is declared by any two reputable citizens to have lain in bed beyond the hours prescribed in this act, or who is seen by any Federal officer lying in bed beyond the hours prescribed in this act, shall at once be placed under arrest and awakened each morning at three o'clock for a term of three weeks.

Sec. 3. That the sum of $500,000 be and is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of getting everybody out of bed at the hours prescribed in this act; said funds to be expended under such regulations and conditions as the Department of Dress Control may prescribe: *Provided*, that any state or Federal officer shall be and is hereby authorized to enter any home for the purpose of finding out whether the occupants have got out of bed according to the provisions of this act.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 13,875

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

Making an appropriation for the rescue of deserted cats, and to effect a reduction in the cost of living and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the sum of $81,000,000 be and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of establishing, at strategic points in the United States, not more than seven farms for cats that have been cruelly and wantonly deserted by their owners, and providing attendants and cat doctors for same, and for the appointment of a Chief Cat Catcher at a salary of $7500 and the creation of a catnip farm in charge of a Catnip Superintendent, at a salary of $500, and further providing for the shipping of all deserted cats at government expense to the cat farm nearest to the spot where the cat was deserted.

Sec. 2. That in connection with each cat farm there shall be a fur factory to tan and dye the skins of all cats that die of old age or in transit to the cat farms, and that said skins shall be made into Poughkeepsie sealskins, Delaware leopard, New Jersey sable, Palm Beach mink, South Boston chinchilla, and that same shall be sold on the basis of cost plus 15 per cent, not counting the original cost of the farms, factories and grounds, in order that the present high price of fur coats may be reduced, and that all profits accruing to the Government from this fur business shall be devoted to buying additional cats from private owners further to reduce the price of fur coats.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 9899

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

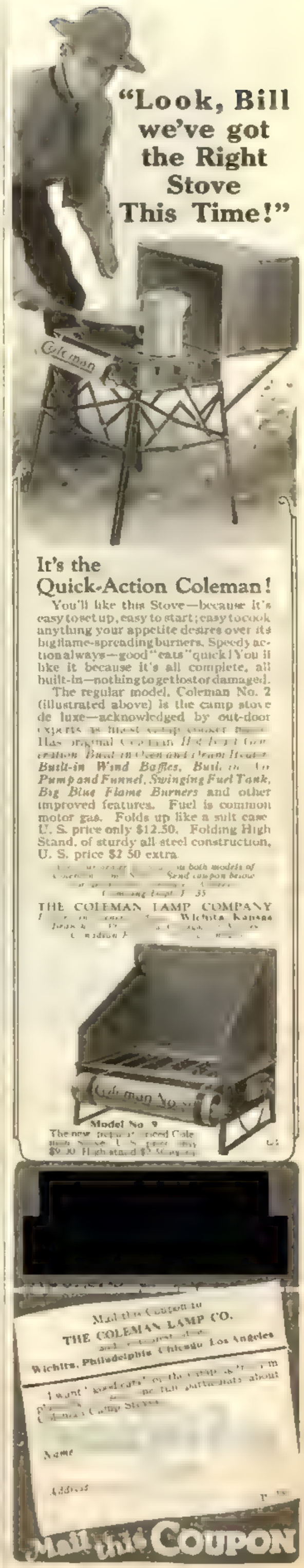
December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To set aside certain days for certain purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the first week in June of each year shall be, and hereby is, set aside as a National Pick-Up-Pins Week, during which time, for the purpose of preventing waste and encouraging thrift and economy in the young, as well as inculcating in one and all the desirable trait of carefulness, all citizens of the United States shall pick up and save any pin not picked up, and that all pins so picked up shall be delivered to District Pin Masters who shall be appointed in each township, ward or district, and the District Pin Masters shall forward the pins to State Pin Masters, who shall be appointed by the governors of the several states; and the State Pin Masters shall forward the pins to a National Pin Master, who shall be


"Look, Bill we've got the Right Stove This Time!"
It's the Quick-Action Coleman!
You'll like this Stove—because it's easy to set up, easy to start; easy to cook anything your appetite desires over its big flame-spreading burners. Speedy action always—good "eats" quick! You'll like it because it's all complete, all built-in—nothing to get lost or damaged.
The regular model, Coleman No. 2 (illustrated above) is the camp stove de luxe—acknowledged by out-door experts as finest camp cooker
Has original Coleman Hot Blast Generator Built-in Oven and Drum Heater Built-in Wind Baffles, Built-in Air Pump and Funnel, Swinging Fuel Tank, Big Blue Flame Burners and other improved features. Fuel is common motor gas. Folds up like a suit case U. S. price only $12.50. Folding High Stand, of sturdy all-steel construction, U. S. price $2.50 extra.
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Wichita Kansas
Model No. 9
Mail this Coupon to
THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.
Wichita, Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles
Name
Address
Mail this COUPON

Nogar

Working Suits for Business Men and All-round Suits for Working Men

Price $12.50

NOGAR Suits are designed to give men engaged in work that is hard on clothes a suit that will stand the hardest usage, in a factory, on a truck or in the warehouse, yet be neat enough for street wear.

You can wear one to and from work and make a good appearance. Or *at* work and laugh at projecting nails, sparks, dirt and water.

The business man who has a NOGAR Suit can do any kind of rough work in it and always be presentable.

For the sportsman it is ideal—barbed wire won't tear it and rain won't hurt it.

NOGAR Suits and Topcoats are made of a specially processed, hard-surface cloth of almost unbelievable durability.

Write for booklet showing styles.

You can make $10 to $30 a day

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A splendid opportunity for high grade men to earn high pay where territory is open. Write now.

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.
Dept. S-9, Reading, Pa.

Nogar
CLOTHES
"Made to stand the gaff"

appointed by the President of the United States; and out of these pins the National Pin Master shall supply the United States Army with pins to stick in maps and shall further supply the 275 Federal bureaus and commissions with pins to pin together the three copies that are made of the 1,362,000 letters that are written by these bureaus each working day, and shall send the remainder of the pins to charitable organizations in foreign lands to enable the poor of said lands to pin together the holes in their garments, thus causing widespread gratitude to the United States of America.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 12,333

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Pensions and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To make illegal the further publication or utterance of the claim that the original settlers of America were Anglo-Saxon.

Whereas, many citizens of the United States who are not of Anglo-Saxon descent are, for reasons unknown to anyone except themselves, bitterly resentful of the claim that the United States of America was originally settled by Anglo-Saxons; and

Whereas, for reasons of state and for the general welfare of the peace of the country at large it is highly desirable that all persons, whether Anglo-Saxon or not, be kept as unirritated and as quiet as possible, if not more so; and

Whereas, Anglo-Saxons have no country in Europe to which they refer as the motherland or the fatherland, and over which they become maudlin at intervals, and to which they eventually hope to return, and the thought of which causes them to resent the favorable mention of persons of any other nationality: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that any and all statements concerning the nationality of early settlers of America, unless such nationality happened to be other than Anglo-Saxon, shall be eliminated from every history, geography, hymn book, cookbook, novel, short story or other book, pamphlet or brochure to be printed subsequent to the passage of this act, and that no such statements shall be made by word of mouth in public or in private, and that the penalty for such offense shall be the changing of the offender's name from an Anglo-Saxon name to its Tibetan equivalent.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 14,001

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To Conserve Revenue

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that no person not an official of the United States Government shall be invited to dine at the White House more than three times a week.

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69th CONGRESS
1st Session

H. R. 4444

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

December 8, 1925

Mr. Blenny, of Calivada, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Agriculture and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To equalize salaries, and to provide for publicity on various matters, and for other purposes.

Whereas, the salaries paid in Wall Street and by the great manufacturing interests are too high, owing to the impossibility of anyone being worth as much as the heads of most big businesses are paid; and

Whereas, it is desirable that perfect equality and democracy be observed in the United States of America, and

Whereas, no farmer is paid as much as he ought to be paid, in spite of the fact that the farmer is the backbone of the nation; while a movement back to the farm is greatly needed: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the highest salary paid to any manufacturer, stockbroker, storekeeper, salesman or merchant shall hereafter be $3000 a year; but that any farmer who makes more than that amount shall be allowed to keep it, and that any merchant who cannot avoid making more than $3000 shall give all his earnings above $3000 to the Department of Agriculture for distribution among the farmers of the state that needs the money most.

Sec. 2. That each year the Treasury Department shall make public the exact amount of money earned by every American citizen over the age of eighteen, together with an itemized account of all money spent by him on clothes, servants, food, lodging, heat, light, pictures, education, amusements, charities and other things, and that the penalty for falsification of any item on this list shall be shooting at sunrise, or both.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 25)

"Mr. Brade here now?" he asked. Carlota Egan shook her head.

"No, he hasn't returned."

"I will wait," said the boy.

"But we don't know where he is or when he will come back," the girl protested.

"He will be here soon," the Hawaiian replied. "I wait on the lanai."

He went out the side door, still carrying his clumsy burden. John Quincy and the girl stared at each other.

"'We move, we advance!'" John Quincy quoted in a low voice. "Brade will be here soon! Would you mind going out on the lanai and telling me where Kaohla is now?"

Quickly the girl complied. She returned in a few seconds.

"He's taken a chair at the far end."

"Out of earshot?"

"Quite. You want the telephone ——"

But John Quincy was already in the booth. Charlie Chan's voice came back over the wire.

"Most warm congratulations. You are number-one detective yourself. Should my self-starter not indulge in stubborn spasm, I will make immediate connection with you." John Quincy returned to the desk, smiling.

"Charlie's flying to us in his flivver. Begins to look as though we were getting somewhere now. But about this bill. Mrs. Brade's board and room I make sixteen dollars. The charge against Mr. Brade one week's board and room minus four days' board—totals nine dollars and sixty-two cents."

"How can I ever thank you?" said the girl.

"By telling me again about your childhood on this beach." A shadow crossed her face. "Oh, I'm sorry. I've made you unhappy."

"Oh, no, you couldn't." She shook her head. "I've never been so very happy. Always an if in it, as I told you before. That morning on the ferry I think I was nearest to real happiness. I seemed to have escaped from life for a moment."

"I remember how you laughed at my hat."

"Oh, I hope you've forgiven me."

"Nonsense! I'm mighty glad I was able to make you laugh like that." Her great eyes stared into the future and John Quincy pitied her. He had known others like her, others who loved their fathers, built high hopes for them, then saw them drift into a baffled old age. One of the girl's slender tanned hands lay on the desk. John Quincy put his own upon it. "Don't be unhappy," he urged. "It's such a wonderful night. The moon—you're a what-you-may-call-it—a kamaaina, I know; but I'll bet you never saw the moon looking so well before. It's like a thousand-dollar gold piece, pale but negotiable. Shall we go out and spend it?" Gently she drew her hand away.

"There were seven bottles of charged water sent to the room. Thirty-five cents each ——"

"What? Oh, the Brade's bill. Yes, that means two-forty-five more. . . . I'd like to mention the stars too. Isn't it odd how close the stars seem in the tropics?" She smiled.

"We mustn't forget the trunks and bags. Three dollars for bringing them up from the dock."

"Say, that's rather steep. Well, it goes down on the record. . . . Have I ever told you that all this natural beauty out here has left its imprint on your face? In the midst of so much loveliness one couldn't be anything but ——"

"Mrs. Brade had three trays to the room. That's seventy-five cents more."

"Extravagant lady! Brade will be sorry he came back for more reasons than one. Well, I've got that. Anything else?"

"Just the laundry. Ninety-seven cents."

"Fair enough. Adding it all up, I get thirty-two dollars and seventy-nine cents. Let's call it an even thirty-three." She laughed.

"Oh, no, we can't do that."

Mrs. Brade came slowly into the lobby from the lanai. She paused at the desk.

"Has there been a message?" she inquired.

"No, Mrs. Brade," the girl answered. She handed over the slip of paper. "Your bill."

"Ah, yes. Mr. Brade will attend to this the moment he returns."

"You expect him soon?"

"I really can't say." The Englishwoman moved on into the corridor leading to 19.

"Full of information, as usual," smiled John Quincy. "Why, here's Charlie now."

Chan came briskly to the desk, followed by another policeman, also in plain clothes.

"Automobile act noble," he announced, "having fondly feeling for night air." He nodded toward his companion. "Introducing Mr. Spencer. Now what are the situation? Humbly hinting you speak fast."

John Quincy told him Kaohla was waiting on the lanai and mentioned the unwieldy package carried by the boy. Chan nodded.

"Events are turning over rapidly," he said. He addressed the girl: "Please kindly relate to this Kaohla that Brade has arrived and would wish to encounter him here." She hesitated. "No, no," added Chan hastily, "I forget nice heathen delicacy. It is not pretty I should ask a lady to scatter false lies from ruby lips. I humbly demand forgiveness. Content yourself with a veiled pretext bringing him here." The girl smiled and went out. "Mr. Spencer," said Chan, "I make bold to suggest you interrogate this Hawaiian. My reckless wanderings among words of unlimitable English language often fail to penetrate sort of skulls plentiful round here."

Spencer nodded and went to the side door, standing where he would not be seen by anyone entering there. In a moment Kaohla appeared, followed by the girl. The Hawaiian came in quickly, but seeing Chan, stopped, and a frightened look crossed his face. Spencer startled him further by seizing his arm.

"Come over here," said the detective. "We want to talk to you." He led the boy to a far corner of the room. Chan and John Quincy followed. "Sit down here, I'll take that." He removed the heavy package from under the boy's arm. For a moment the Hawaiian seemed about to protest, but evidently he thought better of it. Spencer placed the package on a table and stood over Kaohla.

"Want to see Brade, eh?" he began in a threatening tone.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Business is private."

"Well, I'm telling you to come across. You're in bad. Better talk."

"No."

"All right, we'll see about that. What have you got in that package?"

The boy's eyes went to the table, but he made no answer. Chan took out a pocket knife.

"Simple matter to discover," he said. He cut the rough twine, unwound several

(Continued on Page 65)

Keep *all* your teeth clean and you will keep *all* your teeth

This tooth brush reaches every tooth every time you brush

IS *your* brush hitting on all 32? Look at the shape of *this* brush—that's what makes it so easy to reach every tooth.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

You can see that the mouths of this man and woman are not as wide as their jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach their back teeth. Notice the diagram. See how the curved handle and the curved bristle-surface help

...brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between teeth. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth as shown in the diagram above.

free—

to one lucky reader of this advertisement, free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

---

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "Keep *all* your teeth clean and you will keep *all* your teeth." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on March 18, 1925.

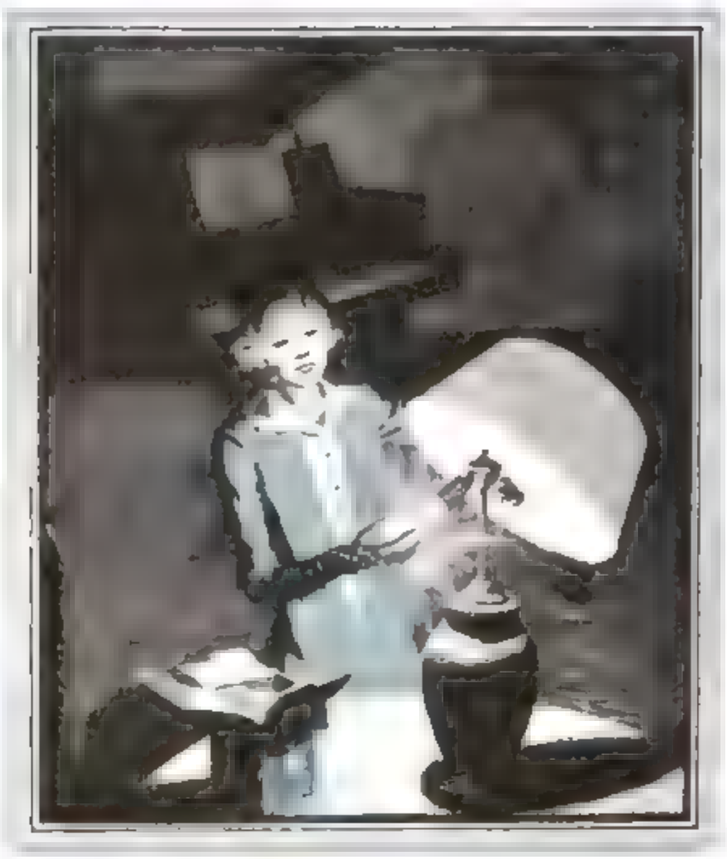
Made in America by Americans

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. Dept. I-A1

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was cupped

Name. .....
(First name in full)

Address .....



Gl--m and Gl-re

Do you know about Gloom?

Do you know about Glare?

Either is worse than the other—depending on circumstances.

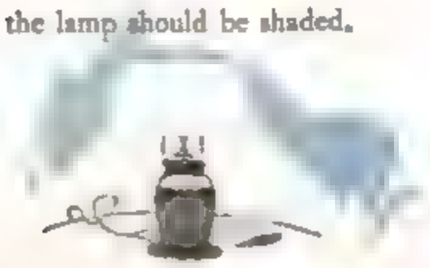
Both together are terrible.

True, they're easy to banish—if you know what to do. There are three things to do:

First, have *enough* light. That means, generally, a 50-watt or 75-watt lamp for a light to read or sew by.

Second, the lamp should be the kind that's called a *White* MAZDA Lamp (it's white, not clear glass).

And, third, the lamp should be shaded.



That banishes gloom; it banishes glare.

But don't stop with your reading lamp.

Gloom hides all over the house. Glare threatens you from every lamp in sight.

Have *all* your lamps powerful enough to dispel the gloom. Have them *all* shaded, so they can't glare.

That's good lighting. And good lighting is one of the greatest happifiers that can be put into an evening—or a household.

Banish gloom. Banish glare.

What's the use of having good lamps—even National MAZDA Lamps—if you don't use them right?

White MAZDA Lamps diffuse the light. Your shade directs it. Then neither gloom nor glare has a chance in that vicinity.

Try it—and repeat elsewhere. Light the whole house *right*.

There's a store in your neighborhood that will give you hints along right lines.

Look it up and ask the man. Go where you see this blue carton displayed—

or this blue lantern—

Tell him where you want to use the lamps. That makes a lot of difference.

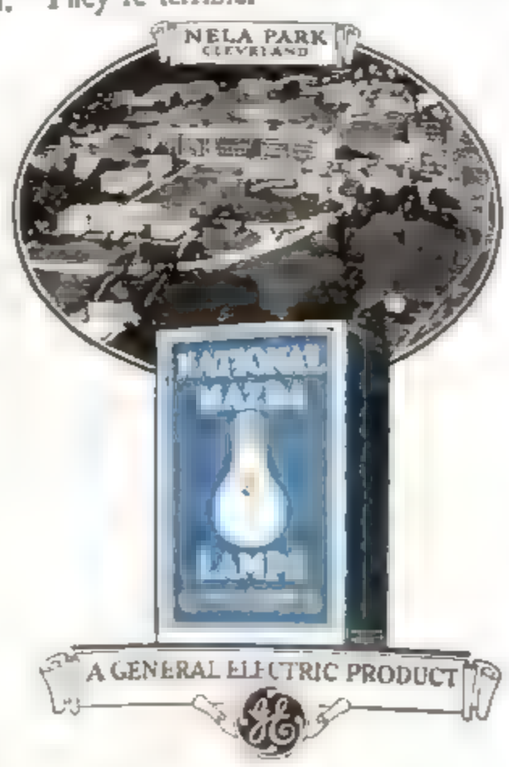
The right lamp for the kitchen ceiling would be quite different from the ones that belong in the living room portables.

He'll be glad to help. He's used to helping. And he has a chart that explains these things.

Buy your White MAZDA Lamps by the carton. Have them handy. It's good sense, really.

There are six to a carton. They don't deteriorate.

And cultivate an eye for gloom and glare. Do things to them. They're terrible.



National MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 82)

layers of newspapers. John Quincy pressed close; he felt that something important was about to be divulged. The last layer of paper came off.

"Hot dog!" cried Chan. He turned quickly to John Quincy. "Oh, I am so sorry. I pick up atrocious phrase like that from my cousin, Mr. Willie Chan, captain of All-Chinese Baseball Team."

But John Quincy did not hear; his eyes were glued to the object that lay on the table an ohia-wood box, bound with copper—the initials T. M B

"We will unlatch it," said Chan. He made an examination. "No, locked most strongly. We will crash into it at police station, where you and I and this silent Hawaiian will now hasten. Mr. Spencer, you will remain on spot here. Should Brade appear, you know your duty."

"I do," said Spencer.

"Mr. Kaohla, do me the honor to accompany," continued Chan. "At police headquarters much talk will be extracted out of you."

They turned toward the door. As they did so Carlota Egan came up.

"May I speak to you a moment?" she said to John Quincy.

"Surely." He walked with her to the desk.

"I went onto the lanai just now," she whispered breathlessly. "Someone was crouching outside the window near where you were talking. I went closer and it was—Mr. Saladine!"

"Aha!" said John Quincy. "Mr. Saladine had better drop that sort of thing or he'll get himself in trouble."

"Should we tell Chan?"

"Not yet. You and I will do a little investigating ourselves first. Chan has other things to think about. And we don't want any of our guests to leave unless it's absolutely necessary."

"We certainly don't," she smiled. "I'm glad you've got the interests of the house at heart."

"That's just where I've got them," John Quincy began, but Chan cut in.

"Humbly begging pardon," he said, "we must speed. Captain Hallet will have high delight to encounter this Kaohla, to say nothing of ohia-wood box."

In the doorway Kaohla crowded close to John Quincy, and the latter was startled by the look of hate he saw in the boy's stormy eyes.

"You did this!" muttered the Hawaiian. "I don't forget!"

XV

THEY clattered along Kalakaua Avenue in Chan's car. John Quincy sat alone on the rear seat; at the detective's request he held the ohia-wood box on his knees. He rested his hands upon it. Once it had eluded him, but he had it now. His mind went back to that night in the attic more than two thousand miles away, the shadow against the moonlit window, the sting of a jewel cutting across his cheek. Roger's heartfelt cry of "Poor old Dan!" Did they hold at last, in this ohia-wood box, the answer to the mystery of Dan's death?

Hallet was waiting in his room. With him was a keen-eyed, efficient-looking man evidently in his late thirties.

"Hello, boys," said the captain. "Mr. Winterslip, meet Mr. Greene, our district-court prosecutor." Greene shook hands cordially.

"I've been wanting to meet you, sir," he said. "I know your city rather well. Spent three years at your Harvard Law School."

"Really?" replied John Quincy with enthusiasm.

"Yes, I went there after I got through at New Haven; I'm a Yale man, you know."

"Oh," remarked John Quincy, without any enthusiasm at all. But Greene seemed a pleasant fellow, despite his choice of college.

Chan had set the box on the table before Hallet and was explaining how they had come upon it. The captain's thin face had brightened perceptibly. He inspected the treasure.

"Locked, eh?" he remarked. "You got the key, Kaohla?"

The Hawaiian shook his head sullenly—"No."

"Watch your step, boy," warned Hallet. "Go over him, Charlie."

Chan went over him, rapidly and thoroughly. He found a key ring, but none of the keys fitted the lock on the box. He also brought to light a fat roll of bills.

"Where'd you get all that money, Dick?" Hallet inquired.

"I got it," glowered the boy.

But Hallet was more interested in the box. He tapped it lovingly.

"This is important, Mr. Greene. We may find the solution of our puzzle in here."

He took a small chisel from his desk and, after a brief struggle, pried open the lid. John Quincy, Chan and the prosecutor pressed close, their eyes staring eagerly as the captain lifted the lid. The box was empty.

"Filled with nothing," murmured Chan. "Another dream go smash against stone wall."

The disappointment angered Hallet. He turned on Kaohla.

"Now, my lad," he said, "I want to hear from you. You've been in touch with Brade; you talked with him last Sunday night; you've heard he's returning tonight; you've got some deal on with him. Come across and be quick about it."

"Nothing to tell," said the Hawaiian stubbornly. Hallet leaped to his feet.

"Oh, yes you have! And by heaven, you're going to tell it! I'm not any too patient tonight and I warn you if you don't talk and talk quick I'm likely to get rough." He stopped suddenly and turned to Chan. "Charlie, that inter-island boat is due from Maui about now. Get down to the dock and watch for Brade. You've got his description?"

"Sure," answered Chan. "Thin, pale face, one shoulder descended below other, gray mustaches that droop in saddened mood"

"That's right. Keep a sharp lookout. And leave this lad to us. He won't have any secrets when we get through with him, eh, Mr. Greene?"

The prosecutor, more discreet, merely smiled.

"Mr. Winterslip," said Chan, "the night is delicious. A little stroll to moonly dock ——"

"I'm with you," John Quincy replied. He looked back over his shoulder as he went and reflected that he wouldn't care to be in Kaohla's shoes.

The pier shed was dimly lighted and a small but diversified group awaited the incoming boat. Chan and John Quincy walked to the far end, and there, seated on a packing case, they found the water-front reporter of the evening paper.

"Hello, Charlie," cried Mr. Mayberry. "What you doing here?"

"Maybe friend arrive on boat," grinned Chan.

"Is that so?" responded Mayberry. "You boys over at the station have certainly become pretty mysterious all of a sudden. What's doing, Charlie?"

"All pronouncements come from captain," advised Chan.

"Yeah, we've heard his pronouncements," sneered Mayberry. "The police have unearthed clews and are working on them. Nothing to report at present. It's sickening. Well, sit down, Charlie. Oh, Mr. Winterslip, good evening. I didn't recognize you at first."

"How are you?" said John Quincy.

He and Chan also found packing cases. There was a penetrating odor of sugar in the air. Through a wide opening in the pier shed they gazed along the water front and out upon the moonlit harbor. A rather exotic and intriguing scene, John Quincy reflected, and he said as much.

"Think so?" answered Mayberry "Well, I don't. To me it's just like Seattle or Galveston or any of those stereotyped ports. But, you see, I knew it when ——"

"I think you mentioned that before," John Quincy smiled.

"I'm likely to mention it at any moment. As far as I'm concerned, the harbor of Honolulu has lost its romance. Once this was the most picturesque water front in the world, my boy. And now look at it!" The reporter relighted his pipe. "Charlie can tell you—he remembers. The old ramshackle, low-lying wharves. Old Naval Row with its sailing ships, the wooden-hulled steamers with a mast or two—not too proud to use God's good winds occasionally. The bright little rowboats, the Aloha, the Manu, the Emma. Eh, Chan?"

"All extinct," agreed Chan.

"You wouldn't see a Rotary Club gang like this on a pier in those days," Mayberry continued. "Just Hawaiian stevedores with leis on their hats and ukuleles in their hands. Fishermen with their nets, and maybe a breezy old-time purser—a glad-hander and not a mere machine." He puffed a moment in sad silence. "Those were the days, Mr. Winterslip; the days of Hawaii's isolation and her charm. The cable and the radio hadn't linked us up with the so-called civilization of the mainland. Every boat that came in we'd scamper over it, hunting a newspaper with the very latest news of the outside world. Remember those steamer days, Charlie, when everybody went down to the wharf in the good old hacks of yesteryear, when the women wore *holokus* and *lauhala* hats, and Berger was there with his band, and maybe a prince or two?"

"And the nights," suggested Charlie.

"Yeah, old-timer, I was coming to the nights; the soft nights when the serenaders drifted about the harbor in rowboats and the lanterns speared long paths on the water."

He seemed about to weep. John Quincy's mind went back to books he had read in his boyhood.

"And occasionally," he said, "I presume somebody went aboard a ship against his will?"

"I'll say he did," replied Mr. Mayberry, brightening at the thought. "Why, it was only in the 90's I was sitting one night on a pier a few yards down, when I saw a scuffle near the landing, and one of my best friends shouted to me, 'Good-by, Pete!' I was up and off in a minute, and I got him away from them—I was younger in those days. He was a good fellow, a sailorman, and he wasn't intending to take the journey that bunch had planned for him. They'd got him into a saloon and drugged him, but he pulled out of it just in time. Oh, well, those days are gone forever now. Just like Galveston or Seattle. Yes, sir, this harbor of Honolulu has lost its romance."

The little inter-island boat was drawing up to the pier and they watched it come. As the gangplank went down Chan rose.

"Who you expecting, Charlie?" asked Mayberry.

"We grope about," said Chan. "Maybe on this boat are Mr. Brade."

"Brade!" Mayberry leaped to his feet.

"Not so sure," warned Chan. "Only a matter we suppose. If correct, humbly suggest you follow to the station. You might capture news."

John Quincy and Chan moved up to the gangplank as the passengers descended. There were not many aboard; a few island business men, a scattering of tourists, a party of Japanese in Western clothes, ceremoniously received by friends ashore—a quaint little group all bowing from the waist. John Quincy was watching them with interest when Chan touched his arm.

A tall stooped Englishman was coming down the plank. Thomas Macan Brade would have been easily spotted in any crowd. His mustache was patterned after that of the Earl of Pawtucket, and to make identification even simpler, he wore a white pith helmet. Pith helmets are not necessary under the kindly skies of Hawaii; this was evidently a relic of Indian days.

Chan stepped forward—"Mr. Brade?" The man had a tired look in his eyes. He started nervously.

"Y-yes," he hesitated.

"I am Detective Sergeant Chan, Honolulu police. You will do me the great honor to accompany me to the station, if you please." Brade stared at him, then shook his head.

"It's quite impossible," he said.

"Pardon me, please," answered Chan. "It are unevitable."

"I—I have just returned from a journey," protested the man. "My wife may be worried regarding me. I must have a talk with her, and after that ——"

"Regret," purred Chan, "are scorching me. But duty remains duty. Chief's words are law. Humbly suggest we squander valuable time."

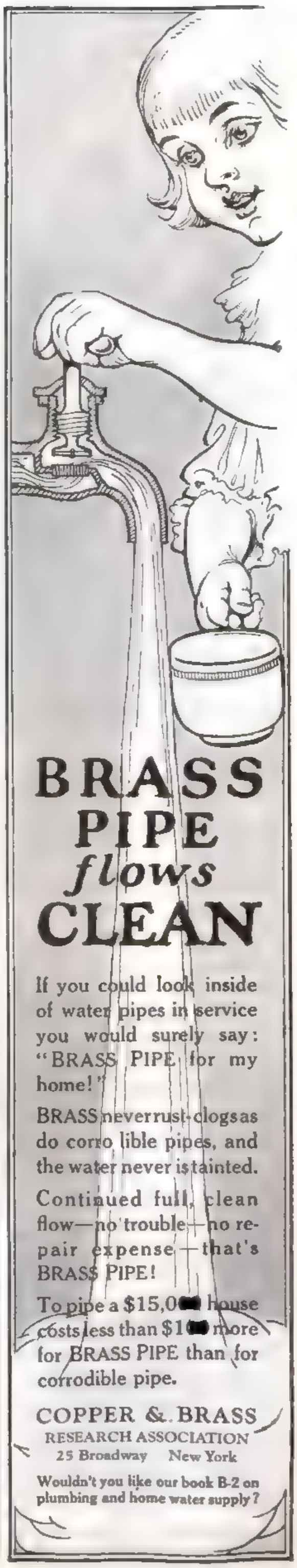
"Am I to understand that I'm under arrest?" flared Brade.

"The idea is preposterous," Chan assured him. "But the captain waits eager for statements from you. You will walk this way, I am sure. A moment's pardon. I introduce my fine friend, Mr. John Quincy Winterslip, of Boston."

At mention of the name, Brade turned and regarded John Quincy with deep interest.

"Very good," he said. "I'll go with you."

They went out onto the street, Brade carrying a small hand bag. The flurry of arrival was dying fast; Honolulu would shortly return to its accustomed evening calm.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When they reached the police station Hallet and the prosecutor seemed in high good humor. Kaohla sat in a corner, hopeless and defeated; John Quincy saw at a glance that the boy's secret was his no longer.

"Introducing Mr. Brade," said Chan.

"Ah," cried Hallet, "we're glad to see you, Mr. Brade. We'd been getting pretty worried about you."

"Really, sir," said Brade, "I am completely at a loss ——"

"Sit down," ordered Hallet.

The man sank into a chair. He, too, had a hopeless, defeated air. No one can appear more humble and beaten than a British civil servant, and this man had known thirty-six years of baking under the Indian sun, looked down on by the military, respected by none. Not only his mustache but his whole figure drooped in saddened mood. Yet now and then, John Quincy noted, he flashed into life, a moment of self-assertion and defiance.

"Where have you been, Mr. Brade?" Hallet inquired.

"I have visited one of the other islands—Maui."

"You went last Tuesday morning?"

"Yes; on the same steamer that brought me back."

"Your name was not on the sailing list," Hallet said.

"No; I went under another name. I had reasons."

"Indeed?" The flash of life.

"Just why am I here, sir?" He turned to the prosecutor. "Perhaps you will tell me that." Greene nodded toward the detective.

"Captain Hallet will enlighten you," he said.

"You bet I will," Hallet announced. "As perhaps you know, Mr. Brade, Mr. Dan Winterslip has been murdered." Brade's washed-out eyes turned to John Quincy.

"Yes," he said; "I read about it in a Hilo newspaper."

"You didn't know it when you left last Tuesday morning?" Hallet asked.

"I did not. I sailed without seeing a paper here."

"Ah, yes. When did you see Mr. Dan Winterslip last?"

"I never saw him."

"What! Be careful, sir!"

"I never saw Dan Winterslip in my life."

"All right. Where were you last Tuesday morning at twenty minutes past one?"

"I was asleep in my room at the Reef and Palm Hotel. I'd retired at 9:30, as I had to rise early in order to board my boat. My wife can verify that."

"A wife's testimony, Mr. Brade, is not of great value ——"

Brade leaped to his feet.

"Look here, sir! Do you mean to insinuate ——"

"Take it easy," said Hallet smoothly. "I have a few matters to call to your attention, Mr. Brade. Mr. Dan Winterslip was murdered at 1:20 or thereabouts last Tuesday morning. We happen to know that in his youth he served as first officer aboard the Maid of Shiloh, a blackbirder. The master of that vessel had the same name as yourself. An investigation of your room at the Reef and Palm ——"

"How dare you?" cried Brade. "By what right ——"

"I am hunting the murderer of Dan Winterslip," broke in Hallet coolly, "and I follow the trail wherever it leads. In your room I found a letter from the British consul here addressed to you and informing you that Winterslip was alive and in Honolulu. I also found this tin of Corsican cigarettes. Just outside the living-room door of Winterslip's house we picked up the stub of a Corsican cigarette. It's a brand not on sale in Honolulu."

Brade had dropped back into his chair and was staring in a dazed way at the tin box in Hallet's hand. Hallet indicated the Hawaiian boy in the corner.

"Ever see this lad before, Mr. Brade?" Brade nodded.

"You had a talk with him last Sunday night on the beach?"

"Yes."

"The boy's told us all about it. He read in the paper that you were coming to Honolulu. His father was a confidential servant in Dan Winterslip's employ and he himself was brought up in the Winterslip household. He could make a pretty good guess at your business with Winterslip, and he figured you'd be pleased to lay hands on this ohia-wood box. In his boyhood he'd seen it in a trunk in the attic of Winterslip's San Francisco house. He went down to the President Tyler and arranged with a friend aboard that boat, the quartermaster, to break into the house and steal the box. When he saw you last Sunday night he told you he'd have the box as soon as the President Tyler got in, and he arranged to sell it to you for a good sum. Am I right so far, Mr. Brade?"

"You are quite right," said Brade.

"The initials on the box are T. M. B.," Hallet persisted. "They are your initials, are they not?"

"They happen to be," said Brade. "But they were also the initials of my father. My father died aboard ship in the South Seas many years ago, and that box was stolen from his cabin after his death. It was stolen by the first officer of the Maid of Shiloh—by Mr. Dan Winterslip."

For a moment no one spoke. A cold shiver ran down the spine of John Quincy Winterslip and a hot flush suffused his cheek. Why—oh, why had he strayed so far from home? In Boston he traveled in a rut perhaps; but ruts were safe, secure. There no one had ever brought a charge such as this against a Winterslip, no whisper of scandal had ever sullied the name. But here Winterslips had run amuck and there was no telling what would next be dragged into the light.

"I think, Mr. Brade," said the prosecutor slowly, "you had better make a full statement." Brade nodded.

"I intend to do so. My case against Winterslip is not complete and I should have preferred to remain silent for a time. But under the circumstances, of course, I must speak out. I'll smoke, if you don't mind." He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it. "I'm a bit puzzled just how to begin. My father disappeared from England in the 70's, leaving my mother and me to shift for ourselves. For a time we heard nothing of him, then letters began to arrive from various points in Australia and the South Seas; letters with money in them, money we badly needed. I have since learned that he had gone into the blackbirding trade. It is nothing to be proud of, God knows, but I like to recall in his favor that he did not entirely abandon his wife and boy.

"In the 80's we got word of his death. He died aboard the Maid of Shiloh and was buried on the island of Apiang in the Gilbert group—buried by Dan Winterslip, his first officer. We accepted the fact of his death, the fact of no more letters with remittances, and took up our struggle again. Six months later we received, from a friend of my father's in Sydney, a brother captain, a most amazing letter.

"This letter said that, to the writer's certain knowledge, my father had carried a great deal of money in his cabin on the Maid of Shiloh. He had done no business with banks; instead, he had had this strong box made of ohia wood. The man who wrote us said that he had seen the inside of it, and that it contained jewelry and a large quantity of gold. My father had also shown him several bags of green hide containing gold coins from many countries. He estimated that there must have been close to twenty thousand pounds in all. Dan Winterslip, the letter said, had brought the Maid of Shiloh back to Sydney and turned over to the proper authorities my father's clothing and personal effects and a scant ten pounds in money. He had made no mention of anything further. He and the only other white man aboard the Maid, an Irishman named Hagin, had left at once for Hawaii. My father's friend suggested that we start an immediate investigation.

"Well, gentlemen" -Brade looked about the circle of interested faces—"what could we do? We were in pitiful circumstances, my mother and I. We had no money to employ lawyers to fight a case thousands of miles away. We did make a few inquiries through a relative in Sydney, but nothing came of them. There was talk for a time, but the talk died out and the matter was dropped. But I—I have never forgotten.

"Dan Winterslip returned here and prospered. He built on the foundation of the money he found in my father's cabin a fortune that inspired the admiration of Honolulu. And while he prospered we were close to starvation. My mother died, but I carried on. For years it has been my dream to make him pay. I have not been particularly successful, but I have saved, scrimped. I have the money now to fight this case.

"Four months ago I resigned my post in India and set out for Honolulu. I stopped over in Sydney. My father's friend is dead, but I have his letter. I have the depositions of others who knew about that money—about the ohia-wood box. I came on here, ready to face Dan Winterslip at last. But I never faced him. As you know gentlemen"—Brade's hand trembled slightly as he put down his cigarette—"someone robbed me of that privilege. Some unknown hand removed from my path the man I have hated for more than forty years."

"You arrived last Saturday—a week ago," said Hallet after a pause. "On Sunday evening Kaohla here called on you. He offered you the strong box?"

"He did," Brade replied. "He'd had a cable from his friend and expected to have the box by Tuesday. I promised him five thousand dollars for it—a sum I intended Winterslip should pay. Kaohla also told me that Hagin was living on a ranch in a remote part of the island of Maui. That explains my journey there. I took another name, as I didn't want Winterslip to follow my movements. I had no doubt he was watching me."

"You didn't tell Kaohla you were going either?"

"No, I didn't think it advisable to take him completely into my confidence. I found Hagin, but could get nothing out of him. Evidently Winterslip had bought his silence long ago. I realized the box was of great importance to me and I cabled Kaohla to bring it to me immediately on my return. It was then that the news of Winterslip's death came through. It was a deep disappointment, but it will not deter me." He turned to John Quincy. "Winterslip's heirs must pay. I am determined that they shall make my old age secure."

John Quincy's face flushed again. A spirit of rebellion, of family pride outraged, stirred within him.

"We'll see about that, Mr. Brade," he said. "You have unearthed the box, but so far as any proof about valuables—money ——"

"One moment," cut in Greene, the prosecutor. "Mr. Brade, have you a description of any article of value taken from your father?" Brade nodded.

"Yes. In my father's last letter to us—I was looking through it only the other day—he spoke of a brooch he had picked up in Sydney; a tree of emeralds, rubies and diamonds against an onyx background. He said he was sending it to my mother, but it never came."

The prosecutor looked at John Quincy. John Quincy looked away.

"I'm not one of Dan Winterslip's heirs, Mr. Brade," he explained. "As a matter of fact, he was a rather distant relative of mine. I can't presume to speak for his daughter, but I'm reasonably sure that when she knows your story, this matter can be settled out of court. You'll wait, of course?"

"I'll wait," agreed Brade. "And now, captain ——" Hallet raised his hand.

"Just a minute. You didn't call on Winterslip? You didn't go near his house?"

"I did not," said Brade.

"Yet just outside the door of his living room we found, as I told you, the stub of a Corsican cigarette. It's a matter still to be cleared up." Brade considered briefly.

"I don't want to get anyone into trouble," he said. "But the man is nothing to me and I must clear my own name. In the course of a chat with the proprietor of the Reef and Palm Hotel, I offered him a cigarette. He was delighted when he recognized the brand—said it had been years since he'd seen one. So I gave him a handful and he filled his case."

"You're speaking of Jim Egan," suggested Hallet delightedly.

"Of Mr. James Egan, yes," Brade replied.

"That's all I want to know," said Hallet. "Well, Mr. Greene ——"

The prosecutor addressed Brade.

"For the present we can't permit you to leave Honolulu," he said. "But you are free to go to your hotel. This box will remain here until we can settle its final disposition."

"Naturally."

Brade rose. John Quincy faced him.

"I'll call on you very soon," he promised.

"What? Oh, yes—yes, of course." The man stared nervously about him. "If you'll pardon me, gentlemen, I must run—I really must."

He went out. The prosecutor looked at his watch.

"Well, that's that. I'll have a conference with you in the morning, Hallet. My

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

wife's waiting for me at the country club. Good night, Mr. Winterslip." He saw the look on John Quincy's face and smiled. "Don't take those revelations about your cousin too seriously. The 80's are ancient history, you know."

As Greene disappeared Hallet turned to John Quincy.

"What about this Kaohla?" he inquired. "It will be a pretty complicated job to prosecute him and his housebreaking friend on the President Tyler, but it can be done."

A uniformed policeman appeared at the door, summoning Chan outside.

"Oh, no," said John Quincy. "Let the boy go. We don't want any publicity about this. I'll ask you, captain, to keep Brade's story out of the papers."

"I'll try," Hallet replied. He turned to the Hawaiian. "Come here!" The boy rose. "You heard what this gentleman said. You ought to be sent up for this, but we've got more important things to attend to now. Run along—beat it!"

Chan came in just in time to hear the last. At his heels followed a sly little Jap and a young Chinese boy. The latter was attired in the extreme of college-cut clothes; he was an American and he emphasized the fact.

"Only one moment," Chan cried. "New and interesting fact emerge into light. Gentlemen, my Cousin Willie Chan, captain All-Chinese Baseball Team and demon backstopper of the Pacific!"

"Pleased to meetchu," said Willie Chan.

"Also Okamoto, who have auto stand on Kalakaua Avenue, not far from Winterslip household."

"I know Okamoto," said Hallet. "He sells *okolehau* on the side."

"No, indeed," protested the Jap. "Auto stand, that is what."

"Willie do small investigating to help out crowded hours," went on Chan. "He have dug up strange event out of this Okamoto here. On early morning of Tuesday, July first, Okamoto is roused from slumber by fierce knocks on door of room. He go to door ——"

"Let him tell it," suggested Hallet. "What time was this?"

"Two of the morning," said the Jap. "Knocks were as described. I rouse and look at watch, run to door. Mr. Dick Kaohla here is waiting. Demand I drive him to home over in Iwilei district. I done so."

"All right," said Hallet. "Anything else? No? Charlie, take them out and thank them—that's your specialty." He waited until the Orientals had left the room, then turned fiercely on Kaohla. "Well, here you are, back in the limelight," he cried. "Now come across. What were you doing out near Winterslip's house the night of the murder?"

"Nothing," said the Hawaiian.

"Nothing! A little late to be up and doing nothing, wasn't it? Look here, my boy, I'm beginning to get you. For years Dan Winterslip gave you money, supported you, until he finally decided you were no good. So he stopped the funds and you and he had a big row. Now didn't you?"

"Yes," admitted Dick Kaohla.

"On Sunday night Brade offered you five thousand for the box. You thought it wasn't enough. The idea struck you that maybe Dan Winterslip would pay more. You were a little afraid of him, but you screwed up your courage and went to his house ——"

"No, no!" the boy cried. "I did not go there."

"I say you did. You'd made up your mind to double-cross Brade. You and Dan Winterslip had another big scrap, you drew a knife ——"

"Lies, all lies!" the boy shouted, terrified. "Don't tell me I lie! You killed Winterslip and I'll get it out of you! I got the other and I'll get this." Hallet rose threateningly from his chair.

Chan suddenly reëntered the room and handed Hallet a note.

"Arrive this moment by special messenger," he explained.

Hallet ripped open the envelope and read. His expression altered. He turned disgustedly to Kaohla.

"Beat it!" he scowled.

The boy fled gratefully. John Quincy and Chan looked wonderingly at the captain. Hallet sat down at his desk.

"It all comes back to Egan," he said "I've known it from the first."

"Wait a minute," cried John Quincy. "What about that boy?"

Hallet crumpled the letter in his hand.

"Kaohla? Oh, he's out of it now."

"Why?"

"That's all I can tell you. He's out of it."

"That's not enough," John Quincy said. "I demand to know ——"

Hallet glared at him.

"You know all you're going to," he answered angrily. "I say Kaohla's out and that settles it. Egan killed Winterslip, and before I get through with him ——"

"Permit me to say," interrupted John Quincy, "that you have the most trusting nature I ever met. Everybody's story goes with you. The Compton woman and that rat Leatherbee come in here and spin a yarn, and you bow them out. And Brade! What about Brade? In bed at 1:20 last Tuesday morning, eh? Who says so? He does! Who can prove it? His wife can! What was to prevent his stepping out onto the balcony of the Reef and Palm and walking along the beach to my cousin's house? Answer me that!" Hallet shook his head.

"It's Egan. That cigarette ——"

"Yes, that cigarette. Has it occurred to you that Brade may have given him those cigarettes purposely?"

"Egan did it," cut in Hallet stubbornly. "All I need now is his story, and I'll get it. I have ways and means ——"

"I congratulate you on your magnificent stupidity," cried John Quincy. "Good night, sir."

He walked along Bethel Street, Chan at his side.

"You are partially consumed by anger," said the Chinaman. "Humbly suggest you cool. Calm heads needed now."

"But what was in that note? Why wouldn't he tell us?"

"In good time, we know. Captain honest man. Be patient."

"But we're all at sea again," protested John Quincy. "Who killed Cousin Dan? We get nowhere."

"So very true," agreed Chan. "More clews lead us into presence of immovable stone wall. We sway about, seeking still other path."

"I'll say we do," answered John Quincy. "There comes my car. Good night."

Not until the trolley was halfway to Waikiki did he remember Mr. Saladine—Saladine, crouching outside that window at the Reef and Palm. What did that mean? But Saladine was a comic figure, a lisping searcher after bridge work in the limpid waters of Waikiki. Even so, perhaps his humble activities should be investigated.

XVI

AFTER breakfast on Sunday morning, John Quincy followed Miss Minerva to the lanai. It was a neat world that lay outside the screen, for Dan Winterslip's yard boy had been busy until a late hour the night before, sweeping the lawn with the same loving thoroughness a housewife might display on a precious Oriental rug.

Barbara had not come down to breakfast, and John Quincy had seized the opportunity to tell his aunt of Brade's return and repeat the man's story of Dan Winterslip's theft on board the Maid of Shiloh. Now he lighted a cigarette and sat staring seriously out at the distant water

"Cheer up," said Miss Minerva. "I presume you're thinking of poor Dan."

"I am."

"Forgive and forget. None of us ever suspected Dan of being a saint."

"A saint! Far from it! He was just a plain ——"

"Never mind," put in his aunt sharply. "Remember, John Quincy, man is a creature of environment. And the temptation must have been great. Picture Dan on that ship in these easy-going latitudes, wealth at his feet and not a soul in sight to claim it. Ill-gotten wealth, at that. Even you ——"

"Even I," said John Quincy sternly, "would have recalled I am a Winterslip. I never dreamed I'd live to hear you offering apologies for that sort of conduct." She laughed.

"You know what they say about white women who go to the tropics. They lose first their complexion, then their teeth and finally their moral sense." She hesitated. "I've had to visit the dentist a good deal of late," she added. John Quincy was shocked.

"My advice to you is to hurry home," he said.

"When are you going?"

"Oh, soon soon"

"That's what we all say. Returning to Boston, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"How about San Francisco?"

"Oh, that's off. I did suggest it to Agatha, but I'm certain she won't hear of it. And I'm beginning to think she'd be quite right." His aunt rose. "You'd better go to church," said John Quincy severely.

"That's just where I am going," she smiled. "By the way, Amos is coming to dinner tonight, and he'd best hear the Brade story from us rather than in some garbled form. Barbara must hear it too. If it proves to be true, the family ought to do something for Mr. Brade."

"Oh, the family will do something for him, all right," John Quincy remarked, "whether it wants to or not"

"Well, I'll let you tell Barbara about him," Miss Minerva promised.

"Thank you so much," replied her nephew sarcastically.

"Not at all. Are you coming to church?"

"No," he said. "I don't need it as badly as you do."

She left him there to face a lazy uneventful day. By five in the afternoon Waikiki was alive with its usual Sunday crowd—not the unsavory holiday throng seen on a mainland beach, but a scattering of good-looking people whose tanned straight bodies would have delighted the heart of a physical-culture enthusiast. John Quincy summoned sufficient energy to don a bathing suit and plunge in.

There was something soothing in the warm touch of the water and he was becoming more at home there every day. With long powerful strokes he drew away from the malihini breakers to dare the great rollers beyond. Surf-board riders flashed by him; now and then he had to alter his course to avoid an outrigger canoe.

On the farthest float of all he saw Carlota Egan. She sat there, a slender, lovely figure vibrant with life, and awaited his coming. As he climbed up beside her and looked into her eyes he was—perhaps from his exertion in the water—a little breathless.

"I rather hoped I'd find you," he panted.

"Did you?" She smiled faintly. "I hoped it too. You see, I need a lot of cheering up."

"On a perfect day like this!"

"I'd pinned such hopes on Mr. Brade," she explained. "Perhaps you know he's back; and from what I can gather, his return hasn't meant a thing so far as dad's concerned, not a thing"

"Well, I'm afraid it hasn't," John Quincy admitted. "But we mustn't get discouraged. As Chan puts it, we sway about, seeking a new path. You and I have a bit of swaying to do. How about Mr Saladine?"

"I've been thinking about Mr Saladine. But I can't get excited about him, somehow He's so ridiculous"

"We mustn't pass him up on that account," admonished John Quincy. "I caught a glimpse of his purple bathing suit on the first float. Come on, we'll just casually drop in on him. I'll race you there."

She smiled again and leaped to her feet. For a second she stood poised, then dived in a way that John Quincy could never hope to emulate. He slipped off in pursuit, and though he put forth every effort, she reached Saladine's side five seconds before him.

"Hello, Mr. Saladine," she said. "This is Mr. Winterslip, of Boston."

"Ah, yeth," responded Mr. Saladine gloomily. "Mr. Winterthlip." He regarded the young man with interest.

"Any luck, sir?" inquired John Quincy sympathetically.

"Oh, you heard about my accthident?"

"I did, sir, and I'm sorry"

"I am, too," said Mr Saladine feelingly "Not a trath of them tho far, and I muth go home in a few dath"

"I believe Miss Egan said you lived in Des Moines?"

"Yeth. Deth Deth -I can't thay it"

"In business there?" inquired John Quincy nonchalantly.

"Yeth; wholethale grothery buthineth," answered Mr Saladine slowly but not very successfully John Quincy turned away to hide a smile.

"Shall we go along?" he said to the girl. "Good luck to you, sir." He dived off, and as they swam toward the shore he reflected that they were on a false trail there—a trail as spurious as the teeth. That little business man was too conventional a figure to have any connection with the murder of Dan Winterslip. He kept these thoughts to himself, however.

Halfway to the beach, they encountered an enormous figure floating languidly on the water. Just beyond the great stomach John Quincy perceived the serene face of Charlie Chan.

"Hello, Charlie," he cried. "It's a small ocean, after all! Got your flivver with you?" Chan righted himself and grinned.

"Little pleasant recreation," he explained. "Forget detective worries out here floating idle like leaf on stream."

"Please float ashore," suggested John Quincy. "I have something to tell you."

"Only too happy," agreed Chan.

He followed them in and they sat, an odd trio, on the white sand. John Quincy told the detective about Saladine's activities outside the window the night before and repeated the conversation he had just had with the Middle Westerner.

"Of course, the man seems almost too foolish to mean anything," he added. Chan shook his head.

"Begging most humble pardon," he said, "that are wrong attitude completely. Detective business made up of unsignificant trifles. One after other our clews go burst in our countenance. Wise to pursue matter of Mr. Saladine."

"What do you suggest?" John Quincy wanted to know.

"Tonight I visit city for night work to drive off my piled tuaks," Chan replied. "After evening meal, suggest you join with me at cable office. We dispatch message to postmaster of this Des Moines, inquiring what are present locality of Mr. Saladine, expert in wholeselling provisions. Your name will be signed to message; much better than police meddling."

"All right," John Quincy agreed, "I'll meet you there at 8:30."

Carlota Egan rose.

"I must get back to the Reef and Palm. You've no idea all I have to do." John Quincy stood beside her.

"If I can help, you know ——"

"I know," she smiled. "I'm thinking of making you assistant manager. They'd be so proud of you—in Boston."

She moved off toward the water for her homeward swim and John Quincy dropped down beside Chan. The Chinaman's little amber eyes followed the girl.

"Endeavoring to make English language my slave," he said, "I peruse poetry. Who were the great poet who said, 'She walks in beauty, like the night'?"

"Why, that was—er—who was it?" remarked John Quincy helpfully.

"Name is slippery," went on Chan. "But no matter. Lines pop into brain whenever I see this Miss Egan. Beauty like the night, Hawaiian night maybe, lovely as purest jade. Most especially on this beach. Spot of heartbreaking charm, this beach."

"Surely is," agreed John Quincy, amused at Chan's obviously sentimental mood.

"Here on gleaming sand I first regard my future wife," continued Chan. "Slender as the bamboo is slender, beautiful as blossom of the plum."

"Your wife?" repeated John Quincy. The idea was a new one.

"Yes, indeed." Chan rose. "Recalls I must hasten home where she attends the children, who are now, by actual count, nine in number." He looked down at John Quincy thoughtfully. "Are you well fitted with the armor of preparation?" he said. "Consider. Some night the moon has splendor in this neighborhood, the coco palms bow lowly and turn away their heads so they do not see, and the white man kisses without intending to do so."

"Oh, don't worry about me," John Quincy laughed. "I'm from Boston, and immune."

"Immune?" repeated Chan. "Ah, yes, I grasp meaning In my home I have idol brought from China with insides of solid stone. He would think he is immune. But even so I would not trust him on this beach As my Cousin Willie Chan say with vulgarity, see you later."

John Quincy sat for a time on the sand, then rose and strolled toward home. His path lay close to the lanai of Arlene Compton's cottage, and he was surprised to hear his name called from behind the screen. He stepped to the door and looked in The woman was sitting there alone.

"Come in a minute, Mr. Winteslip," she said.

John Quincy hesitated. He did not care to make any social calls on this lady, but he did not have it in him to be rude. He went inside and sat down gingerly, poised for flight.

"Got to hurry back for dinner," he explained.

"Dinner? You'll want a cocktail."

(Continued on Page 93)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

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HART SCHAFFNER

You think first of what your clothes look like; then of what they are Our idea is to put the "looks" and the "are" in the same clothes These illustrations show the first; the new "Four Winds" topcoat; smart any place; serviceable in any weather The latest in suits;

& MARX CLOTHES

wider in the shoulders, the waistline indicated a trifle, coats a little snug over the hips, trousers wider, pockets lower, the newest note in knickers As for the rest: fine all-wool fabrics, as perfectly tailored as skill and experience can do it; and satisfaction guaranteed

"Through the Looking Glass"

....to the new "wonderland"

A mirror that parted like mist .... a step through .... and behold!—a "Wonderland" where everything was turned around—where people walked backward, and remembered things that were yet to happen.

A fairy story, you say, that could only happen to "Alice." And yet—look about you: how different life today from that of a few years ago. Customs turned around, woman's little sphere of pots and pans broadened into an amazing world of clubs and sports, church and community activities, education, business, self-development. A "Wonderland" truly as reversed as that which Alice found!

And the "looking glass" that separates you from it? Merely lack of TIME—TIME to enjoy the happy activities that the new "Wonderland" has placed within your reach. And how can you secure this TIME? Millions of American women have secured it simply by utilizing the modern laundry and similar time saving helps. Instead of wasting hours and strength, either doing or superintending the washing at home, these women phone the laundry. Their bundles are called for, the clothes washed in many changes of rainsoft water, ironed partially or completely, as desired, and promptly returned. A whole day or more saved each week! New time for home and children! New leisure for the hundred and one things you have wanted to do!

As for cost, this modern washday method requires no larger budget. Today's laundry offers services to meet every household's needs, at prices to fit every family's purse. Too, the laundry offers five washdays now instead of one. "Monday-washday" has been banished from the week.

Today, let one of the modern laundries in your city help you through the looking glass. Just telephone and your bundle will be called for.

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(Continued from Page 88

"No, thanks. I'm—I'm on the wagon."

"You'll find it hard to stick out here," she said, a little bitterly. "I won't keep you long. I just want to know, are those boneheads down at the station getting anywhere, or ain't they?"

"The police?" smiled John Quincy. "They seem to be making progress. But it's slow. It's very slow."

"I'll tell the world it's slow. And I got to stick here till they pin it on somebody. Pleasant outlook, ain't it?"

"Is Mr. Leatherbee still with you?" inquired John Quincy.

"What do you mean is he still with me?" she flared.

"Pardon me, is he still in town?"

"Of course he's in town. They won't let him go either. But I ain't worrying about him. I got troubles of my own. I want to go home." She nodded toward a newspaper on the table. "I just got hold of an old Variety and seen about a show opening in Atlantic City. A lot of the gang is in it, working like dogs, rehearsing night and day, worrying themselves sick over how long the thing will last. Gee, don't I envy them! I was near to bawling when you came along."

"You'll get back all right," comforted John Quincy.

"Say, if I ever do, I'll stop everybody I meet on Broadway and promise never to leave 'em again." John Quincy rose. "You tell that guy Hallet to get a move on," she urged.

"I'll tell him," he agreed.

"And drop in to see me now and then," she added wistfully. "Us Easterners ought to stick together out here."

"That's right, we should," John Quincy answered. "Good-by."

As he walked along the beach he thought of her with pity. The story she and Leatherbee had told might be entirely false; even so, she was a human and appealing figure and her homesickness touched his heart.

Later that evening, when John Quincy came downstairs faultlessly attired for dinner, he encountered Amos Winterslip in the living room. Cousin Amos' lean face was whiter than ever, his manner listless. He had been robbed of his hate, his evenings beneath the algaroba tree had lost their savor, life was devoid of spice.

Dinner was not a particularly jolly affair. Barbara seemed intent on knowing now the details of the search the police were conducting and it fell to John Quincy to enlighten her. Reluctantly he came at last to the story of Brade. She listened in silence. After dinner she and John Quincy went out into the garden and sat on a bench under the hau tree, facing the water.

"I'm terribly sorry I had to tell you that about Brade," John Quincy said gently. "But it seemed necessary."

"Of course," she agreed. "Poor dad! He was weak—weak."

"Forgive and forget," John Quincy suggested. "Man is a creature of environment." He wondered dimly where he had heard that before. "Your father was not entirely to blame."

"You're terribly kind, John Quincy," she told him.

"No; but I mean it," he protested. "Just picture the scene to yourself. That lonely ocean, wealth at his feet for the taking, no one to see or know."

"Oh, but it was wrong, wrong! Poor Mr. Brade. I must make things right with him as nearly as I can. I shall ask Harry to talk with him tomorrow."

"Just a suggestion," interposed John Quincy. "Whatever you agree to do for Brade must not be done until the man who killed your father is found."

She stared at him. "What? You don't think that Brade ——"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Brade is unable to prove where he was early last Tuesday morning."

They sat silent for a moment, then the girl suddenly collapsed and buried her face in her hands. Her slim shoulders trembled convulsively and John Quincy, deeply sympathetic, moved closer. He put his arm about her. The moonlight shone on her bright hair, the trades whispered in the hau tree, the breakers murmured on the beach. She lifted her face and he kissed her. A cousinly kiss he had meant it to be, but somehow it wasn't; it was a kiss he would never have been up to on Beacon Street.

"Miss Minerva said I'd find you here," remarked a voice behind them.

John Quincy leaped to his feet and found himself staring into the cynical eyes of Harry Jennison. Even though you are the girl's cousin, it is a bit embarrassing to have a man find you kissing his fiancée; particularly if the kiss wasn't at all cousinly. John Quincy wondered if Jennison had noticed that.

"Come in—I mean, sit down," stammered John Quincy. "I was just going."

"Good-by," said Jennison coldly.

John Quincy went hastily through the living room, where Miss Minerva sat with Amos.

"Got an appointment downtown," he explained, and picking up his hat in the hall he fled into the night.

He had intended taking the roadster, but to reach the garage he would have to pass that bench under the hau tree. Oh, well, the colorful atmosphere of a trolley was more interesting anyhow.

In the cable office on the ground floor of the Alexander Young Hotel, Chan was waiting, and they sent off their inquiry to the postmaster at Des Moines, signing John Quincy's name and address. That attended to, they returned to the street.

"Kindly deign to enter hotel lobby with me," suggested Chan. "It is my custom to regard names in register from time to time."

At the cigar stand just inside the door, the boy paused to light his pipe, while Chan went on to the desk. As John Quincy turned he saw a man seated alone in the lobby, a handsome, distinguished man who wore immaculate evening clothes that bore the stamp of Bond Street. An old acquaintance, Capt. Arthur Temple Cope. Seeing John Quincy, Cope leaped to his feet and came forward.

"Hello, I'm glad to see you," he cried, with a cordiality that had not been evident at former meetings. "Come over and sit down." John Quincy followed him.

"Aren't you back rather soon?" he inquired.

"Sooner than I expected," Cope rejoined. "Not sorry either."

"Then you didn't care for your little flock of islands?"

"My boy, you should visit there. Thirty-five white men, two hundred and fifty natives, and a cable station. Jolly place of an evening, what?"

Chan came up and John Quincy presented him. Captain Cope was the perfect host. "Sit down, both of you," he urged. "Have a cigarette." He extended a silver case.

"Thanks, I'll stick to the pipe," John Quincy said. Chan gravely accepted a cigarette and lighted it.

"Tell me, my boy," Cope said when they were seated, "is there anything new on the Winterslip murder? Haven't run down the guilty man by any chance?"

"No, not yet," John Quincy replied.

"That's a great pity. I—er—understand the police are holding a chap named Egan."

"Yes; Jim Egan, of the Reef and Palm Hotel."

"Just what evidence have they against Egan, Mr. Winterslip?"

John Quincy was suddenly aware of Chan looking at him in a peculiar way.

"Oh, they've dug up several things," he answered vaguely.

"Mr. Chan, you are a member of the police force," Captain Cope went on. "Perhaps you can tell me." Chan's little eyes narrowed.

"Such matters are not yet presented to public," he replied.

"Ah, yes, naturally," Captain Cope's tone suggested disappointment.

"You have interest in this murder, I think?" Chan said.

"Why, yes; everyone out this way is puzzling about it, I fancy. The thing has so many angles."

"Is it possible that you were an acquaintance with Mr. Dan Winterslip?" the detective persisted.

"I—I knew him slightly. But that was many years ago." Chan stood.

"Humbly begging pardon to be so abrupt," he said. He turned to John Quincy. "The moment of our appointment is eminent."

"Of course," agreed John Quincy. "See you again, captain." Perplexed, he followed Chan to the street. "What appointment ——" he began, and stopped. Chan was carefully extinguishing the light of the cigarette against the stone façade of the hotel. That done, he dropped the stub into his pocket.

"You will see," he promised. "First we visit police station. As we journey, kindly relate all known facts concerning this Captain Cope."

John Quincy told of his first meeting with Cope in the San Francisco club and repeated the conversation as he recalled it.

"Evidence of warm dislike for Dan Winterslip were not to be concealed?" inquired Chan.

"Oh, quite plain, Charlie. He certainly had no love for Cousin Dan. But what——"

"Immediately he was leaving for Hawaii—pardon the interrupt. Does it happily chance you know his date of arrival here?"

"I do. I saw him in the Alexander Young Hotel last Tuesday evening when I was looking for you. He was rushing off to the Fanning Islands, and he told me he had got in the previous day at noon."

"Monday noon, to put it lucidly."

"Yes, Monday noon. But, Charlie, what are you trying to get at?"

"Groping about," Chan smiled. "Seeking to seize truth in my hot hands."

They walked on in silence to the station, where Chan led the way into the deserted room of Captain Hallet. He went directly to the safe and opened it. From a drawer he removed several small objects, which he carried over to the captain's table.

"Property Mr. Jim Egan," he announced, and laid a case of tarnished silver before John Quincy. "Open it—what do you find now? Corsican cigarettes." He set down another exhibit. "Tin box found in room of Mr. Brade. Open that also. You find more Corsican cigarettes." He removed an envelope from his pocket, and taking out a charred stub, laid that too on the table. "Fragment found by walk outside door of Dan Winterslip's mansion," he elucidated. "Also Corsican brand." Frowning deeply, he removed a second charred stub from his pocket and laid it some distance from the other exhibits. "Cigarette offered just now with winning air of hospitality by Capt. Arthur Temple Cope. Lean close and perceive. More Corsican brand!"

"Good Lord!" John Quincy cried.

"Can it be you are familiar with these Corsicans?" inquired Chan.

"Not at all."

"I am more happily located. This afternoon before the swim I pause at public library for listless reading. In Australian newspaper I encounter advertising talk of Corsican cigarette. It are assembled in two distinct fashions; one, labeled on tin 222, holds Turkish tobacco. Note 222 on tin of Brade. Other, labeled 444, made up from Virginia weeds. Is it that you are clever to know difference between Turkish and Virginia tobacco?"

"Well, I think so," began John Quincy.

"Same with me, but thinking are not enough now. The moment are serious. We will interrogate expert opinion. Honor me by a journey to smoking emporium."

He took a cigarette from Brade's tin, put it in an envelope and wrote something on the outside, then did the same with one from Egan's case. The two stubs were similarly classified. They went in silence to the street. John Quincy, amazed by this new turn of events, told himself the idea was absurd. But Chan's face was grave, his eyes awake and eager.

John Quincy was vastly more amazed when they emerged from the tobacco shop after a brisk interview with the young man in charge. Chan was jubilant now.

"Again we advance! You hear what he tells us. Cigarette from Brade's tin and little brother from Egan's case are of identical contents, both being of Turkish tobacco. Stub found near walk are of Virginia stuff. So also are remnant received by me from the cordial hand of Capt. Arthur Temple Cope."

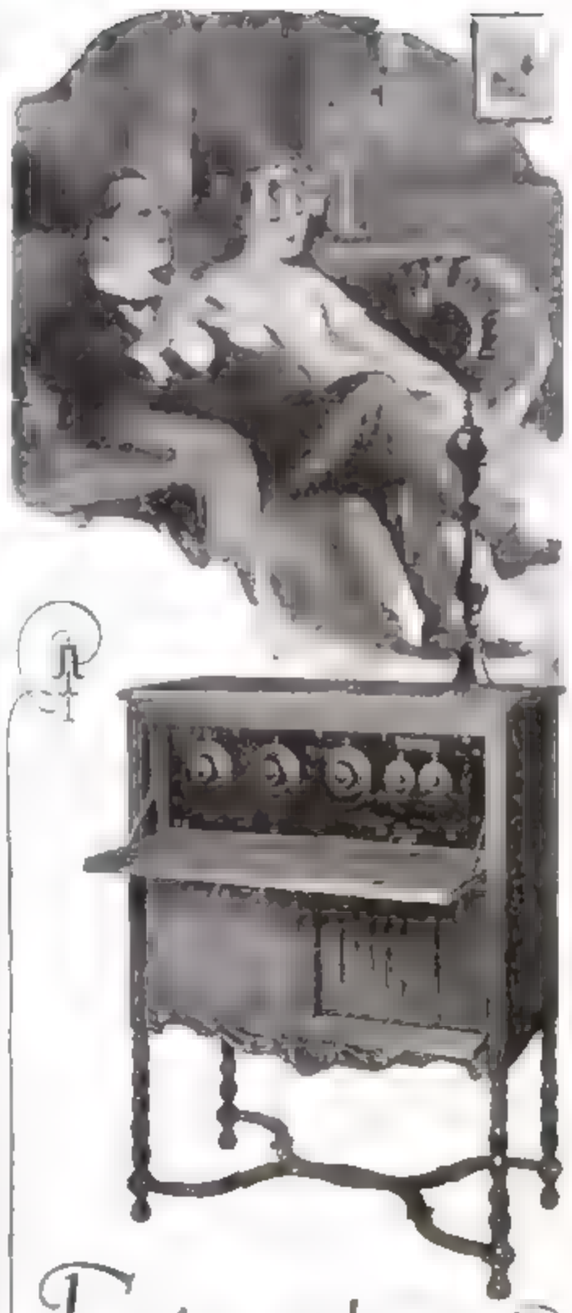
"It's beyond me," replied John Quincy. "By gad, that lets Egan out! Great news for Carlota! I'll hurry to the Reef and Palm and tell her."

"Oh, no, no!" protested Chan. "Please to let that happy moment wait. For the present, indulge only in silence. Before asking Captain Cope for statement we spy over his every move. Much may be revealed by the unsuspecting. I go to station to make arrangements."

"But the man's a gentleman," John Quincy cried, "a captain in the British Admiralty. What you suggest is impossible." Chan shook his head.

"Impossible in Rear Bay at Boston," he said, "but here at moonly Crossroads of Pacific, not so much so. Twenty-five years of my life are consumed in Hawaii, and I have many times been witness when the impossible roused itself and occurred."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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A CITY WORKER

(Continued from Page 50)

just how many hundreds of helpers we'd have to have without machinery. There are 500 bags of potatoes weekly, 1000 bushels; 80 barrels of flour weekly for bread, rolls, pies, cakes, and so on, including Graham and rye; 23,000 gallons of baked beans weekly; 18,000 pounds of coffee; 3000 crates of tomatoes.

"Good night!" you are probably saying. "I can see my breaded pork chop going through such a foundry!"

I hope you do say it. I put all these figures, and the machinery, and the system, in the first part of my talk, because I want to tell you something about the carefulness and conscientiousness necessary in this job. We may cook 5000 breaded pork chops this afternoon, and put them away in our refrigerating rooms, to be sent to the restaurants early tomorrow morning in our sixteen electric trucks, which make four deliveries a day. In the restaurants they will be placed in steam tables, to be served hot when you come along with your tray. But whether it's 5000 or just one pork chop, we are as solicitous about getting the best quality of raw meat, and cooking it skillfully, and with cleanliness, as your own wife would be.

Let me tell you something about food and the folks who handle it on a big scale. From the pig to the pork chop, every kind of food article passes through a good many hands. You may wonder, sometimes, what might have been done to your pork chop on the way. Some folks prefer not to think about it. I have been selecting, buying, inspecting, preparing, cooking, sampling and serving food for thousands of people more than twenty years, and ought to be qualified to speak on the subject.

Fact No. 1: The bigger the concern that handles food the better and cleaner it will be.

Fact No. 2: The proof of the pudding is in the eating—you can't make good dishes or good products out of materials that are poor in quality or that have been carelessly handled.

You know how everything in the grocery stores nowadays is wrapped up in wax or parchment paper or tinfoil, or protected by pasteboard, fiber board, tin, glass or wood. Go to the factories where it is packed and you will find most of the work—in many cases all of it—being done by automatic machinery. There are several reasons for this: The public likes food in sanitary packages, and I have never known a case in which the bulk article, like crackers out of a barrel or butter out of a tub, held its own in competition with the wrapped article. Bulk food can usually be sold a little cheaper, but the public has shown, over and over again, that it is willing to pay a little more for the cleanliness of the sanitary package. Another reason is that it costs money to pack and sell food by hand—machine processes are cheaper. And another is that the more handling the poorer the quality; every time the hand touches food, value is lost.

Conscience and Carefulness

Go into the packing house, dairy, cannery, bakery—any place where food is being handled, so long as it's a big one—and you will find not only automatic sanitary processes but conscience! Whoever runs the place has the feeling that this food is to be eaten by people, and is as scrupulous about it as though he were going to eat it himself; and he keeps his employes and plant up to that standard. And the proof is that he will gladly take you through his plant and let you see how it's done. I needn't say, of course, that the big factory has many advantages over the housewife in keeping food clean. She may have to work in a dark kitchen, with unsatisfactory utensils, whereas the big factory is designed for cleanliness, and its equipment is the very latest thing, and the whole place can be made sterile and sweet with live steam.

All this is just as true of food when you cook and serve it on a large scale. You can't make good dishes out of poor materials. Careless handling will spoil good materials. Conscience and carefulness will flavor the dish when it is served, and make it good to look at.

We trim every penny possible out of our expenses except in one department—that of raw food materials. You can get some idea about our opportunities for saving money when you know that we spent $70,000 last year for paper napkins—140,000,000 of them. A very slight change there in the size, quality or price might effect a couple of thousand dollars' savings. We spend $100,000 a year for crockery, a great deal less than we used to pay. Formerly the crockery wore out—chipped and cracked easily. By coöperation with the manufacturers we got crockery that hadn't such a hard glaze, and it stands up better. By the way, you may be interested to know that when our crockery is discarded we give it to charitable institutions. We used to lose lots of money in breakage, but better machinery for washing dishes and a better system of handling them have cut down that loss. We used to lose a lot of silverware in the garbage, but a better system cuts that down too.

Economy is a constant study, but when we want to economize on food we always revise things upward, paying more for quality. We begin by purchasing from responsible manufacturers and dealers who can give us standard materials. All our flour comes from one of the largest mills in the country, where the product is under chemical control from the raw grain to the barrel. We buy our meats from a big packing concern, our coffee from a house that has been supplying it for twenty years.

The Test of Taste

We test everything purchased, but before delivery. On that forty-five cars of canned tomatoes bought last year, for example, the canner allowed us to select samples, and these were opened and tested. One point in good canned tomatoes is water. A poor grade has too much juice, so a can is poured into a sieve, and the solid portion weighed. Good tomatoes have to be well peeled, fully ripe, and meet other standards of quality. After we have bought materials right, they can be cooked with the assurance that they will come out right.

Our dishes have to be uniform from one year's end to the other. You can't make uniform dishes from materials that vary. We even go to the length of having the same employes make the same dishes from one year's end to the other. Our beef pies are quite famous—one man makes them steadily, and makes nothing else. So with ice cream; in hot weather we make 5000 to 7000 quarts a day, and ripen it overnight at zero temperature. Our coffee is in charge of another man—one pound of bean makes two gallons, or thirty-seven cups, a half pint to the cup, seven ounces of coffee and one ounce of cream. And so on—specialists from soup to nuts.

Late every afternoon there is a sampling session. We have a room kept aside for that. Portions from each dish are put on the table, and about a dozen of us taste everything.

I knew an expert whisky blender before prohibition who tasted dozens of samples of liquor daily, yet he never took a drink. He said that to swallow the sample, or even keep it on his tongue too long, would destroy his sense of taste. So a sip was passed quickly over his tongue and spit right out. The tea and coffee tasters say the same thing. We're not so fastidious as that, but when you have to sample a whole menu every day, naturally you do not eat much of the food. A morsel of the corned-beef hash or chicken pie or celery stuffing or vanilla ice cream is enough. We look for certain shortcomings, and anything that comes under suspicion must be cooked or made all over again from fresh materials. And we go even further than that, for every few days we purchase and sample our competitors' stuff. If one of them is making a better currant bun than ours, we want to know it and make ours better than his.

What would you do with the left-overs from a family like mine? They're always a problem to the housewife; just think what it means to me, with a round million people to feed every week!

Some things can be salvaged. Most pies can, because the small remnant left overnight is good the next noon. But there is a great deal of cooked food—a little of this and a little more of that—which we do not want to serve next day. Our kitchen happens to be in a neighborhood where people are glad to purchase the left-overs, so they are sold in a little store we run downstairs.

Well, that's the job. You can call me chef or steward, cook or bottle washer; for if you like it as well as I do, learning it would involve study of all those things and a lot more.

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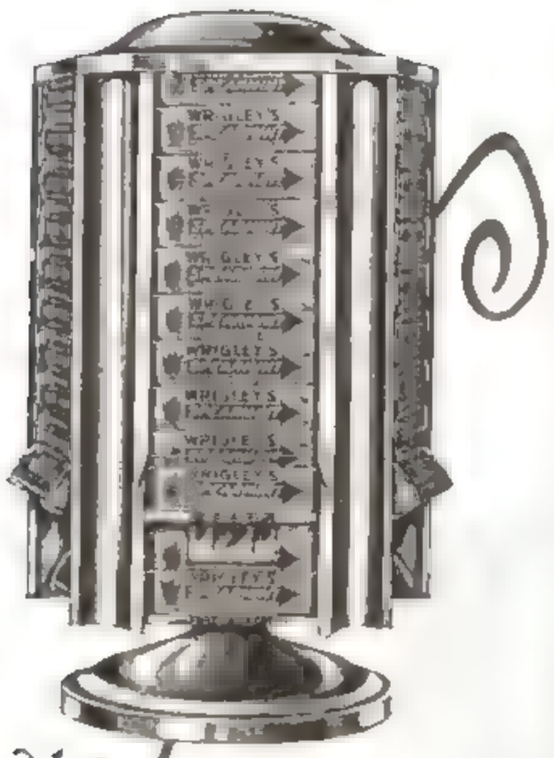

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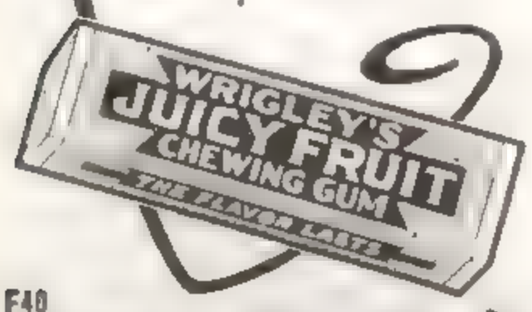

F40

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

The Flavor Lasts!

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from Page 36)

At the end he takes over the piano stool and plays what he has written, the while Berlin, with beach robe trailing, paces the far corner of the room, his head cocked critically on one side. Now and again he lets out a cry as though he had stepped on a chestnut burr. That is when Johnston misreads one of his own notes or even ventures to modify a phrase as a subtle bit of musical criticism. But Johnston seldom resists, relaxing himself utterly to Berlin's needs, as sensitive and as submissive as the table of a ouija board, and as appreciative, in his rôle of Berlin's first audience, as any busker could wish

Then, once the melody is there on paper, there is the lyric to be completed and the second chorus to be written. While that is in progress, Johnston sits interminably at the piano, playing the new air forty, fifty, sixty times, while up and down, up and down, now beside the piano, now striding the length of the room, now circling round and round the room adjoining, Berlin walks and walks and walks, hankering for the right word as devoutly as ever Sentimental Tommy did, and, like him, crowing as he dashes to the nearest piece of paper when he thinks he has found it.

When at last they pack up and start back for New York, Johnston toting a sheaf of lead sheets from which the orchestrations will be made, at least the skeleton, the scenario, for the next revue is ready. As he works on the melodies, the pale walls of the Ritz fade away and the California orange grove or the corner of Dutch New York or the white veranda of a Virginia home takes form before his eyes. He sees the very files and steps of the girls and boys who will one night sing the song at the Music Box. Scores of them, dancing youngsters of his own generation, are stepping ghostly there beside him as he works. The pocketful of tunes which he brings back to town are thus the starting point for all the canvas that will be painted and all the costumes that will be fabricated for the next extravaganza at the Music Box. The music is the constant in the problem at the Music Box. It is the only revue in America that has one.

A Thankful Playwright

Of course, an enormous amount remains to be done even in the writing of the music, for there are eleventh-hour changes with every day's change in cast or scheme. Besides, it seems almost a spiritual necessity for such a composer to leave as much as possible for the last moment. Such a necessity is but part of the incorrigible vagrancy of those who work in any one of the seven arts. Ralph Barton undertakes to draw a curtain with 146 caricatures for the Chauve-Souris, and though they give him three weeks in which to do it, he employs only the last twenty-four hours of the time allotted. Mr. Heywood Broun, after a month's notice from Collier's Weekly, will be due with his article at the office of that magazine at noon on such-and-such a date. When he ambles in on the appointed morning at 10:30 the relieved editor reaches out for the script, only to have Broun appeal sheepishly for the use of a typewriter and sit down to turn the piece out then and there. They say that Mozart wrote the overture for Don Giovanni on park benches that were carried into the theater just in time for the first performance. And at daybreak of the day on which Iolanthe was to be sung for the first time at the Savoy in London, Sullivan completed the overture and fell asleep while copyists caught it from his hand, and the devoted orchestra played it that night, reading it at sight from paper on which the ink gleamed wet in the light from the rack lamps. George M. Cohan has yet to start rehearsals on any play of his that had more than the first act already written, and they got the last five scenes of The School for Scandal out of Sheridan by locking him in the theater and not letting him out until he had written them, to which anxious period the notation on the last page of the patchwork script bears witness. The notation is:

"Finished at last, thank God!
"R. B. SHERIDAN."

To which the prompter added simply: "Amen!"

As the opening night of a revue at the Music Box approaches, you have the feeling that the first audience may have to be asked to wait just a few moments in the lobby while Mr. Berlin composes the final number.

Meanwhile, of course, other heads have been bent for weeks over other factors of the revue in the making. Harris, for instance, may have taken on his own shoulders not only the engaging of all the personnel but full charge of all the comedy sketches, which are selected out of hundreds sent in from every hall bedroom in New York. At first the artful Willie Collier had charge of the Music Box laughter, but he used to complain bitterly that his authority was not extensive enough. He was oppressed by the tons of scenery which marked the first two revues, and grew particularly indignant over such protracted interludes as that famous one, afterward copied in Paris, wherein an entire dinner was staged with each dish from salt shaker to demi-tasse embodied by a chorus girl dressed accordingly.

"If I'd really been in charge," said Collier gloomily, "that dinner would have been cut down to a sandwich."

The Walnut in the Fudge

In the end, the favored sketches are usually those which the comedians themselves have brought with them out of the two-a-day or the burlesque wheels or their own back yards. Thus the fourth revue was rendered hilarious, even during rehearsals, by the banter that took place between Bobby Clark and a large cinnamon bear which was but replacing a lion that had played the same scene a thousand times with Clark in the burlesque halls from New York to San Francisco. Such sketches in a revue have nothing whatever to do with the musical numbers, which themselves are not sufficiently related really to entitle their entire sequence to the use of the operatic word "score." The American revue, as it has been painfully evolved out of B. F. Keith by Florenz Ziegfeld, is just a kaleidoscopic succession of ballets, songs, pageants and the like, with interludes of comedy tucked in—and for the same reason—like walnuts in fudge.

But while a Hassard Short or a John Murray Anderson may be rehearsing the musical numbers, and a Reynolds may be at work on the exquisite pageantry of the costumes, the Clark Robinson scenery must be made—that orange grove, that Southern home—and, once made, must be fitted somehow into the intricate mechanism of the Music Box stage, a process so laborious and so complicated that night and day for weeks on end the stage is always in the bland possession of mechanics, who potter there with such deliberation you suspect them of an inner ambition to see that the revue shall not open until two years from the following March—and not then if they can help it.

Meanwhile, from the stage thus preempted, the rehearsals of the mere talent have been driven to seek shelter where they may—on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, if necessary. The comedians will be going over their sketches, as like as not, in the smoking lounge beneath the auditorium whence issue sounds of smothered laughter from some quickly suppressed onlooker who may have drifted in at a moment when Fannie Brice and Bobby Clark, exhilarated by each other's presence, are indulging in magic flights of improvisation.

Uptown, in a dance hall, the chorus will be at work, incredible shoals of shining, dewy youth, tumultuous, irresponsible, charming. The girls are clad for the most part in bathing suits or still briefer wisps of cambric rompers, explained and made severely matter of fact by their prosaic name of "practice clothes." Their supreme unconcern, as they drift and eddy in knots of casual beauty, seizing an odd moment, perhaps, to practice the split or to stand rakishly with one foot on the piano top, is matched only by the unconcern of those about them. And you find yourself wondering if it is here as it is at a certain candy store, where a crafty management permits each new clerk to eat his fill, knowing that after a few days the most luscious bonbons will no longer interest him.

As you enter, the sight of the bare dance floor, rendered spasmodically populous at intervals by an order for the rehearsal of this number or that, suggests nothing in the world so much as a sophomore hop and you find yourself hoping that not all the cards have been filled. But from such agreeable reflections, the abstracted John Murray Anderson, if he is the director, hurries on his way, dropping in first, perhaps, at a costumer's, where a few tufts of hair are pulled out at the discovery that the fabrics for the queen's ball gown in the second act have not even been dyed yet, much less cut and sewed and fitted. Then on to a little shop tucked away surprisingly among some dreary buildings—garages and such—at the foot of West Twenty-ninth Street. There, though you would never think to look for its like in so bleak a thoroughfare, is as old and personal and charming and Old World a place as you will find in all New York. It is a studio in which are fashioned most of the unpurchasable things that are called for in the producing of plays along Broadway.

There they made the head of the lion that protected Mr. Shaw's Androcles. There they wrought the barnyard harem of Maude Adams' Chantecler; and the implausible baby that was clasped throughout one Belasco season to the bosom of Marie-Odile; and the *papier-mâché* melons which, with stray bits of apple tucked here and there for the actors to nibble at, were served nightly in the agonizing dinner that made up the second act of The First Year. For no property man that ever lived would have willingly fed real melons to actors for two whole seasons.

Into this crowded, humming workshop—where one man will be weaving the wire framework for a future stage rose garden and his neighbor will be patiently making a tail out of white yak hair—Anderson, anxious about the Alice in Wonderland ballet, comes charging to see the head of the White Rabbit, the ears of the drowsy Dormouse, the sad mask of the Carpenter—with glycerine tears the size of pears—and the round masks of the Tweedle Brothers—Dum and Dee.

Then back to the Music Box, where, as the opening night approaches with leaden feet, two questions seem to separate out from the jumble of hope and worry and prediction.

Say It With Music

Everyone is asking which, of all the numbers in the score, will be the one with the unknown and undeterminable ingredient that will carry it swiftly to Moscow and Rio and Vancouver. Already the practice pianos at the various rehearsal points have been playing the music behind closed doors for several weeks, and shreds of it are always adrift in the air of the Music Box. Probably a visitor who had nothing else to do could sit in a corner and make a sound prediction just by noting which tune the girls are most likely to be humming as they get into their street clothes, which tune the stage carpenters are whistling as they slowly wield their hammers on the stage.

When the Music Box was building, Berlin set his heart on writing at least one song that would serve at once as a dedication of his house, and in the event that that house ever settled and mellowed into an institution, as a sort of anthem for it always. He called it Say It With Music; and when it was done, though the opening of the theater was yet months away, he was so hungry for the sound of an orchestra playing it that he could not resist lending the manuscript to the jazz players of the Sixty Club. They promised to play it only one night; but it proved so infectious that in no time the melody had seeped out, and drastic measures were required to prevent its growing stale before the building of the Music Box could catch up with it.

Then everyone is asking the still more crucial question as to when the new revue will open. For information on that score you slip past the guards into the Music Box, expecting by this time to find the evidence there under your eyes, the chorus regimented, the pace of preparation swift, the whole troupe taut. But they are still sitting around. They are always sitting around. While two masters of the revels confer gravely for twenty minutes about the exact flare of one unimportant skirt, fifty lesser persons sit around. You would swear you were in the waiting room of the Grand Central Terminal did it not seem unlike its patrons to dawdle there in one-piece bathing suits. The amount of time wasted

(Continued on Page 99)

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618

(Continued from Page 96)

in such dawdling is beyond belief; and, as you watch, you are visited with a vague suspicion that the management of such enterprises do not really know their business any better than most publishers and most colonels know theirs. You finally decide that there will probably be no revue at all; but the voice of an old-timer in your ear is reassuring.

I summon one such as witness none other than Robert Benchley, the not infrequently elfin dramatic critic of Life, who forfeited his amateur standing throughout an entire season by appearing as the monologuist of the Music Box. He writes:

Boost Eleventh Avenue Committee,
Headquarters, 599 Madison Avenue.

"*Dear Mr. Woollcott:* It has been called to someone's attention, and he has called it to mine, that you are writing a book about Irving Berlin. I suppose that it is all right for you writers to write books, but I don't see how you can handle such subjects as Irving Berlin's association with the Music Box without some help from us stage folk. Unless you have seen a rehearsal or have tripped over things backstage, you can't know what a big thing it is in which this little man finds himself each year.

"Nothing could be more discouraging than a rehearsal shortly preceding the opening of the Music Box. Out front are perhaps a dozen men with their hats on, each sitting on as much of an aisle seat as he can uncover from the big sheet which spreads out over all the orchestra chairs. The house is dark except for what crazy lights come from the stage. Someone yells up to the top balcony for Otto to throw on his baby spot. Otto doesn't hear. Someone else yells, and with much sputtering of calcium, the wrong spot appears. Then three people yell. Silence again.

"'All right, now!' shouts the director. 'All the tiger-skin girls on stage, please!' The tiger-skin girls, who have been waiting since eleven P.M.—it is now 3:30 A.M.—walk on in their sleep and stand there. Someone plays the first four bars of the music on a piano and is stopped. 'Just a minute, please!' A stage manager walks across the stage and talks to an assistant. 'All right with your straws!' he yells to somebody. The director climbs up on the stage with the stage managers. 'All right, now! Music, please. All ready, tiger-skin girls!'

"The pianist plays seven bars and is stopped again.

"Then a little man in a tight-fitting suit, with his hands in his pockets, walks on from the wings. He looks very white in the glare from the foots. You almost expect to have him thrown out, he seems so casual and like an observer. They don't throw him out, however, because he is Mr. Berlin."

The Great Night Arrives

"You are suddenly overcome with a feeling of tremendous futility. 'Irving Berlin's Fourth Music Box Revue' it already says in the lights out in front of the theater. And Irving Berlin is so little. And the Fourth Music Box Revue is so big, and so far from articulation.

"Yet on the opening night, not a week from the rehearsal, you won't feel any futility about it. If you are backstage you will, if you can keep your head from being caved in, be impressed with nothing so much as the tremendous accomplishment of something out of what seemed to be nothing, or worse than nothing, chaos. Way up above in the flies there are men set there for no other purpose than to drop things on you. All across the floor are ropes and wires especially constructed to trip you up. Dozens of men, displaying a fine disdain for the show and the performers, manage to work things so that you out front think that the curtains are being drawn back and the drops lowered by electricity. And somewhere in the jam of young ladies dressed as the various manifestations of springtime and young men in cutaways who throng the entrances, you may see the top of a small head. If you watch the fedora hat move up and down you can tell that its owner is chewing gum. Then he walks out and goes up to the last row of the balcony, where he sits with Sam Harris and watches the show.

"For four months he has been working day and night, writing music, devising numbers, engaging principals and chorus, and having a terrible time with his digestion. And yet in all that time no one has heard him raise his voice. And in all that time no one has been hurt by him.

"Now you know why you can't get it all from the front on opening night, all of the Music Box, or all of Irving Berlin.

"Yours,

"ROBERT BENCHLEY."

But in the final week, when it becomes apparent that the new revue cannot possibly ring up its curtain on the night appointed, the pace of preparation does not quicken visibly. If anything, it seems to slacken and threaten to stop altogether, its lull before the storm broken only by Eddie Mendelssohn hurrying down to ask everyone to sniff the air and see if he has caught just the right perfume for the springtime number; or by the press department explaining patiently over the telephone that even if Mr. Thus-and-So owns eight banks and has fourteen blood relations in the Social Register, there are, after all, no more seats for the opening to be had.

The Drug Store at No. 6 Bowery, Where Joseph Schenck Clerked to Pay His Way Through College

Knowing, as perhaps you do, that each night's postponement means a loss of more than $8000, you feel a sudden pang for Sam Harris, who, after running the treasury, directing the comedians and pacifying the temperamental, must lose half of every penny lost. Indeed, you set out to look for him with that lively interest in a fellow creature's distress which marks the best of us. And if he isn't down in the lounge quietly seeing that the girls get all the sandwiches and coffee they need at the improvised buffet, you can trace him by his laughter to some corner of the dusky auditorium, where Fannie Brice will be regaling him with reminiscences of the sad day years before when she, as a wistful applicant for a place in the chorus of The Talk of New York, was fired by Sam Harris because George Cohan had said she would do better to go back to her kitchen.

At last the great night comes. In the wings, the singers, the comedians, the chorus girls strain at the leash. All New York makes a monstrous effort to get into the Music Box at once. There is a ripple of expectancy as Tours rises in the orchestra pit and taps with his baton. The lights in the auditorium go down, the glow gathers within the proscenium arch, the curtain rises. And up in the last row of the balcony, Harris and Berlin decide, after all, to go on living.

Then a few days later, with the line unbroken at the box office and the new tunes spreading to the restaurant orchestras of the town, Berlin, a spent minstrel asking for nothing but some warm place to sleep, goes crawling dejected off to Florida. Unformed in his thoughts is a mild wonder at the monstrous changes since the simpler days when he would write a song at sundown, sing it in Maxim's at midnight and start in next day on another. Instead, a great gleaming mechanism—intricate, costly, heavy -has been reared to stand between him and the folk for whom he sings. He sees himself as one sentenced to hard labor who really had no need to toil at all, as one chained fast to a machine when his every right and impulse was to roam the world. And in the scowl which such thoughts beget, the newsmongers of Broadway read all the tip they need, and straightway the papers are whispering with rumors that Berlin will never stage another revue.

Were such witnesses to linger longer, they would probably hear him chuckling suddenly to himself when he realizes, as he must, that after all it was he himself who fastened those chains upon him. If, in the gloaming of such ancestral thoughts, he sometimes sees the Music Box as a ravenous dragon sitting ever at his doorstep, and devouring all his strength and all his tranquility, he soon has a lucid interval in which he faces the luminous truth that the dragon was none which had chased him out of the forest. Rather, it was one which he himself had sallied forth to capture; one which, proudly and exultantly, he had led home and ostentatiously tied outside his door. But then that's what we all do.

Another Witness

In the knowledge that there should be at least some testimony here bearing on the place of Irving Berlin in the history of the music of his time and country, this chronicler is disposed to summon to the stand witnesses whose word would carry more weight than his own. It is a natural impulse, perhaps, to summon first such a critic as Gilbert Seldes, who, in the pages of The Seven Lively Arts, has written much and enthusiastically on the compositions of Irving Berlin. But the roving eye plucks from the first paragraph such a sentence as this:

"Ragtime is not, strictly speaking, time at all; neither is *tempo rubato*; and eminently safe composers have been known to score their music *con alcuna licenza*." And so on

So I turn from Mr. Seldes, influenced by a faint, heretical suspicion that he may not know what he is talking about; and certainly controlled by a conviction that, anyway, Berlin would not.

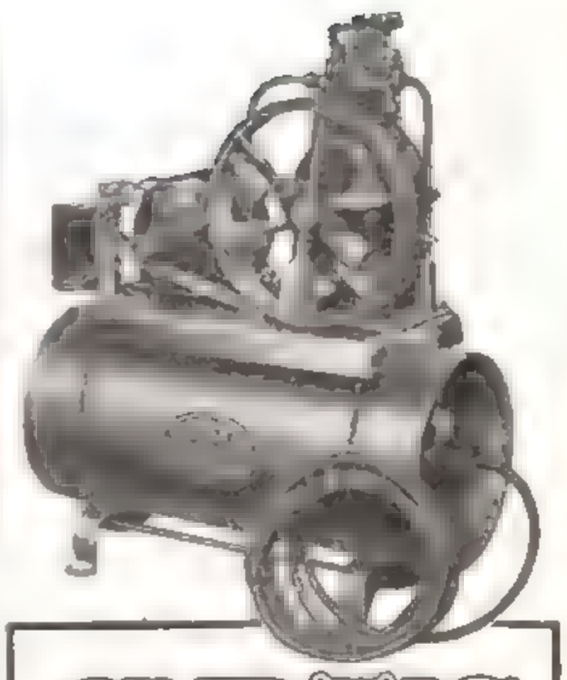
A more obvious witness to call would be John Alden Carpenter, not only for his indisputable distinction as a composer but because of the special interest revealed in his contribution to that symposium conducted by The Etude when an international jury of twenty-six—ranging all the way from Galli-Curci to John Philip Sousa—was asked to nominate the greatest masterpieces of musical art. In addition to the B-Minor Mass of Bach, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, the Carmen of Bizet, the C-Sharp Minor Polonaise of Chopin, the Pelléas et Mélisande of Debussy, the Boris of Mussorgsky, the Petroushka of Stravinsky and the Meistersinger of Wagner, Mr. Carpenter added the Pinafore of Arthur Sullivan and the Everybody Step of Irving Berlin, explaining in a footnote that in his Berlin and Chopin choices he would have willingly substituted any one of a half dozen masterpieces by the same composer. Furthermore, Mr. Carpenter went on record as saying:

"I am strongly inclined to believe that the musical history of the year 2000 will find the birthday of American music and that of Irving Berlin to have been the same."

Wherefore I submit this letter from Mr. Carpenter:

"I am delighted at the opportunity you offer me to make some sort of public gesture of appreciation of Irving Berlin's contribution to American music. My feeling is

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 99)

simply this—whether you like it or not, and wherever it eventually leads us, the sensitive student of musical development in this country must surely recognize the fact that our contemporary popular music, inadequately labeled 'jazz,' is the first spontaneous musical expression of the United States of America and as such deserves attention. And it is my own conviction that if we do not offer this music our attention voluntarily, it will just naturally reach out and take possession of us anyway. To my mind, the importance of Berlin lies not only in the fact that he is pure gold but also in that he must be regarded as a pioneer.

"From the standpoint of art, it will be interesting to find out if the charm and vigor of jazz can be successfully diluted with the sophistication of the trained creative impulse. In any event, I do not see how it can be ignored by any American composer who feels his native soil under his feet."

Then I have sought an opinion from Jerome Kern, not only as Berlin's most successful neighbor on Broadway but as one who, more than any other in that turbulent neighborhood, knows his way about the history of music. This is Mr. Kern's letter:

"I once delivered myself of a nifty. It was at a dinner in London, and I was asked what, in my opinion, were the chief characteristics of the American nation. I replied that the average United States citizen was perfectly epitomized in Irving Berlin's music. I remember I got this off quite glibly, just as if I had thought of it on the spur of the moment. Of course, I enlarged upon the notion and went on to explain that both the typical Yankee and the Berlin tune had humor, originality, pace and popularity; both were wide awake, and both sometimes a little loud; but what might unsympathetically be mistaken for brass was really gold.

"Since then columns have been written about Berlin and his music. Learned expressions like 'genre,' 'con alcuna licenza,' 'melodic architecture,' 'rhythmic pulsations,' and so on, have been hurled at the head of modest, shy little Irving, to his utter bewilderment.

"He has been called—by myself—a modern disciple of Aristoxenus, who, as you undoubtedly do not know, attacked the Pythagorean theory by asserting that the ear was the only authority in determining consonance and dissonance.

"I must explain that my Grecian dip was in answer to some highly unsuccessful musician, who was bold and foolish enough to criticize, mathematically and harmonically, a little treasure of Berlin's—A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."

Berlin's Bombproof

"And all the time this highfalutin' bombardment has been going on, Berlin has entrenched himself in a shell-proof impregnable position as commander in chief of all the purveyors of American light music.

"Something snappy should be interpolated at this point to the effect that there is but one legitimate aspirant to the heights occupied by Irving Berlin, the maker of music—if, by any metaphorical stretch, a bombproof dugout can be called a height—and that aspirant is Irving Berlin, the maker of verses.

"A critical appraisal of his technical ability as a lyrist must be left to my literary superiors, but I, here and now, bend the knee in recognition of Berlin's genius in providing himself with his own lyrical inspiration for melodic invention. For almost invariably it is after his word phrases and rhymes occur to him, not before, that he tackles his music. Then ensues real composition in the fullest sense of that much abused word; and Berlin has certainly mastered the art of making an integral whole by uniting two different elements. Not, mind you, by aimlessly fingering the keyboard of a pianoforte until something agreeable is perchance struck, but by the same means that Richard Wagner employed in fashioning his dual masterpieces of text and music.

"Berlin—like Wagner, an inexorable autocritic—molds and blends and ornaments his words and music at one and the same time, each being the outgrowth of the other. He trims and changes and refashions both many times and oft, but nearly always strives for simplicity, never elaboration. He is not bothering much with the seats of the Olympians, but he is concerned with the lore, the hearts—yes, and the dancing feet of human folk.

"The comparison between the craft of Wagner and Berlin is not a heedless one, and in anticipation of indignant protests, I now go further and say that, to my mind, there are phrases in Berlin's music as noble and mighty as any clause in the works of the masters, from Beethoven and Wagner down.

"When you remember how the latter used to sit in a darkened room for hours at a time, waiting for a fragment of melody, sometimes of only two or three notes, to come to him, you will agree with my notion that even Wagner would have considered the heroic first three measures in the burthen of That Mysterious Rag heaven-sent material. My openly expressed enthusiasm for these five or six notes has amused no one more than Berlin himself. He thinks the theme is pretty good, but any suggestion that it possesses a sheer musical magnificence makes him laugh himself to death.

"Much is to be said about his amazing ability in the use and manipulation of rhythms. Abler men than I in that interesting field are better equipped to speak authoritatively, but I certainly object to the absurd implication that Irving Berlin is an explorer, discoverer or pioneer in what is still childishly called ragtime.

"He doesn't attempt to stuff the public's ears with pseudo-original ultra modernism, but he honestly absorbs the vibrations emanating from the people, manners and life of his time, and in turn gives these impressions back to the world, simplified, clarified, glorified.

"In short, what I really want to say, my dear Woollcott, is that Irving Berlin has no place in American music. He is American music; but it will be by his verse and his lovely melodies that he will live, and not in his diabolically clever trick accents.

"I hope to goodness he never asks me what the Pythagorean theory is, because I don't know much about it myself."

What is Jazz?

Mr. Kern's testimony comes closer to that which I myself would have wished to give had I been called to the stand. It avoids the preposterous fashion of using the word "jazz" and the word "Berlin" as interchangeable terms. As the man who took ragtime when it was little more than a mannerism of the pianists in the rathskellers and bordellos and made it into a custom of the country, there must, of course, be a chapter on Irving Berlin in any history of the new music. For jazz is ragtime gone daffy. But one who says that much ought straightway add the fact that, for all his knack at the modern rhythms and all his swift response to the nervous accents of his hour, he has within him as his dearest possession a fundamental sweet melody that is as remote from—and as defiantly independent of—all that is meant by the word "jazz" as anything in this world could be.

All that is meant by the word "jazz"—a large order, that. For any discussion of jazz is made maddening by the circumstance that there will be as many meanings of the word used in the discussion as there are persons present. By jazz, you, for instance, may mean less the ribald and rowdy caricature, which a sufficient uproar of catcalls among the saxophones and muted trombones may make out of any composition. You may have rather in mind that nervously emphasized syncopation which expressed so well the debauch, the spree, the jag on which the whole world was minded to go when the great guns ceased firing. But your neighbor will be thinking only of the fantastic instrumentation achieved in the mad orchestras. Then I have heard a distinguished musician use the word "jazz" as a synonym for "popular music" and another use it as a synonym for "pep."

At first glance, Mr. Carpenter's choice of the intricate, novel and mannered Everybody Step out of all the good songs Berlin has written seems but part of a general tendency which someone has described as "the effort to make a good woman out of jazz." It is a gesture governed by the same impulse which urges Paul Whiteman in his more ambitious concerts, and which has stirred the Metropolitan Opera House to call upon the young composers to write a jazz opera for performance in that orthodox temple.

Minstrels of Other Days

The spokesman in that call, of course, was Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan's board of directors, who might have been suspected of speaking *pro domo*, since his son was leading a jazz orchestra when he was scarcely out of knickerbockers. The invitation specifically mentioned Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Irving Berlin, recognized as leaders in the fashioning of what has been hopefully described—at rather close range—as America's first original contribution to the music of the world. And if anyone, on hearing Kern say that Berlin is American music, is then so fatuous as to object on the grounds that he was born in Russia, it might be pointed out that if the musical interpreter of American civilization came over in the foul hold of a ship, so did American civilization.

That American opera is on its way, but this chronicle is written by one who doubts if it will be written by Irving Berlin. He is a creative ignoramus. He is—really there is no other word which accounts for him—a genius. He came into the world with an unrivaled capacity for inventing themes. But to that birthright he has added little of the art, the patience, the interest in form and the musicianly knowledge which could elaborate them.

It is an injustice at once to his true achievements, to his deepest aspirations and to his honest unpretentiousness to link his name with a Wagner or Rimsky-Korsakow, when his true comrade in the long annals of music is rather that cobbler poet of Nuremberg, or Rouget de Lisle, or, better still, any one of those nameless minstrels of France who sang a while and died unsung, but who left behind them such deathless things as Au Clair de la Lune, Auprès de ma Blonde or Malbrough s'en va-t-en Guerre. Rather should Berlin be written of in terms of his own predecessor—a lesser troubadour as characteristic of his sentimental day as Berlin is of his. That was the Stephen Foster whose bequest was Suwanee River and My Old Kentucky Home. I am sure Berlin would be happiest if he could write a song which, like these, would become part of the folk ways of his country. Only our grandchildren will know for sure, but I am inclined to think he may have written it already.

In time his music will be heard from the Metropolitan's stage. There is small doubt of that. But it will be heard after other men, with less inventive genius perhaps, but with far greater musicianship, have picked his tunes up from the streets and transmuted them into opera as Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakow rifled the treasure chests of Russian folk music to make their finest scores, or as Liszt for his rhapsodies and Brahms for his dances used melodies already old and dear in the fields of Hungary.

When the ghost of Irving Berlin walks this land a hundred years from now, it will step a little more proudly at the sound of some Berlin tune sounding magnificent from the orchestra pit of the Metropolitan. But it will, I think, be a still prouder ghost if it hears a farmer humming that tune behind the plow, or, better still, a newsboy whistling it as he dangles his feet over the edge of a New York wharf.

This then is the story of Irving Berlin. It has been set down by one who was at least not unmindful of the difficulties of telling it aright. To begin with, one cannot blink the fact that Berlin has been a success, and it is hard to keep his story free from the pattern and the patter of those narratives of prosperity with which our tables are overcrowded—those complacent narratives in which multimillionaires tell us how they got that way without, bless their hearts, ever thinking to mention the part that luck may have played. Perhaps it would have been better frankly to have accepted the title proffered by the waggish paragrapher who suggested that the tale be called From Rags to Riches.

Yet even those of us who like at times to play the derisive urchin in the rear seats of the Church of the Gospel of Success, need not therefore be deaf to the rhythm of history in the story of one who came from the Bowery sidewalks to be the chief minstrel of his land and time. It was Mr. Kern—perhaps with visions of what choral singing and what stagecraft would be invited by the scenes in Battery Park, in Chinatown and on Broadway—who suggested that when at last the composer of the American opera sets out to catch his libretto, he might look farther and fare worse than Berlin's own story. For if that libretto is to be truly native, it will turn from the Indian maiden sitting lovelorn in the forest primeval. It will find its overtones in the hubbub of hope at Ellis Island, its rhythm in the sway of the covered wagon, its climax in the thrust of the great frontier.

An Epic in the Making

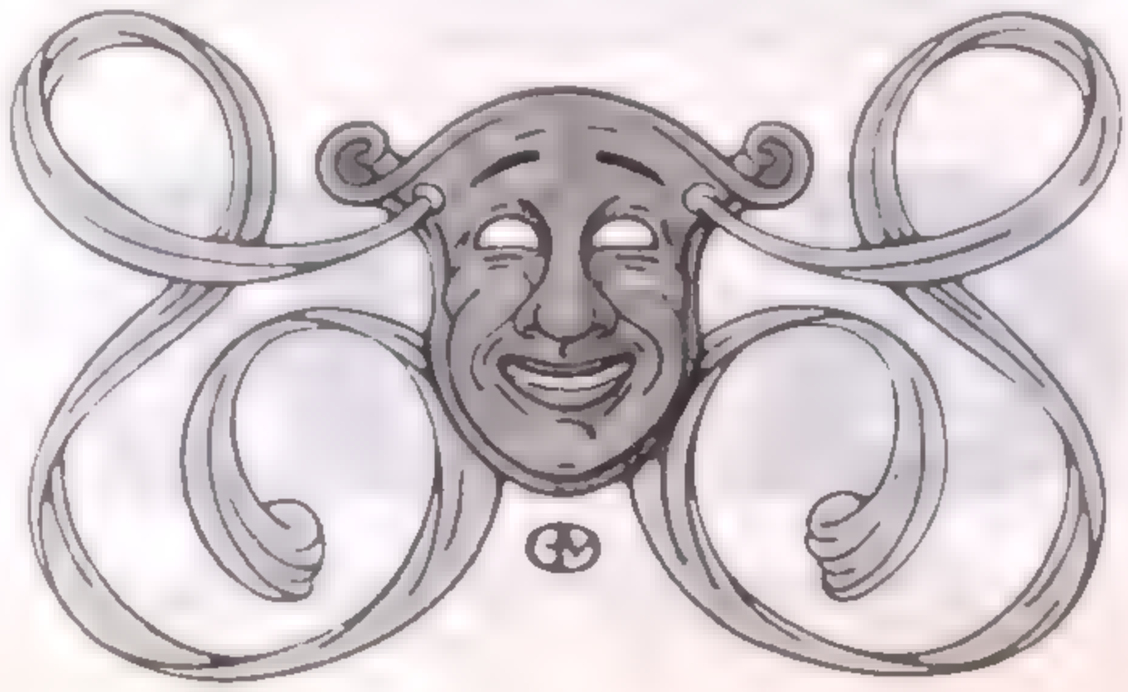
The tale of Berlin has a lilt in it for those who see it as a microcosm of this nation's history. If we keep green the memory of those gallant adventurers who first wrung a living from this resisting land, if there be a challenge for us still in the coming of the longboat that rescued the desperate settlement at Jamestown or in the gaze of the wondering priests who first sailed down the Mississippi—well, here is a fresh reminder that the romance of America is an unfinished story.

The life of Irving Berlin is a part of the American epic and the epic is still in the making.

Then it is hard to write the biography of a man who is only thirty-six years old as you reach your final chapter. You are troubled by what Philip Guedalla calls "the studied discourtesy of a premature obituary," and there is always the plaguing notion that the subject of your narrative may, even as the presses are whirring with that final chapter, provide material for another one more eventful than all the rest.

Perhaps, after all, it will be decided in the perspective of fifty years that Irving Berlin was quite unimportant. Perhaps not. And if not, why here—sketchy, tentative, unfinished—is a source book for the convenience of the wiser historian who will put the facts in permanent form.

Finally, it is never easy to tell the tale of one who, in time and space, lives just around the corner and may himself read the words that you have written. In the gruff diffidence which is the American tradition of human relations, I cannot freely set down for his embarrassed eyes all the good qualities of the head and of the heart which the neighbors of Irving Berlin know are an essential part of the full story. I am not free to put in words how deeply I honor the true and gentle American who was carried out of Russia by that refugee rat, and who served for a time the drinks and the songs at Nigger Mike's.



Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Woollcott.

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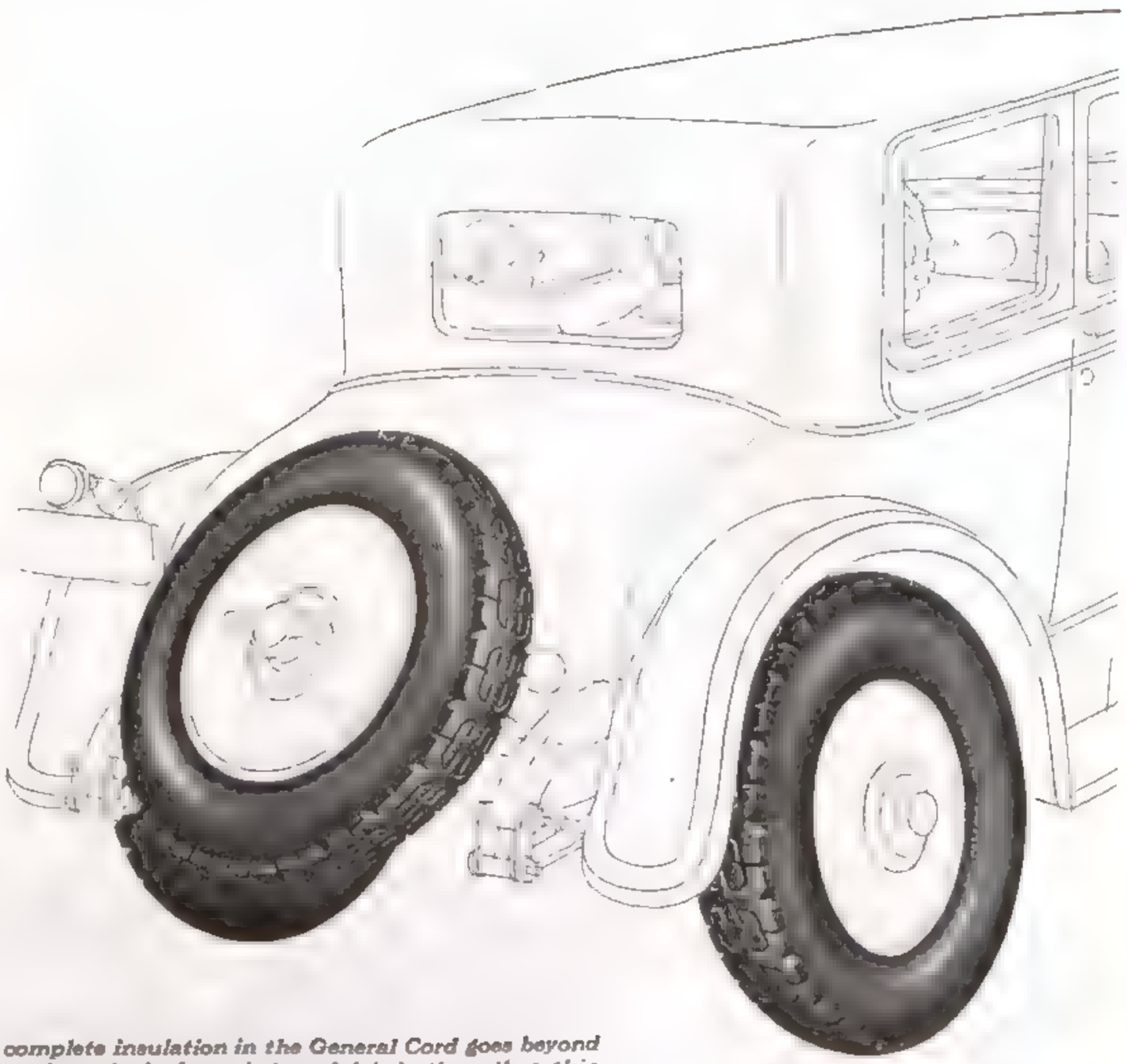

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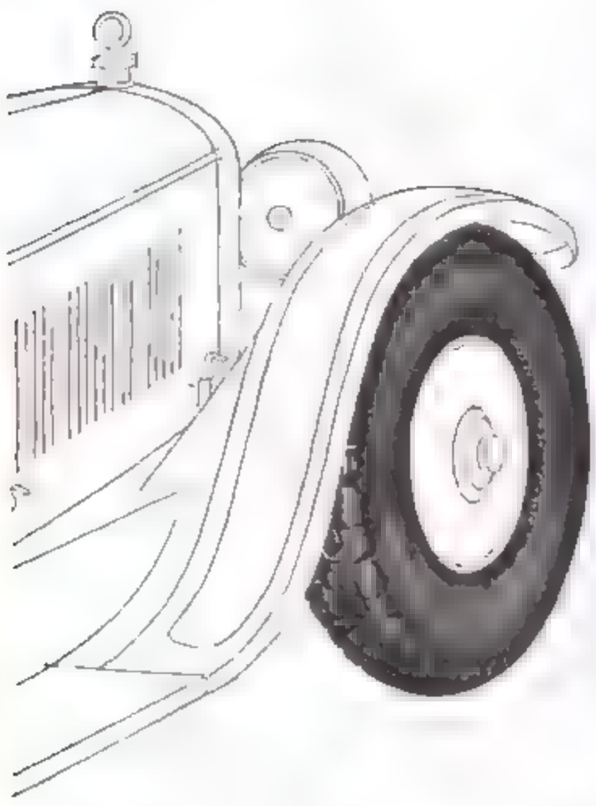

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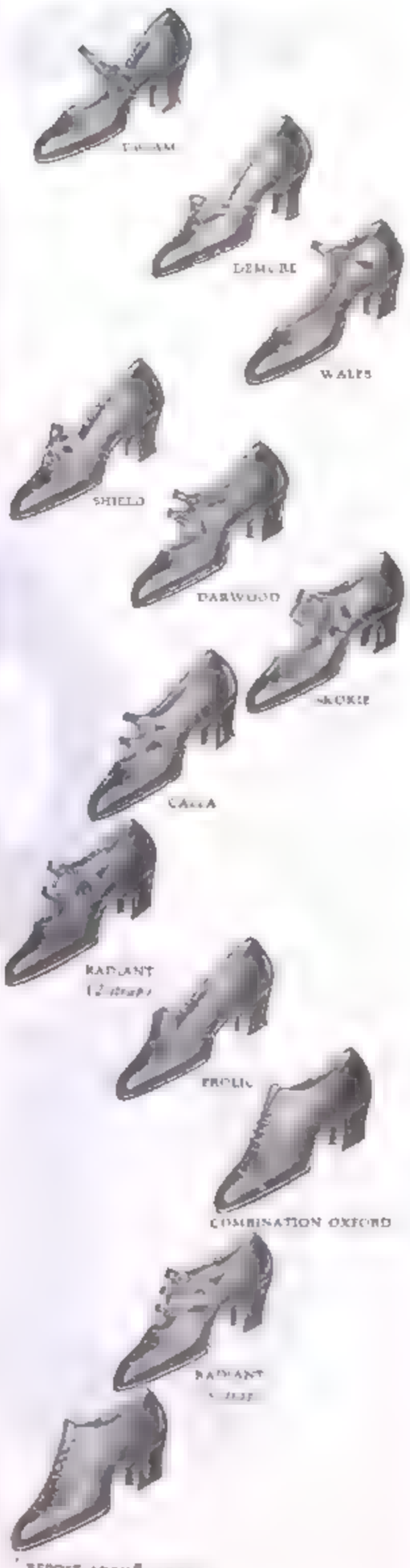

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NOT THE TYPE

(Continued from Page 16

several thousand actors and actresses who work pretty steadily.

The theater, like many less glamorous occupations, has its employment agencies; and it is through these agencies that most performers get their jobs. There are in New York and Chicago dozens of such agencies, although there are not more than six or seven of accepted standing, and really only two important ones.

The first, which we will call the Jones Agency, is a rather unusual institution. It is run by two brothers, Wellington and Lowell Jones, men of breeding and education, members of a distinguished New England family, which had planned military and political careers for them. From their earliest childhood the two brothers, like most boys, had the collection mania, only instead of stamps or birds' eggs they collected pictures of actresses and data about the theater. Although frowned upon by the family, which regarded the stage as not quite nice, they sedulously read and clipped everything they could find about the theater and kept scrapbooks of their favorites. They also saved the program of every play they could manage to see and, as this hobby lasted through their school and college days and into maturity, they gradually acquired a tremendous store of theatrical knowledge.

Coming to New York, they naturally drifted into theatrical circles, where their amazing fund of information proved of valuable assistance to the friends they made. A producer, racking his brains over what actor to get for a certain part, would call up one of the Jones brothers for a suggestion, and almost invariably get the right one. They knew not only who would be good for the part but also whether the person was engaged, where he could be found and how much salary he wanted. They were always getting jobs for actors, and after a while it occurred to them that they might make a business out of their hobby. So they rented a little office, the chief furniture of which was their collection of scrapbooks and programs, and set up shop. They prospered at once, and today they have a suite of offices, a large staff and a position of great importance in the theatrical world.

Mainly they act as agents, simply bringing together the employer and the employe and having nothing further to do with the affair. For this service they receive 5 per cent of the first ten weeks' salary drawn by the actor, this being the agents' commission fixed by law several years ago. If they act as managers, setting the salary, drawing up the contract and generally handling the business affairs of the actor, they receive 10 per cent of all money earned. The Jones brothers are sole managers of about a hundred prominent performers, while hundreds more are constantly getting jobs through their agency.

A Casting Session

The other agent, Mr. Smith, is less picturesque than the Jones brothers, although an almost equally important factor in the realm of the theater. He has not their distinguished background; in fact is completely circumscribed by Broadway; but he has a considerable following among the performers, based upon his oft-proved ability to outsmart the managers and a quality of salesmanship which enables him to get bigger salaries for the people he represents.

The casting of a play takes place somewhat as follows: Let us use as an example a play which has no star part, but two good leading rôles, one for a man and one for a woman. It is a well-written comedy-drama with a small cast, the hero, the heroine, the hero's wife, the heroine's husband, a grandmother, a child, a comedy servant girl and three or four neighbors, just small parts—bits, as they are technically called.

The producer, his general manager, the stage director and the author get together to discuss the cast. The first thing they do, involuntarily, is to start going over plays of a similar nature and picking out people in the casts of those who gave good performances. Type—it rears its monotonous little head every time a casting session begins. But they have to start from somewhere, and what is a better recommendation for an actor to play a certain kind of part than the fact that he has already played that kind of part exceedingly well?

"Well," says the general manager, "how about Jimmy Whoozis for the husband? He was great last year in Back Home. I think we could get him."

"Yes," the director agrees, "he's just about right for the part."

The producer emits a grunt.

"Umph! Costs too much. That part's not worth more than five hundred, and Whoozis gets seven-fifty."

"We might try Albert Greentree," suggests the author timidly. "He was in my last play and he's quite the type."

"Just signed up with the Shuberts," contributes the general manager.

"I saw John What's-His-Name last year in that play of Blitz's," puts in the producer. "The play was awful, but John was a knock-out. Get in touch with him."

"He's too temperamental," says the director. "I can't work with him. I've had him before. He disrupts every company and makes an awful lot of trouble."

"We don't want that, of course," the general manager concedes. "None of these temperamental eggs. Tom Jones isn't bad, but he'll want to be featured over the rest of the cast. Gee, I don't know who else there is! Let's ask Miss Goldblatt."

Two buzzes on the electric bell and the boss' private secretary, who is also the assistant general manager, second assistant play reader and third assistant casting director—self-appointed—comes in.

"You've read this play, haven't you, Miss Goldblatt?"

"Yup."

"Who should we get for the husband?"

"John Barrymore."

The author swoons, the director snickers, the producer swears and the general manager just smiles. He's resigned to anything.

Weeding Them Out

"Let's not waste any more time on it," he says. "I'll call up Wellington Jones." Which he does. If there is time, a copy of the play is sent to Mr. Jones for him to read; if not, the character is described. By the following day, and often sooner, the Jones Agency has submitted a list of available actors who are suited to the rôle, and from this list the general manager selects those names which look the most promising.

Several of these are interviewed, and after a little discussion as to type, past performances, price, and so forth, someone is engaged. The leading characters are usually arrived at more or less easily. Sometimes the office determines upon the right person without consulting an agent, who is then merely called in later to locate the actor. It is with secondary rôles that the most difficulties arise. Here again the agent is drawn upon, and the next few days are spent interviewing applicants, who file in every half hour on the half hour, armed with a card from the agency, a hopeful smile and a large supply of patience.

There has never been a theatrical manager who kept an appointment on time, or who said yes or no immediately to any question that was put to him, even if he'd save himself a lot of time and energy that way. Procrastination is one of the natural characteristics of the species. Consequently, the outer office, usually a small one, gets more and more crowded with eager-eyed applicants, while the producer sits inside, reveling—consciously or subconsciously, I don't know which—in the sense of power that comes from keeping them waiting.

Perhaps I am letting my imagination run wild; but it seems to me that there can be nothing in the world quite so pathetic and depressing as an office full of show people waiting for the producer to open the door of his sanctum. There is an almost indescribable air about the place, an air of strain that tries to put itself at ease, of faint hostility that seeks to hide itself under a mask of good fellowship. But the hostility is there.

How can it help being there, when there is only one job to be had and twenty people who want it?

Often I have sat at my typewriter in one of those little outer offices, trying to work, pretending to work, but utterly swamped by this strange, uncomfortable atmosphere, listening to people who strove to make their conversation sound casual as they probed into one another's affairs, their eyes all the while glued to the door of the inner room. How I'd hate to be an actress looking for a job! Not that I haven't had to look for jobs in my day. Trying to get work is never much fun, but at least in ordinary occupations you have the cold comfort of hunting alone, not in packs.

After they have been kept waiting long enough to chasten the proudest spirit among them, the door opens and William Brown, who was first on the list, is summoned into the royal presence.

First his appearance is considered. Is he the type? If so, he is given the part to read. If the reading seems promising, the question of salary comes up.

"Three hundred dollars is my regular price, of course," Mr. Brown informs the producer with a confiding air; "but this seems like such a good part I might be willing to do it for two-fifty, especially if we stay in New York. I've just bought a home in Great Neck and I don't want to go on the road if I can help it. Understand, I don't need the part. Georgie Cohan sent for me last week, but I don't care to work in the part he had for me."

Yes, of course. Mr. Brown is perfectly right. Well, they're very much interested, and will let him know in a day or two. Will he give his phone number to the young lady on the way out?

Thomas Green is next. He seems to be the type, and reads the part well. But Tommy, whose services are pretty much in demand, says he wants four hundred a week, and really means it. So that's cold.

Richard Gray follows, but he's too short. This character has a big scene with the leading woman, who is very tall, so they can't use a little man. Too bad. Bob White goes in. He needs the job, but he once read that indifference is the thing that gets 'em, so he acts bored and a trifle haughty.

The tryout over, he is told, "We'll let you know in a few days. Give your phone number to the young lady on your way out, will you?"

"Well, all right," he says; "but I'll probably sign up for Belasco's new show tonight. I've got the contract home, all ready to sign. If you want me you'd better hurry and make up your mind."

"In a day or two."

Nobody is impressed. That line is old stuff and it never means anything, or hardly ever. Once in a thousand times it may be true. I do know a manager who lost an actress he wanted very much for a part because he didn't believe her when she said she had a contract from another manager waiting for her signature. But those are the fortunes of war.

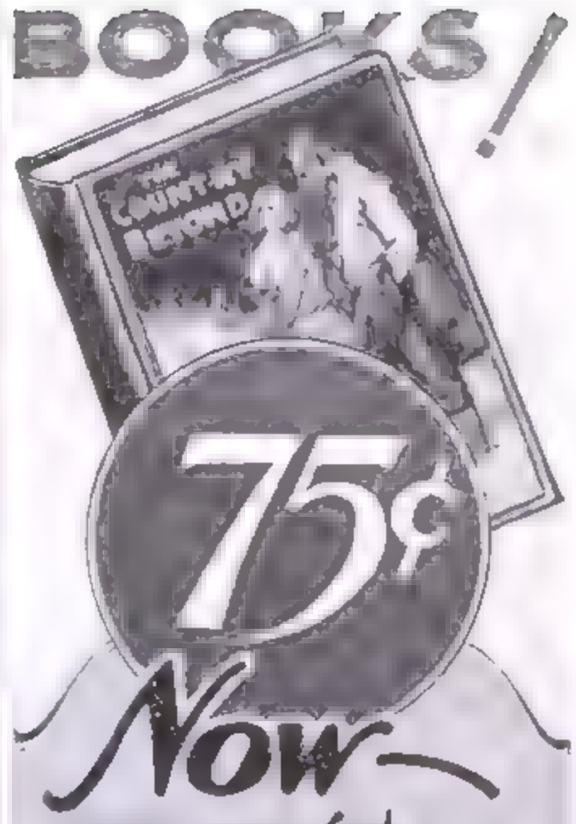
After Rehearsals Begin

After perhaps a dozen or more of these preliminary interviews, a man will be engaged—tentatively, anyway. No contract is signed yet, the usual procedure being to sign contracts on the first day of rehearsal. Meanwhile the gathering of the rest of the cast has begun, and the same performance is gone through with every character, no matter how unimportant.

With musical comedies it's even more difficult, because the number of people who can act and dance and sing and look nice, all of which are essential to success in that field, is comparatively small.

It usually takes about two weeks before a cast is assembled, and then changes are made all through rehearsals. A clause in the Equity contract specifies that actors may be rehearsed four weeks without pay in a straight dramatic play, and five weeks in a musical comedy. Also, if within seven days after the signing of the contract the actor proves unsatisfactory in rehearsal, or finds he does not like the part, the contract may be terminated. This too is in the case of a straight play; in musical comedy the trial period is ten days. If the dismissal or resignation takes place after the seven or ten day limit, a forfeit of two weeks' salary must be paid by whichever party breaks the contract.

These rehearsal changes are very trying. I've known as many as five different people to rehearse a part; and just as a company succeeds in getting accustomed to its various members, somebody is let out or leaves, and then they all have to readjust themselves to the newcomer. It is by no means unusual, either, for an actor to be given his notice during the road tryout. Sometimes people who seem excellent in rehearsal prove to be quite wrong before an audience. That means more adjustments and more rehearsals and more irritation.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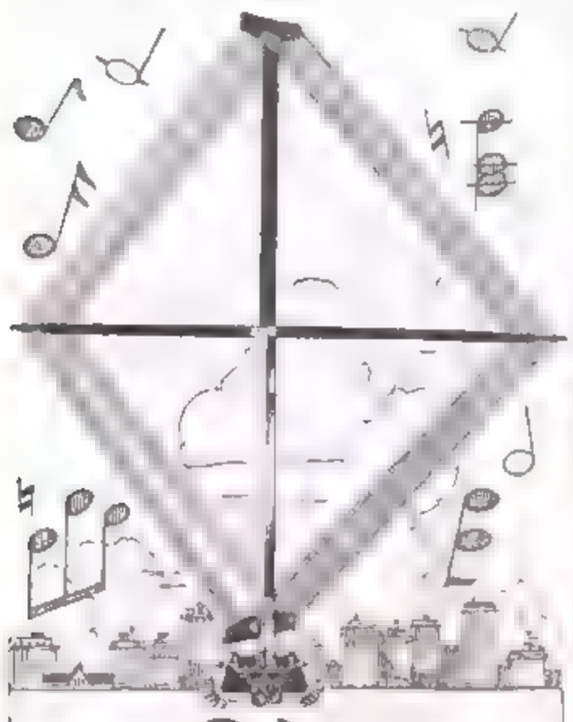

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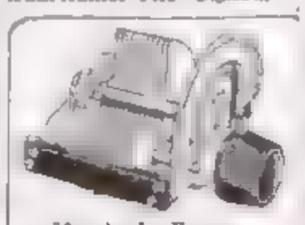

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Most players are engaged under the two weeks' notice provision of the Equity contract. That is, either contracting party must notify the other two weeks in advance of the intention to quit or to discharge. Occasionally, under unusual circumstances, the actor is paid two weeks' salary in lieu of notice, and replaced immediately.

This happened twice recently in the case of two musical comedies, under almost exactly parallel circumstances. Both these musical comedies had played the season in New York and were scheduled to open in Boston on the same night. Each had a girl star who had decided not to go on tour, and who had in fact retired from the cast a few weeks before the close of the New York engagement. In each case the rest of the run was played by an understudy, who, however, was not considered strong enough to carry the piece on the road. Each management had engaged a fairly well-known young woman to take the place of the star. This, of course, involved many extra rehearsals with the new prima donna, and required the services of expert press agents to convince the Boston theatergoers that the lady in question was just as good as the original star, and perhaps better. And that, by the way, is a hard assignment, because people out of New York are very resentful, and rightly so, when they do not get the Broadway cast of a show.

Before opening in Boston, each of these musical comedies played a couple of nights in a small town on the way, to break in the new leading women. They were to open in Boston on Monday. Friday night saw one of them playing at Stamford and the other at New London. At midnight Friday the understudy for Musical Comedy Number One was called on the long-distance telephone, told to ask no questions, but to pack her things and take the next train to Stamford. She would get a hundred dollars more a week and play the part in Boston. And also at midnight Friday the understudy for Musical Comedy Number Two was called on the long-distance telephone, told to ask no questions, but to pack her things and take the next train to New London. She would get a hundred dollars a week more and play the part in Boston.

Two happy and bewildered young women turned up at Stamford and New London, two disappointed young women were back in New York on Saturday afternoon, some five or six hundred dollars the richer in money, but with great wounds in their pride; and two frantic press agents in Boston found that all their advertising and publicity had gone for naught. But, as the philosophical ones say, life is like that, especially in the show business.

Run-of-the-Play Contracts

The nice sequel to this little story should be that the understudies made brilliant successes and lived happily and luxuriously ever after. Only that isn't what happened. For the sake of accuracy I must regretfully inform you that one of the shows curled up and died shortly after it took to the road, and that the other one somehow managed to get its original star back in the part. So much for the understudies. But a little more about that later on.

In big revues this sort of thing happens constantly. The producer always engages about twice as many people as he needs, puts them all in the show for its road tryout, and sometimes lets them progress as far as the New York première. First nights of revues sometimes run until one or two in the morning, after which the weeding-out process begins, and by the second week half the cast is back in vaudeville, whence it came.

Some players, those who are in demand, or who prove to be especially good in a part, are given run-of-the-play contracts, a self-explanatory term. In these cases notice cannot be given either by the management or the actor, the contract being binding until the play closes. Sometimes this means only the New York run, other times the road tour is included. Though this is considered desirable on the whole, it has obvious disadvantages. Sometimes an actor has a chance to get a better part and cannot take it because of a run-of-the-play contract.

Other times the management regrets its choice for any one of a dozen reasons, but can do nothing about it—nothing fair, that is. But there are plenty of unfair things to do, and they are not infrequently resorted to by producers who want to get rid of some player.

Theatrical contracts, like all other contracts, can be voided by the violation of certain conditions; and often a manager will deliberately break a clause in a contract in the hope of goading the actor to the quitting point. Whether he will stick it out under such conditions, or leave, depends on the temperament of the individual.

Last season in one of the big revues there were two women stars, one a singer, the other a comedienne. Both are very popular and get big salaries. When they were cast for the show it looked rather weak, and they were given run-of-the-play contracts. But after it opened it proved to be quite strong enough to run without these women, who between them were getting twenty-five hundred dollars a week. So the management proceeded to subject them to every discomfort and discourtesy in the hope that they would be irritated enough to leave the cast. Most of their scenes were cut, until they had practically nothing to do. Their billing was changed and they did not get the advertising and publicity their contracts called for. The contracts were breached a hundred times over, but they grinned and stuck, being careful not to do anything that would afford the management a chance to say that they had broken the contracts themselves. When the revue started on tour some ten months later they were still in the cast, much to the chagrin of the producer.

Laughing His Way to Stardom

A run-of-the-play contract can be broken by mutual agreement, as one was recently, when a vaudeville jazz singer left the cast of another revue, in which she had been featured, after two weeks. She had been miscast and they both knew it; the mistake was corrected decently and amicably.

There are, to be sure, various other elements, not strictly of a business nature, that often enter into casting. Everybody knows that frequently a wealthy man will put money into a show in order to secure a part for his wife or daughter, or sometimes for somebody else's wife or daughter. Only this season a starring comedian quit a successful musical comedy because cast to play opposite him was the wife of the show's angel. The lady, he said, was undoubtedly very pretty and a charming wife; but not, in his opinion, a musical-comedy actress. Either she must get out or he would. And as the producer could not afford to renounce the financial aid of the lady's husband, she stayed.

One of the most pathetic stories of the New York stage is that of a fond and indulgent father who put his life savings into a play, in order that he might be in a position to gratify his daughter's craving to be an emotional actress. The play was put on with a considerable fanfare of trumpets. It was a ghastly thing; the girl and the production were jeered off the boards the very first night and have not been heard of since.

In the case of a starring vehicle, nobody is cast who does not meet with the approval of the star. Sometimes rather cruel things are done in this connection. For instance, there is the case of a pretty, talented young girl of my acquaintance, who was engaged last July for a minor principal rôle in a comedy which was not to be produced until October. She proved satisfactory in the brief road tryout, and was given a contract, subject to two weeks' notice. Several times during the summer she had opportunities to join other plays, but did not accept them. When fall rehearsals were called she appeared promptly, and before rehearsals even began she was paid two weeks' salary in lieu of notice and let out. What had happened was that the woman star, who aspires to social as well as histrionic distinction, had met a young society girl who yearned toward the stage and the star wanted the part for this girl. By that time it was too late for the actress to get any of the parts she'd been offered during the summer, and in mid-season she was still idle.

A favorite stunt of producers when trying out a play is to engage some inexpensive and comparatively unknown actor or actress for the lead on the road, and then, if the play looks good, put in someone with a big name for New York. There have been times when this plan has brought good fortune to the performer in question. There is Louis John Bartels, for example, who was a totally unknown actor working in a vaudeville skit until he got the opportunity of playing the title rôle in George Kelly's comedy, The Show-Off. The management had no intention of letting Bartels open in New York; they wanted a name. But they weren't sure about the play, and Bartels had a quality in his laugh that appealed to Mr. Kelly. It fell out that they couldn't find a prominent actor to do the part, so the unknown Mr. Bartels opened in New York and was an instantaneous sensation. The laugh that had appealed to the author made him famous overnight.

Here again it is only the successful ones the public hears about, but there are a dozen similar situations each season in which the road obscurity does not emerge triumphant. One case which excited the indignant interest of people in theatrical circles, although it never reached the public, was that of a talented young actress who, although her ability was recognized by managers, had never attained any real prominence. She was cast in leading support of a man star, in a part that was fully as important as his. The play proved a great success. The girl's work won unanimous praise from the critics and she was enthusiastically greeted by audiences as well. This was her first really big part and the first play she'd ever been in that looked like a financial success.

Two weeks before the opening date in New York the management gave her her notice, saying that although her work had been more than satisfactory, they felt it necessary to have a woman with a big name in the New York production. So the play opened in New York with another young woman, who played the part no better, but whose name was considered worth a good deal at the box office.

The first girl has played in two New York productions since, both of them failures in which she scored personal successes, and is now back in the original part on tour.

Every now and then a secondary principal surprises everybody by stealing the show from a star. When this happens everybody at once lays claim to amazing foresight in having chosen that person for the cast. As a matter of fact, it is usually an accident. Only recently a young actor who had been playing conventional second parts in the dress-suit-finish type of play was cast as a foppish nobleman in a swashbuckling comedy. There was really no reason for thinking that he would be more than adequate in the part; but it didn't matter, as the star of the play was a matinée idol of international note, and the theory was that attention would be centered on him anyway.

Everybody's Choice

But from the first minute this young man appeared on the stage he drew and held the audience. His performance was amazingly brilliant; it seemed that he had been put into the world for no other purpose than to create this rôle. At the conclusion of each act the house roared its approval of the new hero. Everyone concerned with the play was astounded—the producer, the author, the director, and most of all the young man himself, not to say the star. It was a great surprise to the star, and it should be said in all fairness that he was very gracious about it, and probably it's pretty hard to be gracious under the circumstances. Usually they're not. Lots of times when a secondary player unexpectedly romps away with the honors of a play the star demands the instantaneous dismissal of that player, and if this is not done, proceeds to make life miserable for the unfortunate man or woman.

The point of the above incident is that the next day, after the papers had declared the young man a genius and stated that his selection for the rôle was an inspired piece of casting, everybody in the producer's office, from the chief to the office boy, claimed credit for having picked him.

No story about casting could be complete without a record of the current version of Barrie's Peter Pan, which is now playing in New York. For the first time since its première here nineteen years ago its title rôle is being played by someone other than Maude Adams. When Sir James finally consented to let it be done without its creator, and gave his sanction to Marilyn Miller, of musical-comedy fame, for the revival, it was considered first-page news by all the papers in New York. To play Peter Pan has been the ambition of practically every actress of the present generation, and it is regarded as a great tribute to Miss Miller that she was given the rôle. In certain respects here is not an enviable position, for it is impossible to avoid comparisons between her and Miss Adams, and many old

(Continued on Page 109)

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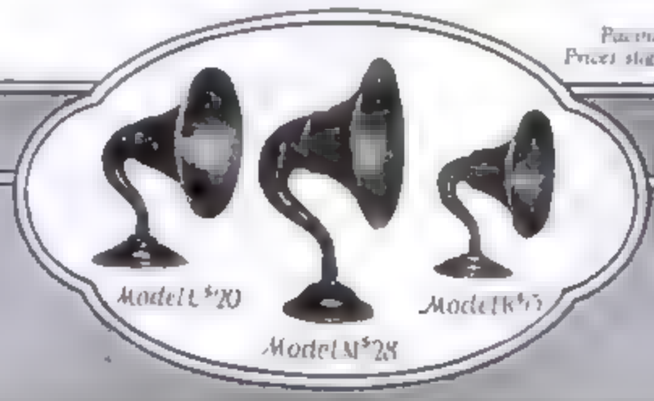

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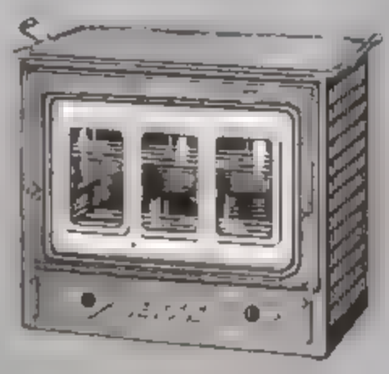

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(Continued from Page 106)

playgoers feel that it is a sacrilege for anyone but the original Peter to essay the rôle.

It was likewise news of first rank when Barrie selected, from film tests of more than a hundred aspirants for the movie rôle of Peter Pan, little seventeen-year-old Betty Bronson, an extra girl. The greatest stars of the films pleaded for the opportunity to bring the boy who wouldn't grow up to the screen, but Sir James found the quality he wanted in the face of the youthful Betty, whose fame has flashed across two continents as a result. It is just such miracles as this that make it possible for the thousands of other extra girls and the hundreds of walks-ons to continue. Maybe the next miracle will happen to them.

There are certain people who can always be counted on in casting emergencies. One young woman has had a career of ten years on the stage, during which she has done nothing but make last-minute appearances in plays which suddenly found themselves bereft of leading women. She is a sort of understudy in general to half the women stars on the American stage, and quite alone in her province. A musical-comedy prima donna of great beauty and splendid vocal equipment has twice substituted at the eleventh hour for temperamental stars who walked out of shows at the crucial moment. This girl is famed for being a quick study. In her latest experience she learned the part and the score, an unusually difficult one, over the week-end, receiving the rôle on Friday and going on in it Monday night practically letter-perfect.

Occasionally a performer leaps to fame over the more or less prostrate body of another performer; but as I mentioned before, the number of ambitious understudies who attain fame and fortune when the star of a play is suddenly taken ill is much smaller than short-story writers would have us believe. What happens usually is that the understudy goes on for a few performances, a fact duly recorded in the theatrical notes by a couple of agate lines which state words to the effect that "Miss Dorothy Darling, star of Hyacinth, has returned to the cast after a brief illness. During her absence the title rôle was assumed by her understudy, Miss Helen Hall."

It is traditional that where it can be avoided the absence of an important member of the cast is not made public until that person has returned to work. From a business point of view the reason for this is obvious; but from the understudy's point of view it is cruel, the understudy having been reared in the school of romantic fiction. Consequently she is hurt and bewildered because things didn't happen according to tradition.

But after a while she gets used to it, and, if she's really ambitious, keeps trudging along the road to the top of the hill. It's an awfully long road as a rule; sometimes a road without an end, and at best, it seems to this observer, an almost intolerably hard one.

TOURIST FISHING AND THE MERRY JOKER

(Continued from Page 17)

of good. You've got to keep them interested or they quit on you."

This man, whom I shall call Charley, was certainly an expert at maintaining the psychological tension. He knew just how to establish a feeling of expectancy before leaving the float. Then he had sense enough to keep quiet and row the boat until his observant eye told him his charge's stored patience had ebbed to the danger point. That was the moment for another shot; just enough to renew the expectancy. Charley would cock an eye at the sky, rest on his oars to appraise the breeze.

"She's shifted," he would remark critically; "reel in your line. I'm just going to row straight across for the point yonder and get under her shadow before the other fellows notice."

And then he would bend to the oars for ten minutes, glancing from time to time over his shoulder at the other boats to see if they had yet awakened to the great opportunity. Somehow he managed to diffuse an atmosphere of haste and conspiracy. After a time he ceased rowing.

"Now," said he in a low voice, "drop her over about here. And don't let out more than fifty feet of line!"

Fifty or a hundred and fifty—there could be no difference. Short of the beforementioned occasional miracle, no sane fish of any size would, at that season, be up to striking distance. But who could resist the implication? Who could fail to feel a thrill of renewed hope as he measured out by arm's length exactly that fifty feet?

And then, when all other expedients had been used up, Charley possessed a sure-fire secret. This particular lake was of considerable size and very deep. But at one spot, some two miles offshore, a solitary rock rose to within about three feet of the surface. No one could possibly suspect its presence there, and Charley guarded the secret jealously. Late in the afternoon Charley's tenderfoot was quite apt somewhere about here to hook a very large fish, which he would play for ten or fifteen minutes—and then lose. Charley was prepared stoutly to back, to the assembled lobby, his estimate of from twelve to fourteen pounds weight for this monster.

Charley's Own Rock Fish

"Well," he would remark philosophically just before this episode was to take place, "I guess it's all off. Out of luck this trip. We'll head for home," and he would begin to row straight across the lake. "No, don't reel in," he would add; "there's always likely to be a big one just strollin' around. Better let out a good long line; the water's deep and I'm going to keep on rowing fast."

Then Charley, who knew accurately the bearings of that rock, would so arrange that his fisherman's spoon would trail over it and catch on one of the interstices of its corrugated surface.

"You've got him!" he would yell as the line jerked. "He's a big one! Hold him stiff!"

Charley could manage to instill an awful lot of excitement into the subsequent proceedings; so much excitement that the bold fisherman would never notice that Charley was unostentatiously working the boat back and forth, so that alternately the line was taken out or reeled in with quite a passable imitation of a fighting fish. When the show had gone on long enough, Charley would simply edge off sideways until the spoon slipped off its shallow hold.

"Lost him!" he would cry disappointedly. "Now isn't that hard luck! No, it wasn't your fault nohow. You played him just right. He must have been hooked awful light. Twelve-pounder if he weighed an ounce! But, by gosh, it looks like they'd begun to bite! I bet we catch a whale tomorrow!"

"So help me, not one of them ever got on!" Charley told us. "But," he added reflectively, "I don't try it on everybody.

"There was one time," continued Charley, "when I got fooled myself. I was coming back across the lake with one of these here sports. There wasn't no chance of catching fish out there in the middle—not in July—but I was letting him drag his line as per usual; it keeps 'em busy and keeps 'em from brooding over their troubles, you know. And, as per usual, I told him to let out a good long line.

"'How long?' says he."

Another Big One Lost

"'Oh, about half of it,' says I. I thought he had the usual rig with maybe a couple hundred feet on the reel; but afterward I found he'd brought along some sort of a salt-water contraption that carried about three hundred yards of silk line. But I didn't know that.

"Pretty soon he got one heck of a strike. The fish took hold and started right away. That reel did sure hum! I yelled to him to put on the brakes and snub her, and I guess he did try; but he might as well have tried to snub a locomotive. It was exciting while it lasted, but it didn't last no time at all. She just zipped out to the end of the line and then went snap! and all the sport had to do was to reel in what was left dangling. We looked at each other and took a good breath.

"'Well,' says I, 'you didn't have him long, but while you had him he was some fish, I'll say that!'

"We rowed along home, past the wharf to get to the float. The Maid of the Lake lay there discharging her load of round-the-lake towerists. I noticed something whipping around near her stern. I looked closer, and in the clear water I see it was a length of silk fish line. I rowed away from there as fast as I could, and then I asked this here sport how much line he'd had out when he struck that fish; and when he told me about two hundred yards, I caught on. He'd snared the propeller of the Maid of the Lake. But, say, he went home thinking he'd struck a whale! I never let on; it was worth good money to me."

Charley smoked a few minutes, then chuckled.

"Sometimes you do hit them in summer, though," he said. "They just come up and bite for no reason at all. I mind one such time. I had a sport out in my boat, and Sam here had another out in his boat. These two sports made a bet with each other as to which one would catch the biggest fish. That was about the first of August, and if they got a few pan fish they'd be doing all right. But hanged if they didn't tie onto a couple of big ones just about the same time, and what's more they landed them both. They was good fish, too—close to five pounds. Well, they held them up for each other to see and had a lot of talk back and forth. Then my man began to worry. The other fellow's fish began to look awful big to him. As a matter of fact, they were about a stand-off; but the more he thought of it, the more he got cold feet.

"Now I had a few shotgun shells in my tackle box that had got throwed in there from last season, and this sport had noticed them. That give him a bright idea. He opened up them shells and poured the shot down his fish. Then he set happier. When we got to the float and the fish was weighed, why his was about a quarter pound the heaviest, which wasn't so far off from the amount of lead he had poured down it. He was so tickled that he let out a whoop and cracked his heels together and threw his fish down on the float. That's where he was careless, for the Number Sixes begun to roll out of the fish's mouth all over the float. It was sure a give-away. But he was a dead game sport—in some ways—I'll say that. He didn't give up. He sort of choked for a minute, but he made a game come-back.

"'Oh, look at the fish roe!' says he.

"That," Charley concluded, "was just before his friend killed him. At least I suppose he killed him. He ought to have.

"The best sport I ever had out with me was a lady. And it was the longest fight and the queerest thing that ever happened to me. This is no yarn; it's a true story.

"This lady was no greenhorn. She was a good fisherman and she knew enough to fish when there is fishing. She was very anxious to get her a good fish to have stuffed to hang up in her parlor. One day we hooked onto one that felt good. Now usually, as you know, you can get in the biggest of 'em in three-quarters of an hour, or an hour at most, if you fight 'em right. But this was an obstinate cuss, and he was as strong as a bull. She fought him hard for near four hours before he turned belly up so we could get near him. We thought sure we had one of those old sockdolagers you hear about but that hardly ever bite—a twenty-pounder or so. But he didn't go over twelve. The point was, when we got him in we found a spinner fast in the corner of his mouth and about a hundred foot of line trailing off it. What's more, I recognized the rig. It was one that Mr. Gilmore had lost nine days before. We figgered this line was the reason this fish had put up such a scrap. He was strong and in training from dragging it around so long."

Commercial Fishing

"Well, we netted him, and then what does this lady do? Mind you, it was a fine big fish, just what she had been after for three seasons, and she'd fought him hard for four hours, until she was mighty nigh all in herself. She makes me take out both spinners and let him go! Fact!

"'I couldn't bear to kill him,' says she; 'he's put up such a game fight against odds.'

"Now that's what I call a good sport!"

Parenthetically, I later saw this lady and from her got complete corroboration of Charley's yarn. Charley sometimes needs corroboration before his statements can be accepted as scientifically accurate. For example, lacking such indorsement, I still hesitate to place full credence on his solemn asseveration that in the good old days the fish used to be so thick in the river that a man had to go up hill and retire behind a tree before he could bait his hook.

Fishermen are a clannish lot when it comes to mutual protection against outsiders. But they dearly love to put it over on one another. Cleopatra pulled one on Mark Antony, you may remember, when she had a diver hook a salt fish to his line. Something the same sort of thing happened at a certain salmon water on the British Columbia coast two years ago.

On a certain day a number of us were out on a meat expedition. Ordinarily one catches his salmon on a light rod in a sportsmanlike manner. But occasionally it is fun to go along with the professional fishermen and snare the wily "goldfish" on a strictly commercial basis. It is done with a hand line, and you simply haul them in as fast as you are able; but the game is not wholly devoid of excitement for all that.

At this particular fishing ground the tide races at tremendous speed for four miles through a narrow and twisted channel. Only at slack water can boats get through. During the run there are whirlpools twelve to fifteen feet deep and covering several acres of area; boils that roar up eight or ten feet above the surface and back eddies so strong that an oarsman cannot make his way against them. Naturally, in such circumstances, the sportsman—or, indeed, for that matter the commercial fisherman in a rowboat with his hand line—must confine himself to the more sheltered back eddies behind the points or inside the coves. Thence he ventures as near trouble as he dares. To get a thirty or forty or even fifty pounder on a light rod in those circumstances is a sporting proposition. One must not only fight his fish in fast water but he must take care not to get carried out into the main tide. But that is another story; we are now talking about the commercial stunt.

Fishing the Overfall

Now the nearer the big whirls you can get, the more salmon you will find; for the reason that there the herring become battered about and confused and make easy pickings. The best place of all is what is called the Overfall. There the tide comes past an outjutting in a straight swift rush to form three immense whirlpools where it passes the back eddy. One can look up that rush of water as up a steep hill and see the whole level of the ocean four or five feet higher than his head. It is no place to monkey with in a small boat. There is just one way to fish it. You go down at slack tide and place a good big anchor downstream and up the back eddy. This will permit your boat to accompany the back eddy up to where it joins the whirlpools.

To prevent its swinging out into the whirlpools, you have carried a line ashore and have attached it to a tree in which you have real confidence. By hauling in or letting out one or another or both these lines you can so adjust your craft that it rides just outside the edge of the first and biggest whirlpool. Your hand line, heavily weighted, and baited with a herring, you cast right into the whirl; and then you haul out the salmon.

Generally there are plenty of salmon, and you have not adequate leisure to realize fully what it means to be looking straight down fifteen feet in a boiling suction hole, or to speculate what would happen if your line should part or the anchor should drag or a sudden surge should tip you overboard. You do that afterward. At the time you are busy. You straddle your legs against the sway and jerk of the boat—for you must stand up to this sort of fishing—and cast your lead as far as you are able and pull mightily as the great fish, aided by the rush of water, darts here and there like a flash of light; and howl "Up high!" as you get him in the boat; and aim blows with your leaded club at his nose to prevent his taking entire possession; and josh the other fellows in the wild howl necessary to overtop the resurgent roar of the rapids.

The interim before the tide slacks again, so you can hastily get in your lines and sneak out of there, is five or six hours. In that time you will land perhaps three dozen

(Continued on Page 113)

Radio's Superlative

is embodied in this new musical instrument

Brunswick Radiola No. 260

Brunswick Radiola No. 60

A phonograph and a radio, scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the Radiola of the Radio Corporation of America, thus offering the supreme in a phonograph with the greatest achievements in radio—*in one instrument.*

HERE is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people a musical achievement admittedly without parallel.

Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation.

Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

It combines the thrills of radio's most remarkable achievements—the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America—with the internationally acclaimed musical and tonal qualities of the Brunswick Phonograph. It is a radio, a phonograph in one . . . yet, not a "combination" in the sense that you know it.

The superlative in radio, the supreme in a phonograph in one!

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph the instrument for which virtually every great artist of the New Hall of Fame now records *exclusively.*

Nothing in music—music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again—are thus beyond your reach.

You change no parts to operate it.

Not a makeshift but a scientific UNIT

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device in a phonograph cabinet—but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduc-

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship

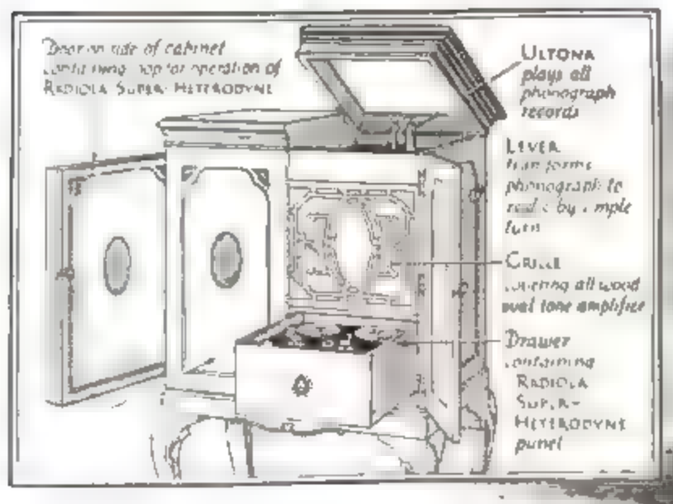
The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

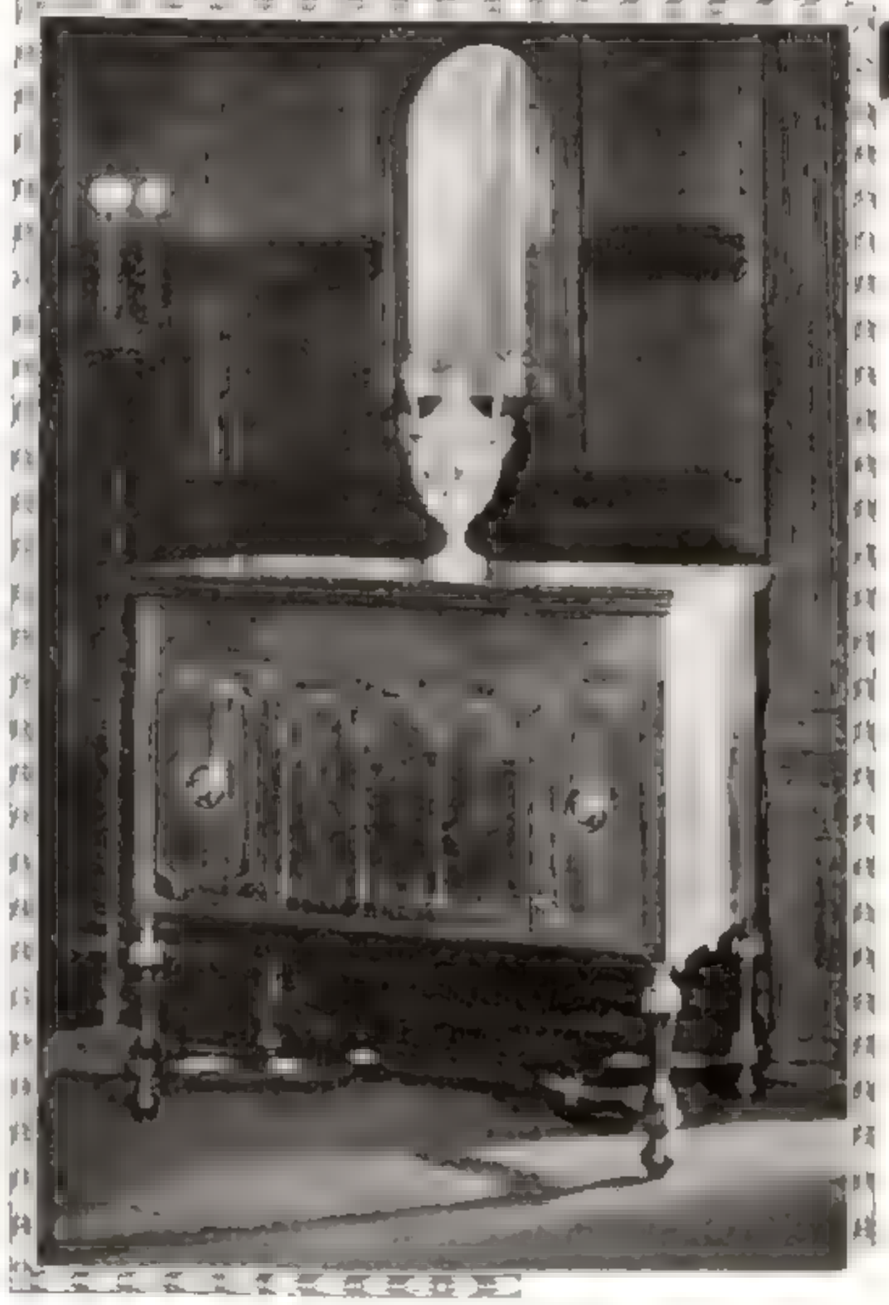
PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

Thrill

—the Brunswick Radiola



Brunswick Radiola No. 360



Brunswick Radiola No. 160

tion has been subsidized to do for radio what it did for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that's known in musical reproduction.

Note particularly that it is a scientifically combined unit—not a so-called "combination" radio and phonograph.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—*and a clarity that is almost unbelievable.*

Prices as low as $190

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment.

For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
General Offices: CHICAGO Branches in all principal cities

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features:

1 Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.

2 Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.

3 Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIOLAS

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Why Radio Receivers Differ so Widely in the Quality of their Tone

It's all in the Overtones

A 5-tube Receiver using the new Pfanstiehl system of tuned radio frequency

Console model, black walnut, fully equipped with batteries, battery charger, loud speaker, tubes, etc. Open.

AS RADIO becomes less of a stunt instrument for fans to play with and more of a musical instrument in the home, people are demanding, above every other value, TONAL BEAUTY. Clear tone, of course, but more than that, *lovely* tone—all of the beauty which distinguishes fine singing and the best in musical performance.

It is easy to get distance and volume with proper amplification. The difficulty has been to control the tone—to keep it free, flexible, full and rich.

In the average radio receiver the tone is sometimes clear, and sometimes not. That depends upon neutralization. But it is always flat, thin or hard if it lacks those delicate overtones which give to the tone itself its quality or timbre. It is the attendant overtones or harmonics which make real music. Without them you have merely pitch.

The difference between a fine piano tone and a poor piano tone is in the overtones. Middle "C," for instance, is Middle "C" all the time and everywhere, as far as pitch is concerned. But there is the widest difference in quality. One has a rich, sweet resonance. The other is thin and bare.

The same is true of the human voice. Its charm is all in the overtones. They identify it, make it an intimately personal thing.

The matchless tone of the Pfanstiehl lies in its perfect control of the overtones—a simple thing and still the most important thing which has as yet happened to radio.

Overtones perfectly reproduced

Of course, no radio can receive a poor tone and make it sound beautiful. It does not create tones. It reproduces them. Its utmost achievement is to reproduce from a distance the *full* depth and individual beauty of fine music. That has not been possible hitherto. The difficulty has been to bring in and hold intact the *full* stream of radio energy embracing not only the fundamental tone but also ALL the minute overtones which accompany it in transmission and should accompany it in reception, if enjoyable song or music is to result.

The radio stream gets out of bounds, as it were, in the set itself. It spills over between circuits and feeds back instead of forward. In entering the preceding circuit this feedback of stray energy causes a disturbance in it, the two being "out of phase," as an electrician would say. The true forward stream of radio energy does not mesh with the stray energy feeding back. They conflict. Squeals and noises result. To prevent them, complicated devices have been used. But these do not work unless perfectly adjusted. *And even if they do work, both they and the feedback tend to blur the delicate overtones of the true signal.*

No errors to neutralize

In the Pfanstiehl there are no internal noises possible The radio energy is completely controlled. There is no feedback. No absorbing or neutralizing devices are used They are not needed. How this control is accomplished is a technical story of great interest to radio engineers, told elsewhere in this statement. Briefly, it consists of a new system of reception designed to hold in leash the full forward stream of radio energy, so that none of it spills over or escapes to cause feedback. All of the overtones are thus included. *And you get full tone quality, the timbre which makes the emotional appeal in music and gives to the human voice its supreme charm.*

Nothing could be simpler. Nothing could be more important, if radio is to become the enjoyable instrument people are looking for. The simplicity of the Pfanstiehl is unique. There are no complications. Nothing to adjust or get out of order. Operation is dependable and absolutely quiet. In this respect distance makes no difference. We believe no lover of music who has once listened to a Pfanstiehl will ever be satisfied with any other system of radio reception, its superiority is so marked.

Hear the new Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver at your radio or music dealer's. If he does not have one we can quickly get it to him.

PFANSTIEHL RADIO COMPANY
Sales Offices: 11 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Waukegan, Ill.

Console model, black walnut, fully equipped with batteries, battery charger, loud speaker, tubes, etc. Closed.

How It Was Accomplished—A Scientific Explanation

Pfanstiehl found that stray oscillations could not be removed by any mere circuit design. An entirely new structural relationship had to be devised, and that could be approached only after a searching analysis of the specific causes of oscillation. He found them to be twofold and dealt with each separately. One of these is the feedback due to electro-static coupling. This has two sources. The one between the elements inside the tube is of little consequence although hitherto regarded as the most important. The other occurs between the wiring layout and the condensers. This Pfanstiehl eliminated by removing from the effective electro-static field, scattered throughout the set, all dielectric material which used to cause distortion. The other cause of disturbing oscillations is the feedback due to residual electro-magnetic coupling between the coils. This could not be wholly prevented before, but has now been completely eliminated by using a new type of inductance and by a different placing of the coils. In thus differentiating between these two separate sources of internal oscillation, Pfanstiehl has solved the trouble *fundamentally* by a process of discrimination—the only way it could possibly be done.

A Unique "Station Finder" Takes the Guesswork Out of Tuning

A unique feature of the Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver is a "Station Finder," which takes the guesswork out of tuning and enables even the inexperienced to tune this receiving set quickly and without difficulty. From the radio program in the daily newspaper or radio magazine, ascertain the "wave length" of the station you want to hear and also the time at which it is scheduled to broadcast. 1. Find this "wave-length" or number on the lower scale. 2. Read the number directly above it on the upper scale, and set each of the three large dials to this reading. 3. Tuning may now be sharpened by adjusting the large dials slightly, one at a time, with the small vernier knobs below. Adjustment of the large dials to a fraction of a degree, enables you to secure the sharper tuning for best results from distant stations.

An Appeal to Radio Users:

Owners of fine radio receivers should agitate for the suppression of regenerative interference in the air and undesirable radio transmission. They spoil the enjoyable possibilities of pure-tone reception. Do not be a radio nuisance yourself by using a set which radiates or transmits noises to your neighbor.

USERS: Send for free booklet.

PFANSTIEHL RADIO CO.
11 S. La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your free booklet on the Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver.

Your Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

DEALERS: Mail this coupon.

PFANSTIEHL RADIO CO.
11 S. La Salle St.
Chicago, Ill.

Send us your dealer proposition for the Pfanstiehl Overtone Receiver.

Your Name

Street Address

City State

Pfanstiehl

OVERTONE RECEIVER

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(Continued from Page 109)

fine salmon. Your back will be lame, your hands all gone in spite of the gloves; but you will have had one grand time. I acknowledge hand-lining usually rates the sneer of contempt from the true angler. Personally, I prefer to kill my salmon on the rod. But don't get away with the idea that hand-lining can never be real sport—not until you've fished the Overfall.

One day two summers ago a number of us were fishing the Overfall. There appeared on the point by which the tide rushes a portly gentleman of extremely dignified demeanor. We recognized him as a visitor to a summer camp near by, a stranger in those parts, a good trout fisherman back where he came from, but totally unacquainted with either salmon or Overfalls. This latter point was proved to the hilt by the fact that he carried a rod.

Now the Overfall is no place for a rod—except, of course, at slack tide. The water is so fast that its force against an inert piece of wood, let alone a fish that has ideas anent getting away, is sufficient to overcome the resisting power of anything worthy the name of rod. Even the lead sinker in such a current will put a kink in it. That is why a fifty-eight cuttyhunk and a piano-wire leader is the only proper wear. Furthermore, even a hand line is not much good from the point. The water runs there too smooth and fast. That is why we teeter around on the edge of destruction in precarious small boats instead of keeping nice stationary rocks under us. So when the judge solemnly unlimbered his rod and cast forth his line we all sat up and took notice. This was going to be good!

It was; but in an unexpectedly miraculous way. Hanged if some fool salmon didn't happen to be going upstream at that precise instant; and hanged if he didn't grab the judge's herring on the fly! It was a chance in a thousand!

The salmon simply turned downstream and went away from there at about ten knots an hour. The judge, though flustered, did his best. First, the tip of the rod snapped off and slid down the line and out of sight, like a traveler on a kite string. Then the second joint followed it. The judge's line was running low, so he elevated the remaining stump and gave her the butt. This broke the first joint square off. Then the judge began to snatch at the line with his bare hand, trying to get hold of it so he could use it like a hand line. This resulted merely in cut fingers. And finally, of course, the line ran to its end and snapped off. The judge was left holding the butt and the reel, that was all.

The Judge Catches a Dead One

We did not consider the moment propitious for comment. The judge gazed at the wreck, turned stolidly on his heel and labored away up the hill toward camp.

We thought he was through with fishing for that day; but we did not know our judge. He had just begun to fight. In ten minutes he was back on the point. This time he carried a hand line—a fearful and wonderful hand line of colossal strength and unprecedented length. Evidently he was going to show those fish that they couldn't monkey with the Supreme Court. He cast his lead into the current, let out a great length of line so it would carry downstream, and composed himself to wait. It seemed very unlikely that he could have any success at that game, so we resumed our own fishing.

At the end of ten minutes Henry remarked disgustedly that he must have snagged some kelp, and he hauled in. He found his hook had caught the judge's lead. But the current against the bight still held the judge's line straight downstream, so there was nothing to indicate to that eminent jurist that anything had happened. Henry disentangled thoughtfully. Then he raised the canvas in the bow of his boat and selected from thereunder a good-size salmon. He hooked this firmly on the judge's hook, gave the line five or six violent jerks, and softly dropped it overboard again.

The judge waked up and began excitedly to haul in. This whirled the fish to the top, and the eddies and currents tossed it about in quite a lifelike manner. It was the judge's first salmon and he raised up his voice and jubilantly summoned an audience. The camp turned out, including the women and girls. Screams of excitement; little cries of congratulation; exclamations as the current tossed the fish into view. The judge had out plenty of line and he fought that salmon hard. As the line shortened, however, a slight shade of disappointment crossed his face.

"He's not fighting very hard now," said the judge. "I guess that fast water must have drowned him."

The fish was landed. For the second time silence fell. For the second time the judge turned on his heel and ascended the hill. For the fish Henry had hooked upon the line was all gutted and neatly cleaned, ready for the market or the pan!

In the old days a certain stream flowing into one of the Great Lakes was an ideal fishing river. One could debark from the train at one railway station, wade for six or eight miles and catch another train for home. It was wide enough and big enough so that it supported a good population of fish, and yet it was a genuine wading stream. That is to say, one could, with waders, walk right down the middle, fishing the riffles ahead and on either side, until he came to a drop-off into a deeper pool. This also he could cast into from his vantage point midstream, after which he would take to the brush until he could again enter shallow water. Furthermore, the river was wide enough so that a reasonable sportsman need not fatally disturb it for those who would come after him. On a week-end the anglers would follow one another in regular sequence a hundred yards or so apart, and all would have good sport.

Teeing Off on Opening Day

Naturally, the first day of the season was a great event. The regulars would gather at the point of debarkation and draw lots for precedence, and tee off at spaced intervals like golf matches on a crowded day. No one ever wanted to miss a single moment of that day's fishing, for rainbows of five or six pounds' weight were not uncommon, and one monster of eighteen pounds had been taken. On one opening, however, the whole schedule was turned upside down, nearly the whole day was wasted, and all for the sake of a joke too good to be missed even at the expense of fishing.

Naturally, through long experience, each old-timer knew that river intimately. He was acquainted with the depth of water at different places, and the nature of the bottom and the kind of footing and the strength of current. He had gauged to a nicety just how deep in he could stand at various points, how close to the different pools he could work his way, and exactly where he must leave the water to walk around on the short trails. In other words, he waded down that river with the confidence of perfect knowledge.

On the particular opening morning of which I speak, the man who had been lucky enough to draw Number One position was doing just that. Brown—we will call him Brown—knew all about the river, as well as rivers in general. He knew that with this strength of current one could with safety wade in to just above the waist, which same he was proceeding to do at the head of each of the pools, bracing himself against the pressure of the water with a short staff in his left hand. Then when he had fished that particular pool he would angle to shore.

A Pleasant Time for All

But when he tried to do this above the Bend Pool he discovered that he had not the footing. The spring freshets at that one point had scoured the river bed clear of its gravel and bowlders, to expose a smooth slick apron of blue clay.

Brown did not fall down or flounder or make a fuss. Impelled inexorably by the current as by the pressure of a mighty hand in the small of his back, he walked forward slowly and with dignity into the deep water of the pool. To one standing on the bank it would have seemed that he was doing this deliberately and of his own accord. Everyone who has waded a fast current will understand that it was not deliberately and of his own accord. Every time he lifted a foot to take a step the current simply indicated that step for him in a downstream course. So he majestically walked off into deep water, floundered ashore, emptied out his waders and prepared to continue on his way. Language must, of course, be understood.

Then, as he was about to start, an idea struck him. He returned up the trail and sat down on a long log which lay upon the bank. This log was just below the bend. It commanded a beautiful view of the immediate approach to the pool, but it would not come into the view of one fishing until the said fisherman had set his foot upon the new underwater apron of blue clay.

In due time appeared Jones in midstream. He was proceeding at a leisurely and majestic gait down the current. His motions were unhurried and calm. His features manifested a refreshing contrast in the way of horror and unpleasurable anticipation.

"Where you going, Jones?" shouted Brown with relish.

Jones rolled indignant eyes in that direction—and went under. He scrambled ashore and came back to kill Brown. Brown got over his idea first. The log was long and commodious, the sun was warm, the day was young, the slippery clay bank was still there—and the upper river was full of fishermen headed that way one by one!

As the day wore on, the log slowly filled with a row of laughing hyenas in a state of high anticipation. Each newcomer stepped innocently into the trap, took his baptism and joined the audience. The peaceful woods resounded with maniac howls of delight as each rounded the bend. The victim had plenty of time to realize his own hopeless predicament, to see the row of merciless initiates on the log and to hear whatever facetious comments on the situation they might see fit to make. This warmed him up for the plunge. Then he joined them. Nobody went below the Bend Pool. But they all agreed it was the best opening-day sport they had ever had on the river.

The mild and good-natured chevying of the tenderfoot is a time-honored custom everywhere. In a cow camp he is encouraged to involve himself in near-disaster having to do with ropes and calves; in the mountains he is permitted to crash brush and climb hogbacks and tackle pinch-out ledges and otherwise misuse his legs and wind. the yachtsman does not overexert himself in keeping his able-bodied and masculine guest out of the way of the boom or in the way of retaining a nonamphibious status.

Wherever you go you will find the greenhorn allowed all the rope he needs, if not to hang himself, at least to become considerably entangled. There is no real unkindness in this. It subserves a number of very worthy purposes. No amount of admonition or precept can teach as quickly as does tribulation. And do not forget that we old-timers have to retain our prestige. These things we do are dog-gone difficult, require heroic qualities. We possess those qualities of innate genius, dogged perseverance, close study, long practice. We have become as a race apart, supermen, worthy of awe and reverence. Let these fresh squirts find out it isn't so easy as it looks! Then they won't be so fresh, and they'll look up to us, and concede that we are what we modestly admit ourselves to be. Later, when, through blundering and misfortune, they have attained a proper frame of mind, we will permit ourselves to give rein to our naturally kindly dispositions and show them a few things. Then they will cease hating us and come to love us as we deserve.

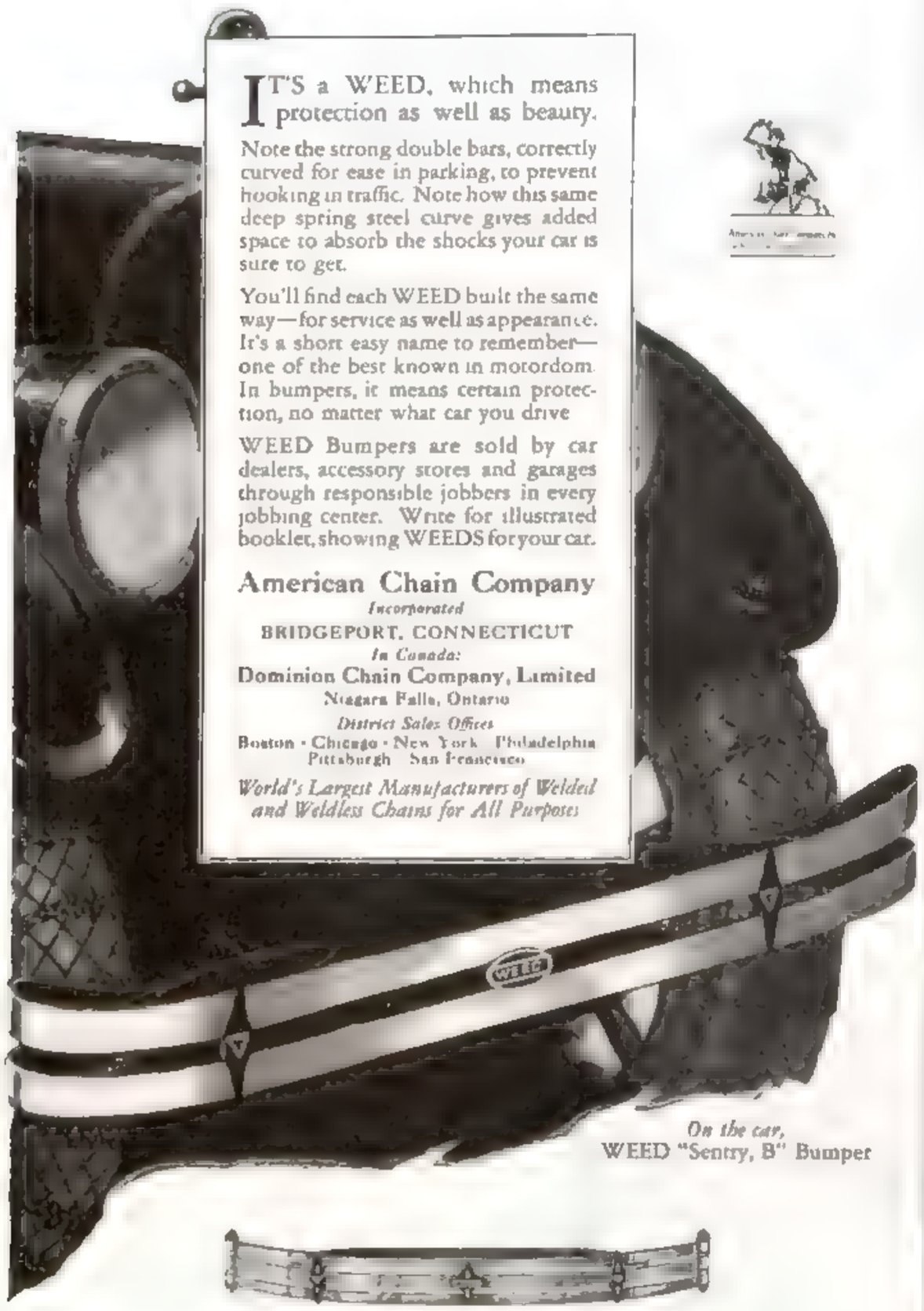
How to Teach a Tenderfoot

The surest way to show the rank and scornful tenderfoot that we are the wonders of modern times as respects fish is not merely to call attention to the size and certainty of our catch. Unfortunately, some of the worst dubs will occasionally go out with a bamboo pole and a bottle of salmon eggs and catch a mess. The best thing is to hook a tenderfoot onto something sizable and then let Nature take its course. There is a trick of conserving strength when it comes to fighting the big ones. One who does not know how will soon exhaust himself or break up his tackle.

I remember well one big-game hunter, a good sportsman and a fine fellow, who looked upon all fishing as girls' play and all fishermen as a lazy, soft lot who took up that sport because it was easy. He had a lot to say on that subject, and was often ill-timed in his remarks. So at last we inveigled him out on the Pacific Ocean in a gas boat and hooked him onto a good-size fighting albacore. At first our strong man was going to reel that fish right in and no nonsense about it. Finding that did not work, he set himself grimly in a determination to cut short the foolishness in the briefest possible space of time. He clenched

There is a Difference Between Fishing for Fish and Angling for Dreams

PUT YOUR CAR BEHIND THIS BUMPER



IT'S a WEED, which means protection as well as beauty.

Note the strong double bars, correctly curved for ease in parking, to prevent hooking in traffic. Note how this same deep spring steel curve gives added space to absorb the shocks your car is sure to get.

You'll find each WEED built the same way—for service as well as appearance. It's a short easy name to remember—one of the best known in motordom. In bumpers, it means certain protection, no matter what car you drive

WEED Bumpers are sold by car dealers, accessory stores and garages through responsible jobbers in every jobbing center. Write for illustrated booklet, showing WEEDS for your car.

American Chain Company
Incorporated
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada:
Dominion Chain Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices
Boston · Chicago · New York · Philadelphia
Pittsburgh · San Francisco
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

On the car,
WEED "Sentry, B" Bumper

WEED "Sentry" Three-Bar Bumper
An extra wide Bumper giving complete protection

WEED "Safety Light Car" Bumper
A spring bar Bumper for light cars with nickeled front bars

WEED "Sentry D-25" Bumper
A correctly curved full double bar Bumper

WEED
"Security" Bumper
for light cars—nickel bars

WEED
"Sturdy" Spring-Bar Bumper
for heavy and medium weight cars—full nickeled front

WEED BUMPERS

"Sensible Protection, Fore and Aft"

his teeth and went to it. The day was warm and calm. In a short time, since he knew none of the tricks and was falling back on brute strength, he was sweating like a horse, panting like a bellows and as crazy as a bull. The perspiration ran into his eyes and he could not wipe it away; his left wrist was afire; his right knuckles had been skinned by the reel handle. Nevertheless, he did land the fish, and in a remarkably short space of time. But he was about all in.

"Whew!" he panted. "Some scrap! How long was it?"

"Twenty-two minutes," we told him.

He would not believe it. It took all the watches on the boat to convince him. Then when he was satisfied as to that point, we gently told him a few fisherman's facts that a twenty-minute fight was considered a mere nothing; that even a moderate-sized trout will outlast the half hour; that from four to six hours is not unusual; that a fourteen-and-a-half-hour battle is on record off Catalina Island. After which we landed him—and have ever since listened in vain for even a single peep out of him as to "sissy" sports. He is nice and tame.

The spring salmon as pursued in the Yucletaw Rapids before mentioned in these articles is a grand reducer of bumptiousness. The float of my friend Henry Maurin has been the scene of many a sad confession of ineptitude, the theater of many a piscatorial tragedy, the platform from which the rank amateur, reduced to the lowest common denomination by untoward circumstance, has begun a slow climb upward to better things. There happen to have been in the past more rank amateurs than expert fishermen as visitors to Henry's; people who have been peacefully cruising by and have stopped off over a night or so on their way somewhere without serious thoughts of fish, or perhaps with merely trout experience and enthusiasm. Then finding themselves in the middle of things, so to speak, they have been fired with the spirit of emulation and have gone forth on the chuck of evenings to give battle.

The Dynamos of the Rapids

Now it so happens that the Yucletaw Rapids are still many miles from the spawning grounds, so that here the salmon are fresh-run, possessed of all the dash and pep of the deep blue sea; not yet lowered in vitality, as they become when nearing the fresh waters of their propagation beds. And at the same time the rapids themselves are like a mighty river. So one who catches salmon here combines the usual elements of environment with a fish of a strength and fierceness impossible in the customary places for such sport.

Even the accustomed angler runs against considerable of a surprise when he first hooks onto one of these dynamos. The difference in fighting quality between a thirty-pounder caught here or in one of the rivers is almost unbelievable. Even with the unbreakable hand line and piano-wire leader of the commercial fisherman, it is sometimes impossible to snub the first rush of a big one. I have seen the stern of a round chubby dinghy actually pulled down until it took water, and I have seen a heavy boat towed bodily against a strong tide. Last summer the first rush of one of these fish took off the end of a finger, not by entangling the said finger in a loop of the line, but merely through catching it momentarily against the gunwale of the boat.

But when the tyro gets out his rod the case is greatly aggravated. The first action is likely to be very swift. There is a strike, a determined rush; the novice grabs in vain for the blur that represents his reel handle; he gets his knuckles soundly rapped—he is lucky if he does not get a finger jammed—there is a sharp snap; and he has the rest of the evening to collect his scattered wits and figure out what he might have done different. When the fish does not thus run through to the end, and so away, he may rush madly straight out fifty yards, turn and come back at express speed, pass the boat in a swirl, and rush fifty yards in the opposite direction. Perhaps on the way he may jump three or four times right up in the air, shaking his head savagely; or dash beneath the boat and out the other side, which invariably means a broken tip unless the fisherman has the presence of mind to sweep his rod and line around the bow or stern smoothly and promptly.

During all these and many other playful maneuvers there must be no slack line allowed, and the rod tip must be swept down and away at each jump, and proper braking must be applied at each and every instant. There have been times when Henry's float has been fairly strewn with broken rods. Then when the tackle is all broken the tyro takes to the hand line along with the rest, and discovers considerable exercise and excitement even in that. He gets yanked about, his hands rope-burned, thoroughly splashed wet, and he is considerably out of wind before he gets his fish in the boat.

Two Against One

I remember the picture one beautiful evening of a very determined lady hooked to a fine fish. She was hanging to the line like grim death. Her husband had her clasped firmly about the waist from behind. It looked like a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout. The fish would yank her forward; her husband would take a brace and yank them both back. On several occasions it was a question whether the fish would join them in the boat or they would both join the fish in the water. The entire chuck lay on its oars to watch the battle and to cheer the final victory.

So invariable had been the above-sketched sequence of events that a sort of legend had grown up that these fish could not be landed on the rod with any certainty. Of course, that is nonsense. But when we first went there and produced our gear we were looked upon with indulgent pity; and when we demonstrated not once but repeatedly that the trick could be turned, we attained for a season or so a quite undeserved reputation for unusual skill.

Of late years more skilled fishermen have visited the place, and it has been borne in on Henry and his friends that we are not so wonderful as at first appeared. But it is still a grand place to take the conceit out of the dubs.

There remains still to discuss one of the most fascinating aspects of all. I refer to fireside fishing, or the proper tackle and methods. For the outfits we fuss over in February and what we take to the streams in May are likely to differ somewhat. Properly so, for one expresses an ideal and the other a practical meeting with hard facts. We must have for each exigency the right equipment. Our tackle must be adapted to what we want to catch and the conditions in which we catch it. There is a difference between fishing for fish and angling for dreams.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

Alabastine Time is Starting Now

It's time to decorate—

Have you selected your colors? Have you made sure your dealer has your color?

Any color you want for any room in home or public building can be selected from the Alabastine Colorcard... Just make sure it's Alabastine you ask for and receive, and you can be satisfied that your walls will be beautiful, sanitary and harmonious, at much less cost than if you choose paint or wall paper.

Remember—kalsomine is not Alabastine. Nor are the substitutes which hide in fancy packages with fancy names. Alabastine comes in the box pictured on this page, with Cross and Circle printed in Red.

Alabastine is a powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package.

Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, paint, wall board, brick, cement, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures, and contains no aniline dyes.

Get *your* Alabastine colorcard today. It's none too early to plan your decorating. And tell your dealer you want genuine Alabastine. That will save you from using a disappointing substitute when it's Alabastine Time. Signed—Alabastine Company, 960 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.

For latest styles in wall colors, write Miss Ruby Brandon, Home Betterment Specialist, care of Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Your decorator can give you the time you want if you ask him now

Children Prefer These *Double-Thick* Corn Flakes

Frequently little folks balk at drinking as much wholesome milk as they should have every day. Tempt them with golden crisp Post Toasties, the *Double-Thick Corn Flakes*. Post Toasties being *Double-Thick* have all the satisfying flavor of the corn. Important too, they hold their crispness, to the last flake at the very bottom of the bowl. Because they never mush-up or become soft and soggy, children prefer them and adults too. Ask for Post Toasties by name. Look for the red and wax-wrapped carton. Send today for the free test package.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. 2-21
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Makers of—Post Health Products: Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts.

Note—Canadian Address—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Make the milk or cream test for corn flakes crispness. Send for free test package.

SCHOOLS OF SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 18)

"'Old S. G. has his eye on us,' they said to each other.

"One morning Henry Boffinger came breezing into the shop, looking excited. Elmer Watters was already there, tuning up his tools for a day of ball-bearing making.

"'Morning, Elmer.'

"'Morning, Henry.'

"'Say, Elmer -

"'What, Henry?'

"'Have you heard the big news?'

"'No. Spill it.'

"'It's about old S. G.'

"'What about old S. G.?'

"'He's going to retire!'

"'The hell you say.'

"'The hell I say. It's true.'

"'But where did you hear it?'

"'It's in the paper this morning,' answered Henry. 'Don't you read the papers, Elmer?'

"'No.'

"'You ought to. Well, it says that old S. G. has bought a house in Florida and has decided to retire in about a year. He's getting on in years and he wants to quit and take life easy, the paper says.'

"'Pretty soft for him,' said Elmer Watters. 'But if he quits—what will happen to the Cumberland Ball Bearing Works—and to us?'

"'That's the red-hot part,' said Henry, 'and if I wasn't a real pal of yours I wouldn't tell you about it. Of course the works will go on. But who will run 'em? Answer me that, Elmer Watters.'

"'Oh, I suppose old Pawley will be promoted from vice president and general manager to be president.'

"'Yes—probably; but who will get Pawley's job?'

"Elmer Watters shrugged his shoulders.

"'Ask me something easy,' he said.

"'But,' don't you see, Elmer?' Henry Boffinger was very excited now. 'It will have to be one of us!'

"'One of us?'

"'Sure—you or me.'

"A ball bearing dropped from Elmer Watters' hand.

"'By gollies, that's so,' said Elmer. 'Everybody says we're in line for advancement.'

"'And,' went on Henry, 'get this! Old Pawley must be sixty-five. He'll have to retire in a few years; and then ——'

"'By gollies,' said Elmer, 'then you or I will be president!'

"'Sure! That's the ticket!' said Henry; then he added, 'but which of us is it going to be?'

"Elmer Watters became very serious.

"'Henry Boffinger,' he said gravely, 'you and I have been pals since we were kids. We're going to fight it out between us for the job.'

"'Yes—of course.'

"'And we're going to fight fair.'

"'Sure we are.'

"'We're going to show old S. G. the stuff we're made of.'

"'Right.'

"'And we're going to make good.'

"'You bet.'

"'Now let's get to work, Henry. Work—that's the only way.'

"'You said it.'

"They did go to work, furiously that day, and each made twenty-two more ball bearings than had ever been made by one man in one day in the history of the Cumberland Ball Bearing Works.

"About a week after their duel for success began, Henry Boffinger bustled into the shop early one morning, waving a paper.

"'Here's our chance, Elmer!' he cried.

"'How come?' said Elmer Watters.

"'Read this,' said Henry, thrusting the paper under his friend's eyes.

"Elmer saw a large hand with the finger pointing straight at him. He read in big and very black type:

WHEN JOHN J. OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS, WILL YOU BE READY?

BIG JOBS GO TO TRAINED MEN!

ARE YOU A TRAINED MAN?

ARE YOU AN ALL-ROUND MAN?

ARE YOU READY TO SOLVE THE BIG PROBLEMS THAT BIG MEN IN BIG BUSINESS MUST FACE?

DO YOU KNOW LAW?

CAN YOU WRITE A STRONG SELLING LETTER?

CAN YOU HANDLE MEN?

ARE YOU A GOOD PUBLIC SPEAKER?

CAN YOU SIZE UP A PROSPECT?

DO YOU UNDERSTAND CORPORATION FINANCE?

COULD YOU KEEP THE OVERHEAD DOWN?

HAVE YOU A SOCIAL CHARM—OR ARE YOU A WALLFLOWER?

DO YOU MAKE BAD BREAKS IN ETIQUETTE OR GRAMMAR?

"How Did They Get That Way?" a Voice at My Elbow Said. I Started. Someone Had Cut Into My Thoughts

GET BUSY—NOW!

TELL US ON THIS COUPON WHAT YOU WANT TO BE AND WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO BE IT!

PROUT'S UNIVERSAL UNIVERSITY
WACO, TEXAS

IT MAKES LITTLE MEN INTO BIG MEN!

"Elmer Watters knit his brows and read the coupon in the corner:

KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING!

CHECK, THIS MINUTE, THE COURSES YOU NEED TO BE AN ALL-ROUND MAN!

WE'LL DO THE REST

ACCOUNTANT—ADVERTISING EXPERT—ARTIST—BANKER—BANJO PLAYER—BOOKKEEPER—CREDIT MAN—DRAFTSMAN—DANCER—DETECTIVE—EXECUTIVE—ELECTRICAL ENGINEER—ETIQUETTE EXPERT—FUNERAL DIRECTOR—GRAMMAR EXPERT—HUMORIST—JOURNALIST—LAWYER—MERCHANT—ORATOR—PIANIST—SALESMAN—TRAFFIC MANAGER—VENTRILOQUIST—WINDOW DRESSER—WRITER (SCENARIOS, SONGS, STORIES OR LETTERS)—YACHTSMAN—ZITHER PLAYER

HURRY! CHECK AND MAIL TODAY!

HE WHO HESITATES IS BOSSED!

"When he had finished, Elmer Watters shook his head.

"'Banana oil,' he enunciated.

"'It is not,' Henry returned with some warmth. 'It's good dope. It will help us become big men. You want to make good in the ball-bearing game in a big way, don't you, Elmer Watters?'

"'Sure,' answered Elmer, 'and I'm going to do it by sticking right here at this bench and making better ball bearings.'

"'But when John J. Opportunity knocks, will you be ready?' Henry demanded. 'Will you be trained to fill old S. G.'s shoes?'

"'Why not?' returned Elmer Watters. 'Is Samuel G. Cumberland an accountant? Is he an etiquette expert? Does he need to be a salesman so long as he makes the roundest ball bearings in the world? Can he play the piano, write a scenario, or dance? He cannot. Can't he hire all the lawyers, funeral directors and detectives he needs? Why, I'll bet you my week's pay old S. G. doesn't know the difference between a zither and a jiujitsu. But he does know ball bearings. And old Pawley knows ball bearings. That's all they do know, and all they need to know; so I'm going to sit right here and make and study ball bearings, and nothing else but.'

"'You're making a mistake, Elmer,' said Henry. 'I showed you the ad because I want you to have the same chance as me.'

"'Are you going to fall for it?' Elmer asked.

"'I certainly am. Big men are all-round men. It says so—right here. They have to know a little of everything. Now—just suppose—if I got to be a big ball-bearing man and I had to make a talk at a dinner or a directors' meeting—could I do it? A fine credit to the ball-bearing industry I'd be, if I got up, twisted the tablecloth, gulped, and sat down. And suppose I had to entertain a lot of big ball-bearing buyers in my home and I drank soup like a walrus and made a lot of bulls in grammar. They'd say to one another: "A sap like that can't possibly make good ball bearings." And if I knew something about law, think of all the dough I could save the company in lawyers' fees. So, Elmer Watters, this very day I'm going to go in training, and don't forget I gave you the same chance.'

"'What courses are you going to take?' inquired Elmer Watters.

"'I think,' said Henry Boffinger, 'I'll take every darn one of them—right down the list—from accountancy to zither playing.'

"'Aw, you're full of eyewash,' said Elmer Watters. 'Now shut up, and let me make a few ball bearings.'

"So Henry Boffinger became a student in the Universal University, and Elmer Watters applied himself with the utmost diligence to the art of ball-bearing making."

The stranger on my Fifth Avenue bench paused to get his breath, and to denote a lapse of time. His pensive blue eyes rested moodily on the marble and granite mansions across Fifth Avenue. Presently he sighed and said, "They say there is a goddess of success. Well, she must be cockeyed. To continue ——"

I said nothing, so he continued.

"Elmer Watters," he said, "made many a beautiful ball bearing in the days that followed; and so did Henry Boffinger. In the evenings Henry went to his room and massaged his brain with the papers that the Universal University sent him, and Elmer Watters sat in his room, with a ball bearing in the palm of his hand, studying it. Every day Henry Boffinger used to report the progress he was making to his friend Elmer.

"'I'm coming along great with the accountancy,' Henry said. 'I know what overhead is. In three more lessons I'll know how to keep it down.'

"Elmer said nothing. He went on making ball bearings.

"'Do you know what consumer demand is?' Henry asked one morning.

"'No,' said Elmer, looking up from his bench, where he had just turned out a particularly perfect ball bearing.

"'Do you know what a layout is?' Henry questioned.

"'Baby clothes,' said Elmer, who was a father.

"'Huh,' said Henry. 'It's nothing of the sort. It's a term advertising experts use.'

"'Oh. So you're an advertising expert now?' said Elmer. 'Last week you were an accountant.'

"'I learned all the accountancy a big man needs to know,' said Henry. 'I'm studying advertising, commercial art and banking now. Last night I learned how to open up a new market, how to stimulate dealer interest, how to draw an apple and how to discount a short-term note. Tonight I learn how to write slogans with a selling kick, and how to float a bond issue.'

"'Better watch your ball bearings,' Elmer warned. 'That last one you made is almost lopsided.'

"Time slid by.

"'Elmer!'

"'What now, Henry?'

"'I had a personal letter from Seymour Barton Prout, A.M., today.'

"'Who's he?'

"'Why, he's president of Prout's Universal University,' answered Henry Boffinger.

"'What does the A.M. mean?'

"'It means he wrote the letter in the morning,' replied Henry. 'He said I am doing fine. He said that by all means I ought to take all the courses the Universal University gives. Then I'll be ready for anything, he said. I'll get a special diploma.'

"'All this stuff must cost you a lot of jack, Henry,' remarked Elmer.

"'Of course it does; but you can't expect to get success free, can you?'

"On another morning Elmer noticed that Henry was watching him furtively out of the corner of his eye. Every time Elmer looked up from his ball-bearing making, there was Henry watching him narrowly.

(Continued on Page 120)

The hidden comfort

Home of Oscar Lafquist, 5300 Waterbury Road, Des Moines, Iowa, E. F. Rasmussen, Architect

Now the simplest house can have it

A story we have waited three years to tell

Those who live in costly homes have, for years, enjoyed a comfort others have been obliged to do without.

A cosy warmth in winter and pleasant coolness in summer that thick walls and tiled roofs alone cannot explain.

A peaceful quiet that deep, soft rugs alone cannot produce.

People in these homes live better, happier lives. They sleep better—no rooms are over-hot on summer nights. Their health is better—temperatures in every corner of the house are always even, and there are no draughts. Their nerves are steadier because their homes are quieter.

What is the secret? It lies hidden in the method of construction—something that hitherto few have been able to afford.

But now, for the first time, the simplest home can have it. Now home building methods have been completely revolutionized and wholly new standards of comfort and healthfulness established. That is why we say this is the most important building story ever told.

The hidden factor

The thing that gives expensive homes this greater comfort is known to architects and engineers as insulation—heat insulation.

Its principle has long been known. Modern science has evolved insulation of high efficiency. Your ice-box is insulated to keep heat out. Your Thermos bottle is insulated to keep heat either in or out.

Insulation, in a word, is *a means of stopping the passage of heat waves.*

Ordinary building materials, such as wood, brick and stucco, cannot effectively do this; they have little insulating value. Heat waves pass through such materials just as radio waves do. Scientific tests have proved that from one-fourth to one-third of the heat generated to warm an ordinary house is lost through the solid walls and roof. You can see this by noting how much quicker the snow melts on the roof of an occupied house, due to escaping heat, than it does on an unoccupied, unheated one.

To stop this waste, to gain a greater year-around comfort and healthfulness, architects have for years put inside the walls of costly homes certain insulating materials.

But these materials have always represented an extra cost—something to be had by only the few who could afford them.

The story we have waited three years to tell

Then, three years ago, we put upon the market Celotex, the first insulating *lumber* the world had ever seen.

For the first time it became possible to build a completely insulated house practically without extra cost. Into the simplest home could at last be built the comforts of the finest mansion.

During these three years thousands of home builders in every part of the United States and in many foreign countries—in warm and cold climates alike—have found comfort and protection against torrid sun or winter blast in Celotex homes. It has completely demonstrated its amazing qualities. Wherever builders learn of Celotex, the old-style heat-leaking home begins to disappear and the new type Celotex home to take its place.

Read the remarkable story of Celotex on the opposite page—the industrial romance of its discovery, how it is now being used, and how it enables you to get a wholly *new* degree of comfort in the home you build or buy.

# of costly homes

CELOTEX is not merely a new type of insulation. It is a wholly new and unique material—a material different from any other made, grown or mined.

Celotex became a reality when years of scientific research ended in the discovery of the remarkable qualities of bagasse—a cane fibre—one of the longest and toughest fibres known in any plant or tree in the world.

Today gigantic machines, a thousand feet in length, run day and night, fabricating from this bagasse fibre endless feet of strong, rugged lumber. It contains millions of invisible, *sealed* air cells, the best of all insulating agents known to science. It comes to you in broad, clean boards, the most remarkable building material ever put upon the market.

Only in Celotex—these THREE *advantages combined*

Celotex has, first of all, insulation or heat-stop value equal or superior to any insulating material hitherto known. Celotex used on exterior and interior walls is equal, as insulation, to 3½ inches of solid wood, 12 inches of solid plaster, 12 inches of solid brick, or 24 inches of solid concrete.

It has a sound absorbing co-efficient of 31%, placing it high among the most efficient materials for absorbing sound.

But, combined with these qualities, Celotex has what no other insulating or sound-absorbing material possesses. *In walls it has many times the structural strength of the wood lumber it replaces.*

How Celotex is used

You use Celotex on the outside walls of your house and under the roofing in place of the rough lumber known as sheathing. Test after test by unquestioned authorities has proved that a wall sheathed with Celotex is several times stronger and more rigid than one as ordinarily sheathed with lumber.

This use of Celotex gives you heat-insulation without extra cost.

You use Celotex in place of lath, as a plaster base. Plaster bonds with Celotex and produces a wall that is many times stronger than one made of plaster and lath. And a wall that is less likely to crack.

This use of Celotex also gives you heat-insulation practically without extra cost.

Snow upon the roof of an uninsulated house when occupied melts rapidly due to the heat escaping through the materials with which the roof is built.

Snow upon the roof of an insulated house is like the snow upon the roof of an unoccupied house. It stays much longer because there is no escaping heat underneath to melt it

Build this extra comfort into YOUR *home*

Thus, Celotex brings to your home a larger measure of comfort at practically no additional expenditure. It is not an added building expense, as was the old type of heat-insulation. Wherever used, Celotex replaces and saves the cost of wood lumber and any other form of insulation. And so superior is it in insulating value and structural strength that it is being used everywhere today in many of the most expensive of homes.

Your house, built with Celotex, will be warm and snug on the coldest days. There will be no "cold rooms" or "cold sides" when the wind blows from certain quarters. An even, healthful temperature will be easy to maintain. *And your fuel bills will be cut approximately one-third.*

In summer your home will be delightfully cool. A peaceful, dignified quiet will pervade it. In it you and your family will find life better.

Whether you are going to build or buy a house see that Celotex is used and have these comforts which only costly homes have had before.

Build your home in accordance with the *new* standards of construction and insist upon them when buying a new home built by others. Guarantee the present comfort and the future resale value of your home—with Celotex. Write us for additional information on the value of insulation and how to use Celotex to secure it. Simply mail the coupon—now.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY
645 No. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Branch offices
(See telephone book for addresses)

New York	Cleveland	Philadelphia
Detroit	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Boston	Milwaukee	Los Angeles
San Francisco	Minneapolis	Washington
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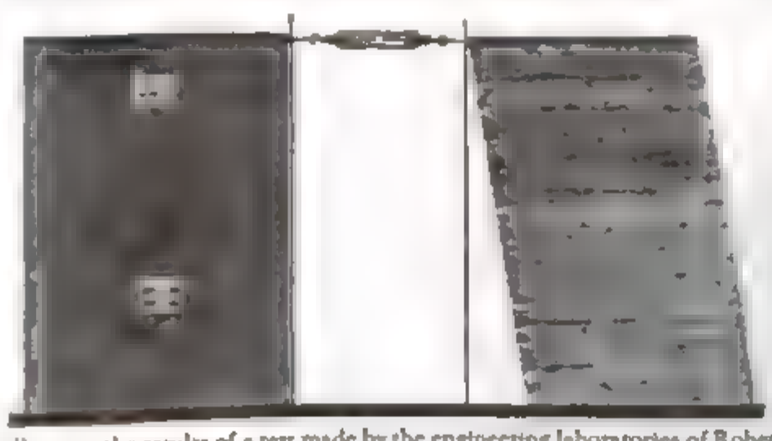
Denver	Salt Lake City	Dallas
	London(Eng.)	

DEALERS: *This is the first of a series of double-page advertisements that will carry the story of Celotex to the home-builders of your community. The rapidly growing demand for Celotex offers you a valuable sales opportunity Write or wire for details of the Celotex proposition to dealers.*

At a pressure equivalent to wind or tornado pressure, frame sheathed with Celotex was only slightly out of plumb



At 3/5 of this pressure, frame sheathed with wood was racked more than 11 times as much as Celotex

These pictures illustrate the results of a test made by the engineering laboratories of Robert W. Hunt & Company to determine the relative strength of Celotex and wood as sheathing. It was demonstrated that a wall sheathed with Celotex is several times as rigid as a wall as ordinarily sheathed with lumber

CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

"There is a use for Celotex in every building"

FACTS about CELOTEX

Celotex comes in stock sizes: Thickness, 7/16 of an inch, width, 4 feet, lengths, 8 to 12 feet

The weight of Celotex is about 60 pounds to the hundred square feet, making it easy to handle and economically applied.

Celotex is sawed like ordinary lumber and is nailed directly to all framing.

The great durability of Celotex permits it to be piled outside and handled just as wood lumber is handled

Any type of exterior finish—siding, clapboards, stucco, brick veneer, etc.—is applied over Celotex in the same manner as over wood sheathing. Any kind of roofing can be laid over it

Standard prepared gypsum plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex

Celotex is waterproofed. It can be painted and used as an exterior finish

Other Celotex uses

Celotex has many uses other than in dwelling houses. Mail the coupon for full information on any of the following:

Interior wall finish—the interesting fabric surface texture of Celotex makes it admirably suitable for interior finish in many forms of beautiful wall treatment. It may be left in its pleasing natural finish, or painted, stained or stenciled

Industrial and commercial buildings—especially for roof insulation and sound absorption and to eliminate condensation of moisture

Acoustical correction—in auditoriums, theatres, churches, schools, offices, broadcasting studios, music rooms, banks, ball rooms, etc

Small buildings—summer cottages, garages, mountain cabins, etc

Special farm uses—stock barns, milk houses, potato and perishable product warehouses, vegetable and fruit storage rooms, incubators, chicken houses, etc.

In homes already built—attic insulation, cool rooms, vegetable storage, interior wall treatment and all kinds of household repair work.

Refrigerator cars—Celotex is in use as insulation by the leading railroads and car builders in the country in more than 13,000 refrigerator cars

Shipping boxes—specially manufactured Celotex, strong, light in weight, water-proofed, pilfer proof, thousands in use.

A book of 25 homes for 50 cents

"Your Home," a book of 25 ideal small homes will be invaluable to you if you are building. Based on plans prepared by the Northwestern Division of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, an organization of architects controlled by the American Institute of Architects and endorsed by the United States Department of Commerce. Contains block plans, perspectives, descriptions, landscape suggestions. Embodies the most advanced ideas in design, economy and convenience. Complete working plans, specifications and bills of materials for any house in this book can be obtained at low cost. To get "Your Home," enclose 50 cents in stamps with coupon below.

COUPON

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. 62
645 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Put a cross in the square indicating the booklet desired

☐ Please send me free of charge the booklet describing the general and special uses of Celotex.

☐ Please send me full information on the use of Celotex in

☐ Enclosed is 50 cents in stamps for which please send me a copy of "Your Home."

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 117)

Usually at noon they walked together to their homes, which were not far from the factory, to have their lunches. But this noon Henry slipped away without a word, and Elmer started for home alone. He had not gone a block when he became aware that someone was following him. The man's behavior was peculiar. He kept dodging behind trees and telegraph poles every time Elmer looked back. In the distance the man bore a rather marked resemblance to Henry Boffinger; he had Henry's spare figure, Henry's large vermilion ears, and Henry's old mustard-colored felt hat; but he had, also, an enormous black beard. Puzzled, and not a little alarmed, Elmer hurried along. The man followed. Elmer broke into a trot. The bearded stranger trotted also. Panic seized Elmer, but he determined to face the worst, so he turned a corner and waited. Soon around the corner a bearded face was cautiously stuck.

"'Say,' demanded Elmer, 'what the devil?'

"'You didn't know me then!' said the delighted voice of Henry Boffinger. He removed the black beard.

"'Henry Boffinger—are you cuckoo?'

"'No.'

"'Well, you'd have a hard time proving it—acting this way,' said Elmer sternly.

"'I was studying my lesson in shadowing,' said Henry with dignity. 'I was shadowing a suspect while disguised. It's Lesson 4 in the Science of Crime Detection; that's what I'm studying now.'

"'Aw, you're full of fruit juice,' said Elmer. They walked on.

"'Let's hurry,' Henry said. 'I want to eat a quick lunch so I can have a few minutes to write some headlines.'

"'Some what?'

"'Headlines. I'm studying Journalism along with the Science of Crime Detection,' said Henry.

"'Now, look here, Henry Boffinger,' Elmer exploded, 'how on earth is that going to help you fill old S. G.'s shoes—if you get the chance?'

"'Well,' said Henry, 'you never can tell. Being a big ball-bearing man is such a complicated job that anything might happen.' Henry thought a minute. 'For example,' he said, 'suppose somebody stole some ball bearings from the firm. It would come in pretty handy if the president was up on the Science of Crime Detection. And then suppose he wanted to get a piece in the newspapers about it. I guess it would be mighty convenient if the president happened to be an expert journalist, wouldn't it?'

"'Yes,' said Elmer dryly, 'and I suppose you'll study to be a doctor, in case one of the office boys swallows a ball bearing.'

"'That's worth considering,' said Henry Boffinger soberly."

The pensive-eyed stranger beside me on the bench paused to rest his throat, and having done so, he sighed and resumed:

"Young man, success is a tricky thing. Take two men—or a dozen men—who are all as much alike as—well—two or a dozen Number 9 ball bearings. Which of them will make a big success—and end up in one of those marble shacks over yonder, with butlers, silk sheets, platinum ash trays, and all the rest of it? Who can say?"

I said I couldn't, and he went on:

"No, you can no more tell that a man will become a millionaire by looking at him than you can see his appendix when he has his overcoat on. Well, as I was saying, time continued to slide by. The day was drawing near when old Samuel G. Cumberland would say good-by to ball bearings and hie himself to Florida to catch tarpon, bask in the sun, and wish to heaven he was back at his desk again. It most certainly had been a busy year for Henry Boffinger. He was an earnest young man and burned the midnight gas in his determination to sop up every drop of knowledge that came to him, in big pink envelopes, from Prout's Universal University. His room was piled high with pink envelopes. This one contained the papers by studying which he had gained an insight into the way a big dry-goods merchant should conduct his business. That one held all the facts a young man need know before embarking on a career as a window dresser. That fat envelope was stuffed with information on salesmanship, pertinent pointers on how to sell garters wholesale and retail, mining stock and suspension bridges.

"Laboriously Henry Boffinger had applied himself to the task of transferring the contents of those pink envelopes to his own brain cells. His head came near to bursting with his diversified knowledge. He had done some harm to the hot-water system in his house while putting certain theories in the Science of Plumbing Engineering into practice; he had made public speeches in his room until the neighbors threatened legal proceedings; he had confused a lesson in dancing with one in jiujitsu with rather embarrassing results; he had developed a sore throat practicing ventriloquism; he had written a moving-picture scenario called The Rise of Harry Buckingham, or From Machinist to Merchant Prince; he could write a fluent business letter, should the occasion ever arise, to a firm in Lima, Peru, demanding immediate payment for a consignment of straw hats shipped on the 14th inst.; his politeness, due to an intensive course of etiquette, had become a subject of comment in those parts of Cincinnati he frequented; he could converse freely about plaintiffs, defendants, writs of replevin, bills of lading, problems of distribution, valves, turnover, plots, media, motivation of characters, finger prints, amperes and watts, debenture bonds, bulldog editions, and how to clinch a sale. Converse of these things, and many more, he did, to Elmer Watters, who listened silently as his deft fingers fashioned ball bearings.

"'You don't know what you're missing, Elmer,' he said any number of times.

"'Aw, you're full of weak tea,' Elmer would rejoin, not looking up from his work. Elmer had devoted all his energy to making better and better ball bearings.

"'Wait—you'll see,' declared Henry Boffinger. 'When the time comes for the promotion to be made, they'll look for an all-round man.'

"'I'm interested in all-round ball bearings,' said Elmer. 'And by the way, Henry, you'd better watch your step. Lately your head has been so full of overhead and etiquette you've been woozy, and one or two of the ball bearings you've made have been practically square. If old S. G. should see one of them you'd be like Santa Claus' whiskers at suppertime.'

"'What do you mean—like Santa Claus' whiskers?'

"'In the soup,' said Elmer, quietly making a ball bearing.

"'Don't you believe it,' Henry retorted. 'I walked into the shop with old S. G. this morning. "Boffinger," he said, "I've got my eye on you. I hear you're getting to be quite a student." Golly, I wish he'd asked me something about overhead. He didn't though. But he did give me a pat on the back and say, "There's a great future in the ball-bearing game for the right sort of man. I mean a wide-awake, ball-bearing-minded man." What do you make of that, Elmer Watters?'

"'Humph,' said Elmer. 'He said the same thing to me last Monday.'

"But Elmer Watters looked worried, nevertheless, and, working desperately, that day made some of the finest ball bearings of his career.

"Rumors began to buzz around the Cumberland Ball Bearing Works. The day of the retirement of the president was at hand; so said the rumors. It was a foregone conclusion that the venerable vice president and general manager, Pawley, would be raised to the throne upon the abdication of Samuel G. Cumberland. But who would get Pawley's job? Who would become vice president and general manager, and thus be placed within striking distance of the royal purple?

"Speculation filled the shop. In it two names were prominently mentioned—the names of Elmer Watters and Henry Boffinger. Their merits were the subject of whispered debates. Opinion was evenly divided as to which would be the wiser choice. Both were popular. Some of the men pointed to Elmer's zealous devotion to his work and, particularly during the past year, his consistent record as a producer of flawless ball bearings. The partisans of Henry admitted that he had now and then been guilty of an occasional lopsided ball bearing, but vigorously rejected, as a canard, the story that one or two of his more recent ball bearings had been practically square. To offset his occasional defections in the practice of his art the Boffinger party adduced his learning. The scope of Henry Boffinger's knowledge had become a tradition in the shop. He, surely, was the man for the job, the Boffingerites declared. Meantime, Elmer Watters and Henry Boffinger waited, remaining as calm as was possible under the circumstances. Then came the announcement. Samuel G. Cumberland would retire on the first day of March.

"March first came. Henry, endeavoring to seem nonchalant, came early to the shop. Elmer was already there and had begun to make ball bearings at a miraculous rate of speed.

"'Morning, Elmer.'

"'Morning, Henry.'

"'Well, I finished the course, Elmer.'

"'At-a-boy, Henry.'

"'Yes; last night in the ten-o'clock mail I sent away my final examination papers in zither playing.'

"'Do you think you passed?'

"'Sure. I twang a pretty mean zither now, Elmer.'

"'Say, Henry!'

"'What, Elmer?'

"'Today is the day, isn't it?'

"'Yes, today is the day.'

"'Well, Henry—we'll be friends, no matter who wins out, won't we?'

"'Sure.'

"'Henry!'

"'What?'

"'If you do get the job, tell me this: How will zither playing help you to be a better ball-bearing man?'

"'I've got that all figured out,' said Henry. 'Just suppose a big ball-bearing man from Duluth came here to place an order for one million ball bearings. Well, he might not be convinced that he should give us the order. So I'd take him home for dinner, give him a good cigar, and start to work on him. Well, suppose he was crabby and hard to handle; big men sometimes are; but suppose he was very fond of zither playing!

"'Well, I'd play the zither and get him in a good humor—and—zip—he'd put his name on the dotted line.'

"'But suppose he hated zither playing?' said Elmer.

"'In that case ——' began Henry. But he did not finish. An office boy was going through the shop, summoning all the men to a meeting in the main office.

"Elmer and Henry were two pale, nervous young men as they stood with the others in the office. Old S. G. made a long speech—it seemed hours to Elmer and Henry—tracing the development of his company from a one-room shack to a large modern plant, and thanking them all for their coöperation in making the Cumberland Ball Bearing known and respected throughout the civilized world. Then he solemnly announced that his successor in the office of president would be Mr. Benjamin T. Pawley. Cheers were given for Mr. Pawley, and thanks returned by that gentleman.

"'And now,' said old S. G., 'I am going to present to you your new vice president and general manager.'

"Elmer and Henry stiffened.

"'He is,' went on old S. G., 'a young man.'

"Elmer looked at the tense Henry; Henry looked at the no less tense Elmer.

"'But he is a wide-awake young man; and, though his experience is rather limited, he is, I feel safe in saying, a ball-bearing-minded man. Gentlemen, the new vice president and general manager—my son—Samuel G. Cumberland, Jr.'"

The stranger on my Fifth Avenue bench paused dramatically. I gave him to understand that I was shocked, and I was about to go when he stopped me.

"Wait," he said. "That's not the end; it's really only the beginning. You see—young Samuel G. Cumberland, Jr., was just out of college, and all he knew was tennis and ancient history. He was not in the least equipped to run a ball-bearing works. He had a good back-hand and a nice lob, and he knew all about the reign of Rameses, because tennis and history interested him; but he didn't know a ball bearing from a poached egg, and he had no more idea of how to run a business than that lion we hear roaring back there in the zoo. But—worst of all—he was one of those fellows who was not made for success. He just didn't have it in him, that's all. So, inside of five years, old S. G. and Pawley having died in the meantime, young S. G. steered the Cumberland Ball Bearing Works on the rocks, went broke, and had to sell out to the new Anglo-American Amalgamated Ball Bearing Corporation—the ball-bearing trust, they call it. So young S. G. got a job teaching ancient history at three thousand a year in a high school in Yonkers."

"But what," I asked, "happened to Elmer and Henry?"

"Oh, them," said the pensive-eyed man. "Well, you see, Elmer Watters was one of those lucky fellows born with success in his system. The appointment of the president's son jolted him and made him fighting mad. So he promptly quit the Cumberland Company and started a little ball-bearing shop of his own. He made such good ball bearings that he grew and grew. It was he who organized the ball-bearing trust and bought out his old company. That house over there—the granite one with the bronze door studded with bas-reliefs of ball bearings—is the house of Elmer Watters, the big ball-bearing man."

"And Henry Boffinger—poor, ambitious Henry Boffinger," I said. "I suppose he is still making ball bearings, and at night studying to be a taxidermist or a sanitary engineer."

The man on the bench laughed a flat laugh.

"He is not," said the man. "Henry Boffinger was also one of the lucky ones, born to be a success. The appointment of young S. G. was a rude awakening for Henry. He quit ball-bearing making the very next day. He went to his room feeling as low as an artesian well, and with no plans for the future. And then he saw the pile of pink envelopes, each containing a course in something or other. So, then and there—with his bedroom for his office—he founded the HENRY BOFFINGER SCHOOL OF SUCCESS—A COMPLETE COURSE IN HOW TO GET AHEAD—FOR WIDE-AWAKE MEN. He used all the courses he had taken, added a lot more, and today the HENRY BOFFINGER SCHOOL OF SUCCESS has students in every country on earth, and Henry has eight or nine million of the best and brightest dollars ever minted. See that house—the white marble one with the solid gold door? Well, that's Henry's house."

The man on the bench got up.

"Well, young man," he said. "I hope you were born to be a success. Some are; some aren't—and that's all there is to it. Well, good-by; I have to run along now to catch the train for Yonkers."

"When I Returned the Iron Was Red-Hot; So Hot I Could Almost See Through It!"

Another iron ruined? No—Another Proof that
Over-Heating Does Not Harm the Sunbeam's Heating Unit

An All-Over Unit for Even Heat —a Tapered Nose for Ironing in Pleats and Gathers

THIS is not an invitation to set fire to the house by leaving electric irons turned on while not in use. But it shows what a durable heating unit the Sunbeam Iron must have to withstand over-heating that would spoil any ordinary iron. Read Mrs. Martin's statement.

Yes, women occasionally *do* forget to turn off an iron while they answer the door-bell or the telephone. The iron becomes over-heated. Next ironing day it won't heat up as before, and won't hold its heat. And a new unit costs $2 or $2.50 installed.

Records of one large Public Service Company indicate that 70% of iron repairs are in the heating unit.

An Even Heat and Heat All Over

In the New Sunbeam Iron we've built a unit that over-heating does not harm. And we've built it to cover practically the whole ironing surface. So you get a quick heat All Over—not heat in certain spots alone.

More than that—we regulate its heating capacity to give you even heat and plenty of it—but not the rush of violent heat that scorches clothes.

Before we built it we took all kinds of irons apart. And we found there was no machine that could build an All-Over unit like this. So we make it by hand, although that costs us double.

Mirror-Like Sole-Plate— Tapered Nose for Gathers

We spend a premium also to double-nickel and double-polish the sole-plate. But this mirror-like Sunbeam gives you beautiful results—a high gloss to linens and starched things. And its easy glide rests your ironing arm.

The nose is gracefully tapered to get into gathers, pleats and corners. And it brings out embroidery in stunning relief. For it goes right into the spaces between the needlework, when you iron such pieces wrong-side up on a soft, thick towel.

Here's a typical case from a Sunbeam user, Mrs. M. Colbert:

> "I have a good many children's clothes to iron—baby's dresses and little girl's aprons and dresses—and I never have a bit of trouble, even with the pieces that have so many gathers and corners, and are starched and damp besides. The Sunbeam Iron holds an even heat and gets right up into the little gathers, leaving everything so smooth you can't see a 'rough dry' place on it anywhere."

Sold on Approval— Guaranteed

No old-time electric iron can give you the speed, the finished results, and the life-time service of the Sunbeam. One Sunbeam user writes us that she gets through her ironing by noon, although her washings are larger than those of a relative who irons all day. So don't accept some other and think you have as good. If you find a dealer who hasn't this creation—hand him the coupon and he'll get it; or mail the coupon to us.

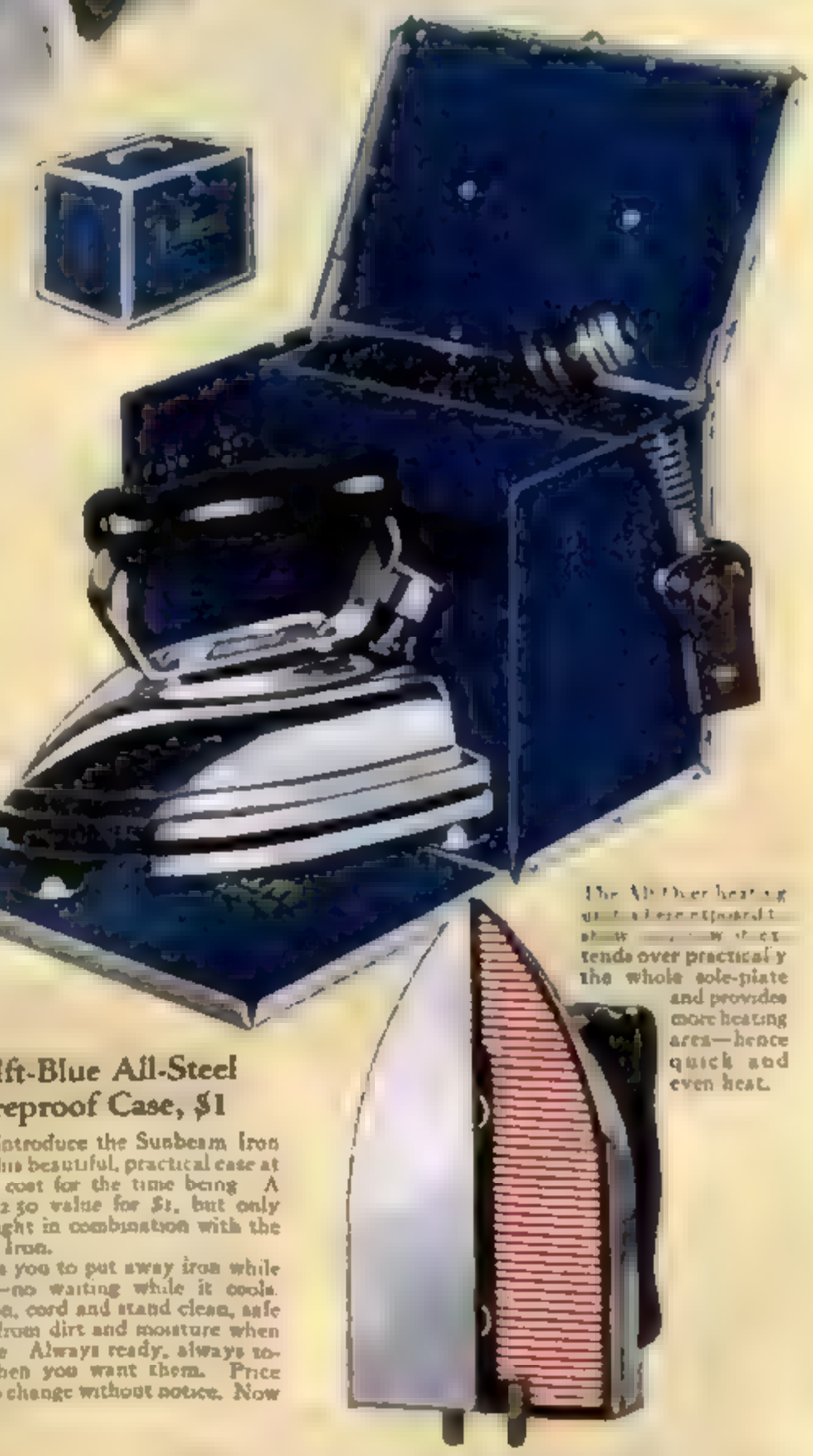
Detach the coupon now. Let nothing prevent you—for the Sunbeam is sold on 30 days' approval and is guaranteed to give more years of good service than any other iron made.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
35 Years Making Quality Products
5542 West Roosevelt Road Chicago, Illinois
249 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Canada

Her Statement:

"One day I left my ironing and forgot to turn off the current. When I returned, the Sunbeam was red-hot—so hot I could almost see through it. But it didn't hurt my Sunbeam a bit, except to discolor the nickel. It irons just as well now as before. It heats up perfectly and holds the heat just fine. I think the Sunbeam is truly a wonderful iron."

MRS. W. J. MARTIN
7336 University Ave., Chicago



The All-Over heating unit extends over practically the whole sole-plate and provides more heating area—hence quick and even heat.

Delft-Blue All-Steel Fireproof Case, $1

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron we offer this beautiful, practical case at less than cost for the time being. A regular $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam Iron.

Enables you to put away iron while still hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean, safe and free from dirt and moisture when not in use. Always ready, always together when you want them. Price subject to change without notice. Now only $1.

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED IRON

IN ALL-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

COUPON—*Hand to dealer or mail to us*

THE CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
5542 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill

I should like to try the Sunbeam Iron, and will pay $7.50 on delivery provided my money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded if I give notice within 30 days and return the Iron.

*My Name*_____

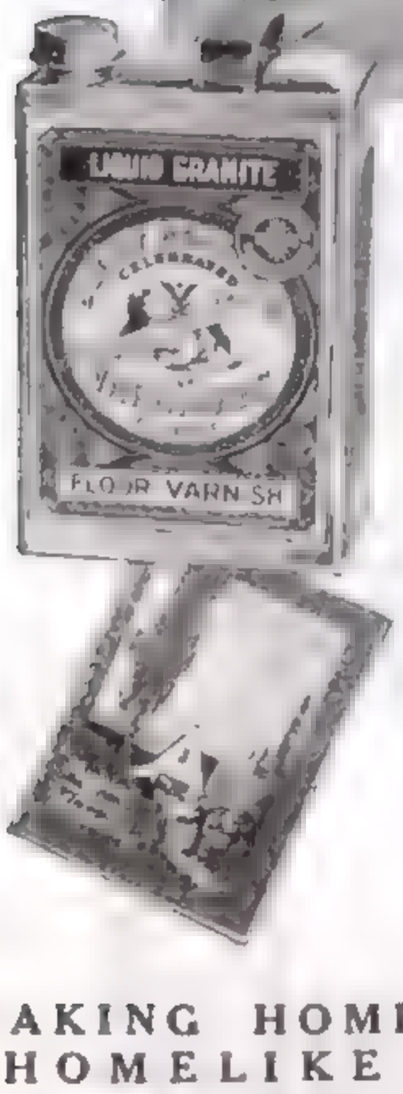
*Address*_____

*My Dealer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

NOTICE: If you also want the All-Steel Fireproof Case in Delft-Blue Enamel at $1 extra make a cross [x] in this square ☐

BOYS CAN BE BOYS ON FLOORS VARNISHED WITH LIQUID GRANITE



LIQUID GRANITE FLOOR VARNISH IS MORE THAN WATERPROOF ~ IT WEARS

ONE doesn't expect a boy to crack nuts or use roller skates on the floors of a well-regulated home. But the unexpected usually happens and should be anticipated when selecting floor varnish.

Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, besides being waterproof, has the toughness to withstand hammer blows. Pounding will dent the wood beneath it without marring the finish. It will endure a million steps. Pianos and heavy furniture may be moved across it without injuring its beauty.

Floor-varnish satisfaction is measured in terms of durability. It is this superior quality that distinguishes Liquid Granite from other floor varnishes.

Good paint and hardware dealers have Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite, or can get it quickly. Floors of lasting satisfaction will be your reward for demanding it.

MAKING HOME HOMELIKE

Hundreds of practical, valuable suggestions for making home a more charming and delightful place to live are described in this useful little handbook of decorating information. Your copy is ready. Just send 10 cents to cover postage and mailing costs. Address Department S Berry Brothers, Detroit Mich.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

GRAMP

(Continued from Page 19)

"No, of course you don't, but thank goodness somebody in this family has an ounce of sense. My daughter isn't going to marry any tramp sign painter."

Gramp, who had been sniffing hungrily on the lee side of the stove, frisked around to a clump of blackberry bushes on the bank of the creek where Ed Hill was entrancing Genevieve with melody adroitly wrung from his accordion. The large mosquitoes buzzed about their heads in swelling harmony, unheeded even when they bit.

"That's sure pretty, Eddie," said Gramp, "but kind of sad. Do you know any jigs?"

Ed shook his head.

"There's a real nice dance platform here," said Gramp. "If you and Genevieve was to go over there tonight you might pick up some."

"That's an idea. Would you like to go, Genevieve?"

"Sure," said Genevieve. "Ed, do you know Sweet Genevieve?"

"Not as well as I expect to later," said Ed meaningly.

Gramp slipped away well pleased and took his place at the table. "When do we eat?" he asked innocently.

After supper the young people strolled over to the dance through a twilight delightfully aromatic of dewy dust and smoke and frying food. Little recked they of Mrs. Haskins savagely slamming agateware dishes down on the oilcloth for her husband to wipe.

"We're going to pack up and get out of here tomorrow morning, Sam Haskins, before Gramp brings any more fellows around for Genevieve to go prancing off with. I've a notion to give him a piece of my mind. Gramp!" she called shrilly.

There was no answer. Inside the tent Gramp was quietly undressing, his bright black eyes fixed on the tent door, ready to frisk into bed with his clothes on if his daughter-in-law came in to bestow the threatened largess.

"I just feel sorry for whoever runs that Old Soldiers' Home when he gets into it," she went on. "If he isn't at one piece of mischief he's at another, from morning till night."

"I don't see how we're going to get away from here before the first, and this is only the twenty-fifth," said Mr. Haskins. "I told them to forward his papers here to us by the first."

"Don't you suppose he could get in without them?"

"I'm afraid to take a chance."

Ed Hill, finding no more cars in camp to embellish, did not move on, as Mrs. Haskins earnestly admonished him to do. Instead he began to drive about the country soliciting trade from numerous small merchants, with Genevieve by his side. To lie in the shade reading Harold Bell Wright aloud while Ed painted signs on barns and fences, to share with him beneath the bough, not the hackneyed loaf and proscribed jug of wine that Omar sang, but the succulent hot dog and bottle of pop, made paradise of a country which no one could fairly have called a wilderness anyway. A week went by.

One morning when Ed honked for Genevieve he found her standing by the stove in an apron, dolefully stirring a pot of mush.

"I can't go today, Ed. Mamma's got a sick headache, and I've got to stay home to do the work."

"Maybe it would do her good to get up and move around," he suggested hopefully. "I'm going to paint a restaurant sign right up in the middle of one of the meanest set-ups of scenery you ever saw."

"It's no use, Ed. I can't go. I'm awful sorry."

"All right. See you tonight."

No sooner had his dust settled than Mrs. Haskins emerged, clad and healed.

"Why, mamma," said Genevieve aggrievedly, "why didn't you let me know that you were going to get up? Ed's just gone."

"I feel better now."

Genevieve watched her enjoying a hearty breakfast with bewildered displeasure, which increased as Mrs. Haskins began to direct—pale word!—her husband in the unmistakable process of breaking camp.

"Papa," said Genevieve sharply, "why are you rolling up those beds?"

Mr. Haskins avoided her eye. "Didn't your mother tell you we're moving on today?"

"I should say not! What for?"

"Gramp's papers have come, and we have to get him out to the Old Soldiers' Home right away," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Why didn't you tell me before? I won't go one step till I've said good-by to Ed," said Genevieve, beginning to cry.

Mrs. Haskins went on packing, and Gramp stood by, twisting his beard unhappily.

"You write him a real nice letter, Gen, and tell him what way we're going, so he can follow us," he whispered as he slipped a peppermint into her hand. "I'll ask the camp custodian to give it to him tonight."

"Which way are we going?"

"They's two ways to Los Angeles from here. One is down the coast, and the other is down the valley, by Sacramento. We're going that way."

"How on earth do you spell Sacramento?" asked Genevieve, seizing a pencil.

A fine drizzle was falling when the Haskinses rolled out of the auto camp in their synthetic Swankhard, with Mr. Haskins at the wheel and Genevieve beside him. Gramp sat back with his gray beard curled up around him, more like a squirrel than ever, but Mrs. Haskins leaned forward the better to see the road and assist in the driving. She made no secret of her low opinion of her husband as a chauffeur.

Finally the harried man stopped the car. "For Pete's sake, if you know so much about driving, you can do it."

"All right, I will," said Mrs. Haskins; right gamely, too, in view of the fact that her numerous other attempts at driving had proved total losses. "You sit with me, Genevieve. Your father is such an old hen."

"Keep on your own side of the road, mamma. You're away over to the left."

Mrs. Haskins stepped on the gas and skidded perilously across the road. "I am not!" she answered vehemently. "I'm as close to the edge as I dare to get."

"Yes, you are now, but you weren't. There you go back again."

Mrs. Haskins sat grim and unblinking while the car embroidered a featherstitch pattern from side to side down the wet road. She missed a passing car by six inches.

"Now what do you suppose is the matter with that man? Look at him shaking his fist at us!"

"Mamma, don't turn around to look at him! Watch the road."

"Well, if he thinks he can crowd me off the road just because I'm a woman ——"

Mr. Haskins leaned over with an ill-timed caution. "Get over to your own side going around this curve."

"I'm doing the driving," said Mrs. Haskins. She turned to give him the look which she had compounded for the excited motorist she had just passed.

"Look out!" shrieked Genevieve, grabbing the wheel.

They had a fleeting vision of a large shiny car driven by a man with an angry red face. There was a sound of ripping fenders and shattering lamps. Mrs. Haskins met the situation by throwing up her hands with a series of staccato shrieks. Genevieve put on the brakes just as their car trembled on the brink of the cañon, forgetting, however, to turn off the engine. Everybody climbed out.

"Madam," roared the man, "I have your license number, and I'm going to have you arrested at the very next town."

Mrs. Haskins' hat, turned back to front, jeered up at him from the crest of her head, a ribald parody of itself. "What can you expect of a big hulking brute that crowds a woman off the road?" she asked.

"Hush, mamma. We were on the wrong side of the road," said Genevieve. "Look where our car is now."

"The engine's using up a lot of gas, running like that," chirped Gramp. "Somebody better go over and shet her off." But his cracked old voice was lost in the welter of accusations.

"You've ruined my car and you're going to pay for it," said the large man grimly.

"Don't be an old fool!" exhorted Mrs. Haskins. "Look what you did to us."

Genevieve pushed her mother aside and confronted the man like a kitten defying a bulldog. "I was driving. My name is Genevieve Haskins. What are you going to do about it?"

He looked at her for the first time, and became tame.

"I—I thought it was the other lady." A few tears rolled out of Genevieve's wide blue eyes. "Don't cry, girlie. I guess my car ain't much hurt."

"But I might have killed you!"

"Why, you didn't even scratch me. Let's see what the damage is."

The big new car stood stolidly by the roadside with only a flesh wound or two, and no visible nervous shock or internal injuries.

"One fender's crumpled a little, a hub cap is gone, and one lamp is smashed." He put his arm around Genevieve's shoulder with a gesture that might possibly have been paternal. "Now let's go over and see how you folks came out. That's an awful bad place you left your car in, hanging over the edge of the cañon like that."

"What's Gramp fooling around it for?" exclaimed Mrs. Haskins. "Gram-m-pa! Get out of that!"

Gramp was standing on the running board. "I'm just going to shet her off," he called.

"Get right away from there!"

"I'm comin'." He gave a tap to the emergency brake and the car rolled over the bank before their horrified eyes.

"Oh, poor Gramp!" wailed Genevieve.

"He'll never know what killed him," comforted the new man.

But the plunging car had merely shaken Gramp from the running board to the road, where he sat in the mud dazedly rubbing his beard. The others ran past him to the edge of the cañon.

A hundred feet below them lay their wrecked car in a litter of straw suitcases, blankets, canvas and groceries.

"I'm sure I can't drive her up out of there," said Mr. Haskins fretfully.

"She's gone," said the man, taking off his hat according to the best movie tradition; a gesture so suitable that Mr. Haskins adopted it too.

Gramp joined them. "It's a wonder some of you wouldn't ask about me," he said plaintively. "I lost a bunch of whiskers as thick as your wrist on that scrub oak."

Mrs. Haskins turned on him. "Look at the trouble you've got us into! How are we ever going to get you to the home by September first?"

"Where are you folks driving to?" asked the large man.

"Los Angeles."

He whistled in dismay. "Well, I'll help you pick up your camp stuff and take you on as far as the next city, where you can buy another car."

The Haskins family looked at one another dumbly.

"We ain't got enough money to buy another car," chirped Gramp.

The man lit a cigar thoughtfully and puffed it once or twice before he spoke.

"Moody is my name—J. P. Moody. Here's my card. I'm from Springdale, Wisconsin, where I'm well and favorably known." He looked at them impressively over his glasses. "I'm going to Los Angeles, too, as it happens. Seems as if there was a purpose in our coming together. If you folks would like to go along for your share of the gas and oil, it's a go."

"Wouldn't there be something taken off if we boarded you all the way, Mr. Moody?" It was the female chief of the Haskins clan who spoke.

A session of comparative statistics followed, involving Mr. Moody's carefully recorded purchases of gas and oil, and Mrs. Haskins' less accurate but more fluent polemic against the high cost of food. It ended in the party of the first part agreeing to transport the parties of the second part to the city of Los Angeles in exchange for his board along the road.

"Which way are we going?" asked Genevieve as she took the place Mr. Moody indicated, next to him.

"Down the coast. I want to see some of them lumber mills."

"Oh!" gasped Genevieve. "We were going the other way, down the valley, by Sacramento. I've got to go that way."

"Sorry, girlie, but it can't be done. Business comes first."

"But I wrote somebody that I was going that way!"

"Send word that you've changed your route."

"I don't know where to catch him."

The Haskins family had not traveled half a day with Mr. Moody before they

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knew that he was a widower, and within a week he was asking Genevieve to marry him.

"What shall I do?" Genevieve asked her mother in one of the rare moments when he was out of hearing.

"Do? Take him, of course."

"But he has only four long hairs, that he combs clear across his head to cover up his bald spot!"

"All right, refuse him, then, and have your mother and father and poor old Gramp set down here to walk to Los Angeles."

"Do you think he'd do that?" asked the unhappy girl.

"I do. He'd set us right out beside the road with our truck piled up around us."

Gramp, who had been sitting on the far side of the car, cleaning his pipe, sat down beside Genevieve as her mother went to start supper.

"I reckon I can walk the last hundred miles or so, Gen, if you can stand him off that long. Every auto camp we come to I keep hoping we'll run into Ed Hill, but I ain't seen hide nor hair of him."

"We'll never see him again. He must have gone down the valley, like I told him."

"I'll just go around this camp and ask a few questions anyhow," said Gramp. "We might get word to him some way."

He reconnoitered up and down the scraggly paths between the tents, peering into their sociably opened portals upon a variety of domestic scenes. Then he went to the office and looked over the grimy pages of the camp register, with the plaints and plaudits of ten thousand migrating John Joneses, but no word of Ed Hill.

He crossed over to the dusty corner where the horseshoe pitchers congregated.

"Any of you boys come down the valley road lately?"

"No, but I'm going to cross over at Garbutt and go up by the valley to Crater Lake," said a man with a harelip. "We're going to start in about an hour, as soon as the womenfolks get packed."

"Say, I want to get a message to a young fellow named Ed Hill that's coming down that way. Maybe you'll run into him."

"Where's he at?"

"I don't know, but he's a painter by trade, and he puts names and pictures on cars for people in camp grounds."

"Sure, I'll try to find him for you."

"Tell him that we're traveling by the coast road, and he'd better catch up with us in a hurry if he wants Genevieve."

"Just a minute, just a minute! Write it down," said the man with the harelip.

Gramp borrowed a stubby pencil and a piece of paper and sat down to the heavy work of writing a letter, with much readbiting and erasing. "Autoe Camp, Ostrago, Calif dear Eddie "

"Hey, old-timer," called one of the players after an interval, "put up your ante if you want to get in this game."

Gramp looked up over the top of his glasses. "What are you playing for?"

"Ten cents each. Three pitches, high man takes the pot."

Gramp collected one nickel and five coppers from fourteen pockets.

"We'll give you a yard handicap," said the runner-up generously.

"Who, me?" asked Gramp. "Handicap, nothing!" And having wound up vigorously he planted a ringer.

Then he stood back with his head on one side critically until his second turn came, his letter to Ed lying forgotten on a stump. Again and yet again his horseshoe circled the pin.

His new friends clapped him on the shoulders. "Pick up the fifty thousand dollars. It's yours," they called.

Gramp emptied the nickels and dimes into his pockets with the casual gesture of one who had been there before. "I sure wish I could treat you all, boys. How about a little sody pop over at the store?"

The boys exchanged quizzical looks.

"Say, I know where you can get something that has it all over sody pop," said the man with the harelip.

"No! Where at?" asked Gramp.

"Down the road a piece. Applejack."

"Let's drive," said a man in a red sweater.

"No, walk," said another. "No use advertising that we're going."

So with many a wary look to where the home fires were burning they sauntered down the road, eight men diversely garbed in shirt sleeves, sweaters, vests, caps, straw hats, felt hats, knickers, overalls and old best pants, with Gramp in the lead as host.

The sun was shining when they went, but when they came back the moon was round. The man with the harelip was disposed to be aggrieved about the moon, arguing reasonably enough that it had no business to be up so soon, since it wasn't more than an hour ago that he'd promised his Nettie that he'd be right back to help with the packing, but as they approached the auto camp and marked the dark tents his voice became softer. With one accord they stopped the varied repertoire of song to which they had straggled home.

"I won't see you no more, boys," said the man with the harelip tearfully. "We're going to start north right away."

Gramp wiped a tear from his eye with his long gray beard. "Seems like there was something I wanted to tell you, George," he said.

"Seems so to me, too, but never mind. Good-by, boys. If any of you ever come to Paducah look me up at the Blue Front Grocery."

Gramp had wonderful luck in getting to bed undetected, but he woke in the morning to a sense of something left undone. Suddenly he remembered what it was, seeing Genevieve.

"Genevieve," he said contritely, "last night I found a man that's going to cross over and go up the valley road. I wrote a letter for him to give Ed Hill. He's pretty sure to see him."

"Oh, Gramp, you darling! Did you tell him all that had happened to us—Mr. Moody, and everything?"

"Uh-huh. But honey, I forgot to give him the letter, and now he's gone."

Genevieve wept openly. "Maybe I'd better marry Mr. Moody, after all. I don't want to be an old maid."

"When are we going on?"

"As soon as he gets his old accounts straightened out. He's short eleven cents this week, and he's figuring all over the oilcloth trying to find it."

"Trying to find it!" chimed in Mrs. Haskins. "I declare he'll drive me crazy, measuring out the price of what he eats compared to what he spends for gas. I wish you'd hurry up and marry him so I can safely cut loose and give him a piece of my mind."

At Oakland, where they made a long stop, Mr. Moody became a more importunate suitor each day.

"I don't want to be married in an old auto camp," said Genevieve. "I want a real wedding."

"If it's bridesmaids and things like that you want, there's plenty of girls in camp that would be just glad of the job," urged Mrs. Haskins; "but of course you can't have a wedding supper in camp."

"No, of course not," said Genevieve with finality.

Mr. Moody struggled with an extravagant notion, and succumbed. "I'll pay for a wedding supper, or lunch, at a real restaurant," he offered.

"For how many?" asked Mrs. Haskins.

"Well, the family."

"The family! That's no wedding," scoffed Genevieve. "I guess we'd better wait till we get settled in Los Angeles."

"No, no. Have a wedding if you want to. Invite your friends from the camp. Only not too many, of course." Mr. Moody rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Now say when it is to be."

"Might as well get it over," said Genevieve. "Next Thursday. That's my birthday."

Gramp, who had been lying in the car with his eyes shut, opened the door and slipped away quietly.

The family dined that evening off beef stew which Mr. Moody avowed was a poor equivalent for transportation when you came to figure out the wear and tear on your car.

"We've been standing still for ten days, so that ain't wearing and tearing your car none, nor using any gas," said Mrs. Haskins with acerbity. "Where's Gramp?"

"Here I am. I didn't mean to be late, but wherever I stopped everyone wanted to know all about the wedding," he said breathlessly. "Whew, I'm all wore out!"

"What wedding?"

"Genevieve's, of course. I've invited a real nice bunch of folks. I could have got twice as many to come when they heard it was free."

"Oh!" wailed Genevieve. "I didn't really mean it."

"They're asked for next Thursday."

"I didn't mean it."

"It's too late now to back out," put in Mrs. Haskins with obvious satisfaction.

Mr. Moody crossed his knife and fork on his plate with a grim clatter. "May I ask, Mr. Haskins, how many people you've asked to this supper that I am paying for?"

"Now, le's see," Gramp answered. "There's that widow lady from Kansas, all alone in the flivver kewpie. She's one. She went right downtown to buy a dress. Then there's that couple with the twins. They said they wouldn't bring the twins, though, if they could find someone to leave them with."

"Any more?"

"Not very many. I couldn't get out of asking two or three of the boys I was pitching horseshoes with, could I? They asked if their wives could come, too, and I said they could, but nix on the rest of the family."

"That must make about a dozen."

"There's a few more. The man at the store, and his wife. They've got a hand-painted loud-speaker for a radio that they're going to give you for a wedding present. And there's a minister and his wife. He's coming around to see you tonight about getting the job."

Mr. Moody picked up his hat. "Come and show me where all this rabble lives," he remarked grimly, "and I'll tell them not to come."

"You'll do no such thing if you expect to marry my daughter," said Mrs. Haskins, still smarting from the criticism of her dinner. "She shan't be made a laughingstock for this whole auto camp."

"I suppose I might get that restaurant just outside the gates to make me a flat rate, regardless of how much they eat," said Mr. Moody; "say, twenty-five cents, or even as high as thirty-five with ice cream."

On the morning of the wedding there was an unexpected but not unpleasant delay caused by the arrival of a reporter to write up the auto-camp wedding. Mr. Moody, swelling with honest pride, sat in a camp chair holding his new hat, while Genevieve stood with a limp hand on his shoulder to have a picture taken for the paper.

He gave an interview so lengthy that it was noon before the reporter left.

"Never mind, we'll eat first and get married afterward. You don't mind as long as you live right here anyhow, do you, reverend?" he said affably to the minister. "All you folks that are invited, come on down to the Cottage Restaurant."

As the wedding guests filed into the restaurant he stood in the doorway and checked them off. "Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen! Say, there's nineteen of you, and only eighteen was invited." He paused for a reply which was not forthcoming. "There's only eighteen places."

"I'll hold Buster on my lap," said a lady camper easily. "He don't eat much."

The groom took his place at the head of the table beside the pallid Genevieve. "Now good people, the refreshments are at the top of the bill of fare. Anything you like under Merchant's Lunch."

There was much moody consultation over the smeary menu while a waitress stood by, chewing gum.

"I don't like soup," remarked one guest. "Can I have two orders of dessert instead?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have to pay for it anyhow, don't I?" asked Mr. Moody. "Bring eighteen soups."

"Eighteen soups," said the waitress. "What kind of meat?"

"Ham 'naigs," said an original gourmet, to be echoed scatteringly up and down the table.

"Five ham-ands," wrote the waitress.

The Japanese proprietor of the restaurant bowed low before Mr. Moody. "Somebody wishes for make conversation with Miss Haskins," he announced.

"Probably another one of them reporters," said Mrs. Haskins.

"Don't he want me, too?" asked Mr. Moody.

"The gentleman say he require just Miss Haskins," replied Mr. Kyobi, and he led Genevieve out to the front porch. A familiar red-headed figure lounged against a post.

"Ed!" gasped Genevieve. "Oh, Ed, why didn't you come sooner?"

"Are you married yet, Genevieve?"

"Not yet."

"Then I'm in plenty of time. I drove all night to get here."

"How did you know?"

"A harelipped guy I ran into at Redding gave me a message from Gramp. Said he'd just about given me up too. I got in at the auto camp just now, and they told me you were over here."

"Now that you're here, what are you going to do?"

"Come to your wedding, of course. That's what I came for."

"It's b-b-bad enough without having you here," sobbed Genevieve.

"Where do you get that stuff? It won't be legal without me. I'm the guy you're going to marry."

"Oh, Ed, I can't! He'll make the folks walk the rest of the way to Los Angeles."

"That's all right. We'll leave them my bus to travel in. I'll buy a motorcycle with a side car for us."

"When?"

"Right now."

"Then let's get going before they come out."

Within the Cottage Restaurant the hurried waitress had covered two pages with contradictory orders.

"Here's twenty-four meat orders, and there's only eighteen of you," she said wearily. "All them that wants ham-and put up your hands." Eight hands went up. "That makes it worse. Now it's twenty-five. How many wants codfish?" Utter silence around the table. "Beef stew?" Five hands went up. "Hash?" Six hands. "Liver?" Six hands again. The girl ran her pencil through her hair frantically. "Can you make them take one thing and stick to it till I get the order?" she appealed to Mr. Moody.

Mr. Moody ordered eighteen codfish balls arbitrarily. He began to cast displeased looks at the food coloring on Genevieve's plate.

"She's taking an awful long time to that reporter," said Mrs. Haskins. "But she ain't missing much on these codfish cakes."

Dessert brought on a confusion of orders remarkable considering that the choice lay between peach pie and rice pudding. Mr. Moody finished his first and went out to look for the missing bride. She was nowhere in sight.

"Who are you looking for?" asked a lounger.

"A young lady," said Mr. Moody. "A young lady in a pink sweater and a hat with black feathers."

"Oh, I seen her. She went away in a car with a red-headed guy."

"No, no, she couldn't have. She was out here talking to a reporter."

"Reporter? This guy was a painter."

The wedding guests filed out, each chewing a toothpick. Gramp threw both arms around his neighbor.

"Ed Hill's came!" he chirped joyously.

"Who, may I ask, is Ed Hill?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Nobody that amounts to anything," said Mrs. Haskins sharply.

"Genevieve's feller," said Gramp.

Mr. Moody's heavy cheeks seemed likely to burst with surcharged blood. He stalked across the sidewalk to his car.

"Aren't you going to wait for her?" asked Mrs. Haskins.

"I am not, madam."

But the unquestioned stateliness of his retreat was shattered by the sissing eruption of Mr. Kyobi from the door of the Cottage Restaurant.

"My money! Mister, mister! Twenty-four Merchant's Lunches, three broken cups, two plates, and six forks gone!"

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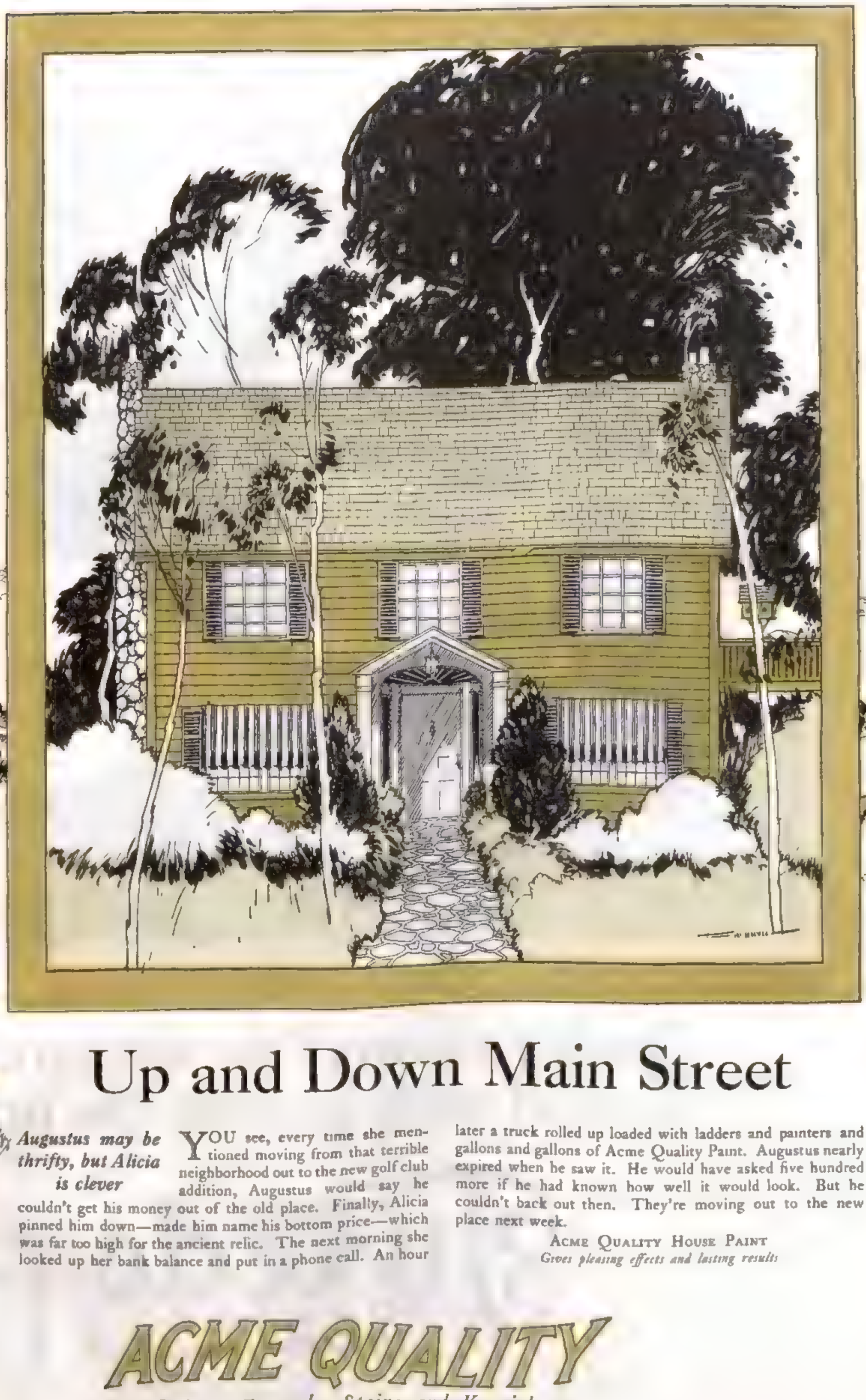

Up and Down Main Street

Augustus may be thrifty, but Alicia is clever

YOU see, every time she mentioned moving from that terrible neighborhood out to the new golf club addition, Augustus would say he couldn't get his money out of the old place. Finally, Alicia pinned him down—made him name his bottom price—which was far too high for the ancient relic. The next morning she looked up her bank balance and put in a phone call. An hour later a truck rolled up loaded with ladders and painters and gallons and gallons of Acme Quality Paint. Augustus nearly expired when he saw it. He would have asked five hundred more if he had known how well it would look. But he couldn't back out then. They're moving out to the new place next week.

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There's more than one way to make a starving author prosperous

OF course, Helene always knew that Wharton would never be a great writer. But, being possessed of a healthy appetite and a lurking fondness for eating regularly, she saw no reason why he shouldn't be a popular one. And all the while, Wharton kept writing these gloomy, Russian things, that no publisher would take. Until Helene read, one day, an article about the effect of colors upon people. She thought of Wharton's study—all dingy blues and reds and black. So she squeezed the last pennies out of the flattened family purse—sent Wharton out of town for a week—did over the walls with Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish in a soft yellow, refinished the woodwork with Acme Quality White Enamel Paint and the chairs with Acme Quality Great Lakes Spar Varnish, and put some gay cushions about. The rest you know—Wharton famous as the little Pollyanna of the magazine world—and Helene telling her maid to tell the butler to tell the chauffeur she will use the small car today.

ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH
For walls, ceilings and woodwork

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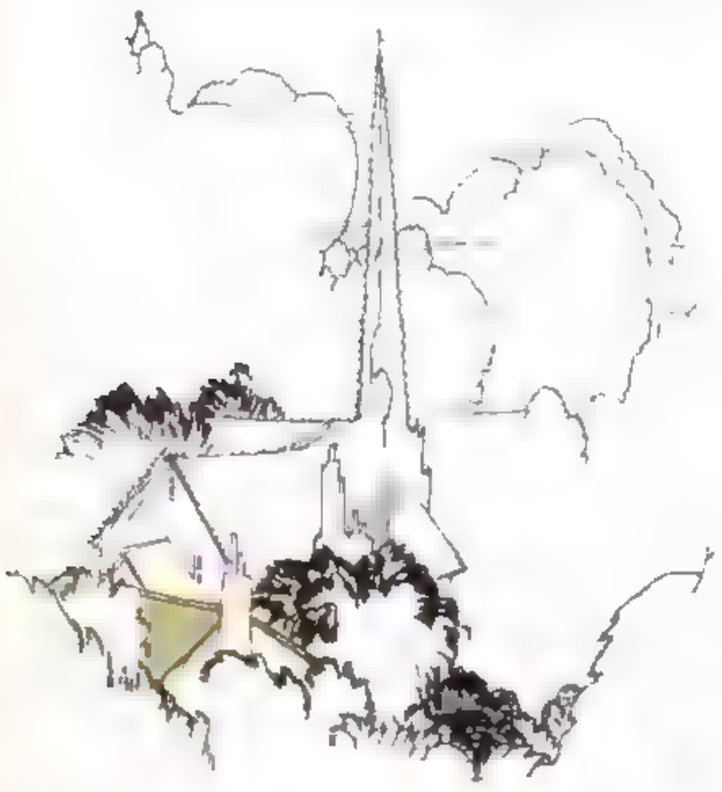

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Sally Jones intends to announce her engagement before the summer's over

WHO'S the man? I don't think she knows herself. But all the girls in her set are marrying—and she's not one to be left behind. Moreover, what she wants, she gets. Besides, she has been busy all week with some cans of canary yellow and bright blue Acme Quality Enamel-Kote, painting industriously away on all the porch chairs and tables and the garden benches. And Sally, as you well know, is not one to exert herself unnecessarily or to no purpose.

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL-KOTE
For porch and lawn furniture

Did you hear about Janet's new maid?

THE priceless treasure, you know, that she has been trying to get for ages. Negotiations were going beautifully—until Olga saw the maid's room. She gave it one withering glance—so Janet hastily explained that it was all to be done over. How, she didn't know, for she had just had the whole house redecorated, and had been frightfully extravagant about it. Then she remembered that the painters had left some Acme Quality White Enamel. I wish you could see what Janet did with that enamel and a few yards of chintz! The room is simply ducky. As for Olga, she absolutely beamed when she saw it.

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL-KOTE
For furniture and woodwork

Mrs. Aldershot says:

THAT it isn't true about Bertha's rich uncle dying and leaving her barrels of money. That he isn't dead. And that Bertha's new guest-room furniture isn't new at all. It's that funny old bed of her mother's, with the curlicues removed, and her Aunt Orpha's golden oak dresser made into a chest of drawers by prying the mirror off and hanging it from cords, and an old chair from the living room with the legs sawed off to make a slipper chair. Mrs. Aldershot says you can call it a set of solid walnut if you want to, but she calls it a solid coat of Acme Quality Varno-Lac.

ACME QUALITY VARNO-LAC
Stains and varnishes in one quick, easy operation

Of course, if they were my children—

BUT Mrs. Wilder—I just can't understand her. It seems that she was away for the afternoon, and those boys gathered the whole neighborhood in, took up the living room rug and staged an athletic contest—running broad jumps having been the principal event, judging by the heel marks. That beautiful floor! But she just laughs about it—says that Mr. Wilder, being a staunch supporter of junior athletics, couldn't consistently refuse to use the Acme Quality Floor Roc Varnish she bought—and that the floor needed refinishing anyway, and she was wondering how to get it done.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR ROC VARNISH
A wear-resisting varnish for floors

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CLUSTERING ROUND YOUNG BINGO

(Continued from Page 11)

host. Why, many a time in the days of his bachelorhood I've known him to start throwing bread before the soup course. Yet now he and Uncle Thomas were a pair. He looked haggard and careworn, like a Borgia who had suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to shove cyanide in the consommé, and the dinner gong due any moment. And the mystery wasn't helped at all by the one remark he made to me before conversation became general. As he poured out my cocktail he suddenly bent forward.

"Bertie," he whispered in a hasty, feverish manner, "I want to see you. Life-and-death matter. Be in tomorrow morning."

That was all. Immediately after that the starting gun went and we toddled down to the festive. And from that moment, I'm bound to say, in the superior interest of the proceedings, he rather faded out of my mind. For good old Anatole, braced presumably by the fact of there being guests, had absolutely surpassed himself.

I am not a man who speaks hastily in these matters. I weigh my words, and I say again that Anatole had surpassed himself. It was as good a dinner as I have ever absorbed, and it revived Uncle Thomas like a watered flower. As we sat down he was saying some things about the government which they wouldn't have cared to hear. With the *consommé pâté d'Italie* he said, "But what could you expect nowadays?" With the *paupiettes de sole à la princesse* he admitted rather decently that the government couldn't be held responsible for the rotten weather, anyway. And shortly after the *cuneton Aylesbury à la broche* he was practically giving the lads the benefit of his wholehearted support.

And all the time young Bingo looking like an owl with a secret sorrow. Rummy!

I thought about it a good deal as I walked home, and I was hoping he wouldn't roll round with his hard-luck story too early in the morning. He had the air of one who intends to charge in at about 6:30.

Jeeves was waiting up for me when I got back.

"A pleasant dinner, sir?" he said.

"Magnificent, Jeeves."

"I am glad to hear that, sir. Mr. George Travers rang up on the telephone shortly after you had left. He was extremely desirous that you should join him at Harrogate, sir. He leaves for that town by an early train tomorrow."

My Uncle George is a festive old bird who has made a habit for years of doing himself a dashed sight too well, with the result that he's always got Harrogate or Buxton hanging over him like the sword of What's-His-Name. And he hates going there alone.

"It can't be done," I said.

Uncle George is bad enough in London, and I wasn't going to let myself be cooped up with him in one of these cure places.

"He was extremely urgent, sir."

"No, Jeeves," I said firmly. "I am always anxious to oblige, but Uncle George—no, no—I mean to say, what?"

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

It was a pleasure to hear the way he said it. Docile, the man was becoming—absolutely docile. It just showed that I had been right in putting my foot down about those shirts.

When Bingo showed up next morning I had had breakfast and was all ready for him. Jeeves shot him into the presence and he sat down on the bed.

"Good morning, Bertie," said young Bingo.

"Good morning, old thing," I replied courteously.

"Don't go, Jeeves," said young Bingo hollowly. "Wait."

"Sir?"

"Remain—stay—cluster round. I shall need you."

"Very good, sir."

Bingo lit a cigarette and frowned bleakly at the wall paper.

"Bertie," he said, "the most frightful calamity has occurred. Unless something is done, and done right speedily, my social prestige is doomed, my self-respect will be obliterated, my name will be mud and I shall not dare to show my face in the West End of London again."

"My aunt!" I cried, deeply impressed.

"Exactly," said young Bingo with a hollow laugh. "You have put it in a nutshell. The whole trouble is due to your blasted aunt."

"Which blasted aunt? Specify, old thing. I have so many."

"Mrs. Travers—the one who runs that infernal paper."

"Oh, no, dash it, old man!" I protested. "She's the only decent aunt I've got. Jeeves, you will bear me out in this?"

"Such has always been my impression, I must confess, sir."

"Well, get rid of it then," said young Bingo. "The woman is a menace to society, a home wrecker and a pest. Do you know what she's done? She's got Rosie to write an article for that rag of hers."

"I know that."

"Yes, but you don't know what it's about."

"No; she only told me Aunt Dahlia had given her a splendid idea for the thing."

"It's about me!"

"You?"

"Yes, me! Me! And do you know what it's called? It is called How I Keep the Love of My Husband-Baby."

"My what?"

"Husband-baby!"

"What's a husband-baby?"

"I am, apparently," said young Bingo with much bitterness. "I am also, according to this article, a lot of other things which I have too much sense of decency to repeat even to an old friend. This beastly composition, in short, is one of those things they call human-interest stories; one of those intimate revelations of married life over which the female public loves to gloat; all about Rosie and me, and what she does when I come home cross, and so on. I tell you, Bertie, I am still blushing all over at the recollection of something she says in Paragraph Two."

"What?"

"I decline to tell you. But you can take it from me that it's the edge. Nobody could be fonder of Rosie than I am, but—dear, sensible girl as she is in ordinary life—the moment she gets in front of a dictating machine she becomes absolutely maudlin. Bertie, that article must not appear!"

"But ——"

"If it does I shall have to resign from my clubs, grow a beard and become a hermit. I shall not be able to face the world."

"Aren't you pitching it a bit strong, old lad?" I said. "Jeeves, don't you think he's pitching it a bit strong?"

"Well, sir ——"

"I am pitching it feebly," said young Bingo earnestly. "You haven't heard the thing. I have. Rosie shoved the cylinder on the dictating machine last night before dinner and it was grisly to hear the instrument croaking out those awful sentences. If that article appears I shall be kidded to death by every pal I've got. Bertie," he said, his voice sinking to a hoarse whisper, "you have about as much imagination as a wart hog; but surely even you can picture to yourself what Jimmy Bowles and Tuppy Rogers, to name only two, will say when they see me referred to in print as 'half god, half prattling, mischievous child.'"

I jolly well could.

"She doesn't say that?" I gasped.

"She certainly does. And when I tell you that I selected that particular quotation because it's about the only one I can stand hearing spoken, you will realize what I'm up against."

I picked at the coverlet. I have been a pal of Bingo's for many years, and we Woosters stand by our pals.

"Jeeves," I said, "you have heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"The position is serious."

"Yes, sir."

"We must cluster round."

"Yes, sir."

"Does anything suggest itself to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What? You don't really mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bingo," I said, "the sun is still shining. Something suggests itself to Jeeves."

"Jeeves," said young Bingo in a quivering voice, "if you see me through this fearful crisis, ask of me what you will even unto half my kingdom."

"The matter," said Jeeves, "fits in very nicely, sir, with another mission which was intrusted to me this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Travers rang me up on the telephone shortly before I brought you your tea, sir, and was most urgent that I should endeavor to persuade Mr. Little's cook to leave Mr. Little's service and join her staff. It appears that Mr. Travers was fascinated by the man's ability, sir, and talked far into the night of his astonishing gifts."

Young Bingo uttered a frightful cry of agony.

"What? Is that—that buzzard trying to pinch our cook?"

"Yes, sir."

"After eating our bread and salt, dammit?"

"I fear, sir," sighed Jeeves, "that when it comes to a matter of cooks ladies have but a rudimentary sense of morality."

"Half a second, Bingo," I said, as the fellow seemed about to plunge into something of an oration. "How does this fit in with the other thing, Jeeves?"

"Well, sir, it has been my experience that no lady can ever forgive another lady for taking a really good cook away from her. I am convinced that if I am able to accomplish the mission which Mrs. Travers intrusted to me an instant breach of cordial relations must inevitably ensue. Mrs. Little will, I feel certain, be so aggrieved with Mrs. Travers that she will decline to contribute to her paper. We shall therefore not only bring happiness to Mr. Travers but also suppress the article, thus killing two birds with one stone, if I may use the expression, sir."

"Certainly you may use the expression, Jeeves," I said cordially. "And I may add that in my opinion this is one of your best and ripest."

"Yes, but I say, you know," bleated young Bingo. "I mean to say—old Anatole, I mean—what I'm driving at is that he's a cook in a million."

"You poor chump, if he wasn't, there would be no point in the scheme."

"Yes, but what I mean—I shall miss him, you know—miss him fearfully."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Don't tell me that you are thinking of your tummy in a crisis like this!"

Bingo sighed heavily.

"Oh, all right," he said. "I suppose it's a case of the surgeon's knife. All right, Jeeves, you may carry on. Yes, carry on, Jeeves. Yes, yes, Jeeves, carry on. I'll look in tomorrow morning and hear what you have to report."

And with bowed head young Bingo biffed off.

He was bright and early next morning. In fact, he turned up at such an indecent hour that Jeeves very properly refused to allow him to break in on my slumbers. By the time I was awake and receiving he and Jeeves had had a heart-to-heart chat in the kitchen; and when Bingo eventually crept into my room I could see by the look on his face that something had gone wrong.

"It's all off," he said, slumping down on the bed

"Off?"

"Yes, that cook-pinching business. Jeeves tells me he saw Anatole last night, and Anatole refused to leave."

"But surely Aunt Dahlia had the sense to offer him more than he was getting with you?"

"The sky was the limit as far as she was concerned. Nevertheless, he refused to skid. It seems he's in love with our parlor maid."

"But you haven't got a parlor maid."

"We have got a parlor maid."

"I've never seen her. A sort of bloke who looked like a provincial undertaker waited at table the night before last."

"That was the local greengrocer, who comes to help out when desired. The parlor maid is away on her holiday—or was till last night. She returned about ten minutes before Jeeves made his call, and Anatole, I take it, was in such a state of elation and devotion, and what not, on seeing her again that the contents of the mint wouldn't have bribed him to part from her."

"But look here, Bingo," I said, "this is all rot. I see the solution right off. I'm surprised that a bloke of Jeeves' mentality overlooked it. Aunt Dahlia must engage the parlor maid as well as Anatole. Then they won't be parted."

"I thought of that, too, naturally."

"I bet you didn't."

"I certainly did."

"Well, what's wrong with the scheme?"

"It can't be worked. If your aunt engaged our parlor maid she would have to sack her own, wouldn't she?"

"Well?"

"Well, if she sacks her parlor maid it will mean that the chauffeur will quit. He's in love with her."

"With my aunt?"

"No, with the parlor maid. And apparently he's the only chauffeur your uncle has ever found who drives carefully enough for him."

I gave it up. I had never imagined before that life below stairs was so frightfully mixed up with what these coves call the sex complex. The personnel of domestic staffs seemed to pair off like characters in a musical comedy.

"Oh," I said. "Well, that being so, we do seem to be more or less stymied. That article will have to appear after all, what?"

"No, it won't."

"Has Jeeves thought of another scheme?"

"No, but I have." Bingo bent forward and patted my knee affectionately. "Look here, Bertie," he said, "you and I were at school together. You'll admit that?"

"Yes, but ——"

"And you're a fellow who never lets a pal down. That's well known, isn't it?"

"Yes, but listen, Bingo ——"

"You'll cluster round. Of course you will. As if," said Bingo with a scornful laugh, "I ever doubted it! You won't let an old school friend down in his hour of need. Not you! Not Bertie Wooster! No, no!"

"Yes, but just one moment ——"

Bingo massaged my shoulder soothingly.

"It's all settled, Bertie, old man. Nothing for you to worry about, nothing whatever. I see now that we made a mistake in ever trying to tackle this job in Jeeves' silly roundabout way. Much better to charge straight ahead without any of that finesse and fooling about. This afternoon I'm going to take Rosie to a matinée. I shall leave the window of her study open, and when we have got well away you will climb in, pinch the cylinder and pop off again. It's absurdly simple."

"Yes, but half a second ——"

"I know what you're going to say," said Bingo, raising his hand. "How are you to find the cylinder? That's what's bothering you, isn't it? Well, it'll be quite easy. Not a chance of a mistake. The thing is in the top left-hand drawer of the desk, and the drawer will be left unlocked, because Rosie's stenographer is to come round at four o'clock and type the thing."

"Now listen, Bingo," I said. "I'm frightfully sorry for you, but I must firmly draw the line at burglary. I ——"

He gazed at me, astonished and hurt.

"Is this Bertie Wooster speaking?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes, it is!"

"But, Bertie," he said gently, "we agreed that you were at school with me."

"I don't care."

"At school, Bertie. The dear old school."

"I don't care. I will not ——"

"Bertie!"

"I will not!"

"Bertie!"

"No!"

"Bertie!"

"Oh, all right," I said.

"There," said young Bingo, patting me on the shoulder, "spoke the true Bertram Wooster!"

I don't know if it has ever occurred to you, but to the thoughtful cove there is something dashed reassuring in all the reports of burglaries you read in the papers. I mean, if you're keen on Great Britain maintaining her prestige and all that. I mean, there can't be much wrong with the morale of a country whose sons go in to such a large extent for housebreaking, because you can take it from me that the job requires a nerve of the most cast-iron description. I suppose I was walking up and down in front of that house for half an hour before I could bring myself to dash in at the front gate and slide round to the side where the study window was. And even then I stood for about ten minutes cowering against the wall and listening for police whistles.

Eventually, however, I braced myself up and got to business. The study was on the ground floor and the window was nice and large and, what is more, wide open. I got the old knee over the sill, gave a jerk which took an inch of skin off my ankle and hopped down into the room. And there I was, if you follow me.

I stood for a moment, listening. Everything seemed to be all right. I was apparently alone in the world. In fact, I was so

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much alone that the atmosphere seemed positively creepy. You know how it is on these occasions. There was a clock on the mantelpiece that ticked in a slow, shocked sort of way that was dashed unpleasant. And over the clock a large portrait stared at me with a good deal of dislike and suspicion. It was a portrait of somebody's grandfather. Whether he was Rosie's or Bingo's I didn't know, but he was certainly a grandfather. In fact, I wouldn't be prepared to swear that he wasn't a great-grandfather. He was a big, stout old buffer in a high collar that seemed to hurt his neck, for he had drawn his chin back a goodish way and was looking down his nose as much as to say, "You made me put this damn thing on."

Well, it was only a step to the desk, and nothing between me and it but a brown, shaggy rug; so I avoided grandfather's eye and, summoning up the good old bulldog courage of the Woosters, moved forward and started to navigate the rug. And I had hardly taken a step when the southeast corner of it suddenly detached itself from the rest and sat up with a snuffle.

Well, I mean to say, to bear yourself fittingly in the face of an occurrence of this sort you want to be one of those strong, silent, phlegmatic birds who are ready for anything. This type of bloke, I imagine, would simply have cocked an eye at the rug, said to himself "Ah, a Pekingese dog, and quite a good one too!" and started at once to make cordial overtures to the animal in order to win its sympathy and moral support. I suppose I must be one of the neurotic younger generation you read about in the papers nowadays, because it was pretty plain within half a second that I wasn't strong and I wasn't phlegmatic. This wouldn't have mattered so much, but I wasn't silent either. In the emotion of the moment I let out a sort of sharp yowl and leaped about four feet in a northwesterly direction, and there was a crash that sounded as though somebody had touched off a bomb.

What a female novelist wants with an occasional table in her study containing a vase, two framed photographs, a saucer, a lacquer box and a jar of potpourri, I don't know; but that was what Bingo's Rosie had, and I caught it squarely with my right hip and knocked it endways. It seemed to me for a moment as if the whole world had dissolved into a kind of cataract of glass and china. A few years ago, when I legged it to America to elude my Aunt Agatha, who was out with her hatchet, I remember going to Niagara and listening to the falls. They made much the same sort of row, but not so loud.

And at the same instant the dog began to bark. It was a small dog—the sort of animal from which you would have expected a noise like a squeaking slate pencil; but it was simply baying. It had retired into a corner and was leaning against the wall with bulging eyes, and every two seconds it chucked its head back in a kind of pained way and let out another terrific bellow.

Well, I know when I'm licked. I was sorry for Bingo and regretted the necessity of having to let him down, but the time had come, I felt, to shift. Outside for Bertram! was the slogan, and I took a running leap at the window and scrambled through.

And there on the path, as if they had been waiting for me by appointment, stood a policeman and a parlor maid. It was an embarrassing moment.

"Oh—er—there you are!" I said, and there was what you might call a contemplative silence for a moment.

"I told you I heard something," said the parlor maid. The policeman was regarding me in a boiled way.

"What's all this?" he asked.

I smiled in a sort of saintlike manner.

"It's a little hard to explain," I said.

"Yes, it is!" said the policeman.

"I was just—er—just having a look round, you know. Old friend of the family."

"How did you get in?"

"Through the window, being an old friend of the family, if you follow me."

"Old friend of the family, are you?"

"Oh, very; very, very old; oh, a very old friend of the family."

"I've never seen him before," said the parlor maid.

I looked at the girl with positive loathing. How she could have inspired affection in anyone, even a French cook, beat me. Not that she was a bad-looking girl, mind you. Not at all. On another and happier occasion I might even have thought her rather pretty. But now she seemed one of the most unpleasant females I had ever encountered.

"No," I said, "you have never seen me before. But I'm an old friend of the family."

"Then why didn't you ring at the front door?"

"I didn't want to give any trouble."

"It's no trouble answering front doors, that being what you're paid for," said the parlor maid virtuously. "I've never seen him before in my life," she added, perfectly gratuitously. A horrid girl.

"Well, look here," I said, with an inspiration, "the undertaker knows me."

"What undertaker?"

"The cove who was waiting at table when I dined here the night before last."

"Did the undertaker wait at table on the sixteenth instant?" asked the policeman.

"Of course he didn't," said the parlor maid.

"Well, he looked like —— By Jove, no, I remember now! He was the greengrocer."

"On the sixteenth instant," said the policeman—pompous ass—"did the greengrocer ——"

"Yes, he did, if you want to know," said the parlor maid. She seemed disappointed and baffled, like a tigress that sees its prey being sneaked away from it. Then she brightened. "But this fellow could easily have found that out by asking round about"

A perfectly poisonous girl.

"What's your name?" asked the policeman.

"Well, I say, do you mind awfully if I don't give my name, because ——"

"Suit yourself. You'll have to tell it to the magistrate."

"Oh, no, I say, dash it!"

"I think you'd better come along."

"But I say, really, you know, I am an old friend of the family. Why, by Jove, now I remember, there's a photograph of me in the drawing-room! Well, I mean, that shows you!"

"If there is," said the policeman.

"I've never seen it," said the parlor maid.

I absolutely hated this girl.

"You would have seen it if you had done your dusting more conscientiously," I said severely, and I meant it to sting, by Jove!

"It is not a parlor maid's place to dust the drawing-room," she sniffed haughtily.

"No," I said bitterly, "it seems to be a parlor maid's place to lurk about and hang about and—er—waste her time fooling about in the garden with policemen who ought to be busy about their duties elsewhere."

"It's a parlor maid's place to open the front door to visitors—them that don't come in through windows."

I perceived that I was getting the loser's end of the thing. I tried to be conciliatory.

"My dear old parlor maid," I said, "don't let us descend to vulgar wrangling. All I'm driving at is that there is a photograph of me in the drawing-room, cared for and dusted by whom I know not; and this photograph will, I think, prove to you that I am an old friend of the family. I fancy so, officer"

"If it's there," said the man in a grudging way.

"Oh, it's there all right. Oh, yes, it's there."

"Well, we'll go to the drawing-room and see."

"Spoken like a man, my dear old policeman," I said.

The drawing-room was on the first floor, and the photograph was on the table by the fireplace. Only, if you understand me, it wasn't. What I mean is, there was the fireplace and there was the table by the fireplace, but, by Jove, not a sign of any photograph of me whatsoever! A photograph of Bingo, yes. A photograph of Bingo's uncle, Lord Bittlesham, right. A photograph of Mrs. Bingo, three-quarter face with a tender smile on her lips, all present and correct. But of anything resembling Bertram Wooster, not a trace.

"Ho!" said the policeman.

"But, dash it, it was there the night before last!"

"Ho!" he said again. "Ho! Ho!" As if he were starting a drinking chorus in a comic opera, confound him.

Then I got what amounted to the brain wave of a lifetime.

"Who dusts these things?" I said, turning on the parlor maid.

"I don't."

"I didn't say you did. I said who did."

(Continued on Page 133

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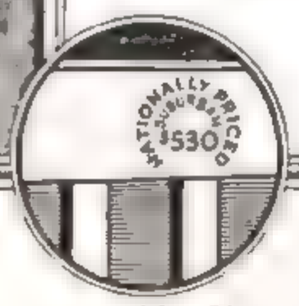

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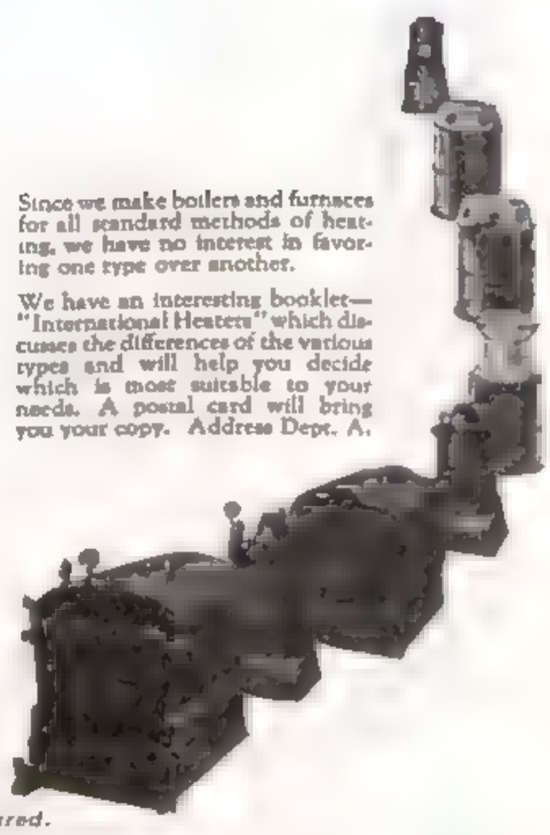

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STEAM AND HOT WATER BOILERS, WARM AIR FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

(Continued from Page 130)

"Mary, the housemaid, of course."

"Exactly, as I suspected, as I foresaw. Mary, officer, is notoriously the worst smasher in London. There have been complaints about her on all sides. You see what has happened? The wretched girl has broken the glass of my photograph, and not being willing to come forward and admit it in an honest, manly way, has taken the thing off and concealed it somewhere."

"Ho!" said the policeman, still working through the drinking chorus.

"Well, ask her—go down and ask her."

"You go down and ask her," said the policeman to the parlor maid, "if it's going to make him any happier."

The parlor maid left the room, casting a pestilential glance at me over her shoulder as she went. I'm not sure she didn't say "Ho!" too. And then there was a bit of a lull. The policeman took up a position with a large, beefy back against the door, and I wandered to and fro and hither and yonder.

"What are you playing at?" demanded the policeman.

"Just looking round. They may have moved the thing."

"Ho!"

And then there was another bit of a lull. And suddenly I found myself by the window, and, by Jove, it was six inches open at the bottom! And the world beyond looked so bright and sunny and —— Well, I don't claim that I am a particularly swift thinker, but once more something seemed to whisper "Outside for Bertram!" I slid my fingers nonchalantly under the sash, gave a hefty heave and up she came. And the next moment I was in a laurel bush, feeling like the cross which marks the spot where the accident occurred.

A large red face appeared in the window. I got up and skipped lightly to the gate.

"Hi!" shouted the policeman.

"Ho!" I replied, and went forth, moving well.

"This," I said to myself, as I hailed a passing cab and sank back on the cushions, "is the last time I try to do anything for young Bingo!"

These sentiments I expressed in no guarded language to Jeeves when I was back in the old flat with my feet on the mantelpiece, pushing down a soothing whisky-and.

"Never again, Jeeves!" I said. "Never again!"

"Well, sir ——"

"No, never again!"

"Well, sir ——"

"What do you mean—well, sir? What are you driving at?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Little is an extremely persistent young gentleman, and yours, if I may say so, sir, is a yielding and obliging nature."

"You don't think that young Bingo would have the immortal rind to try to get me into some other foul enterprise?"

"I should say that it was more than probable, sir."

I removed the dogs swiftly from the mantelpiece and jumped up, all of a twitter.

"Jeeves, what would you advise?"

"Well, sir, I think a little change of scene would be judicious."

"Do a bolt?"

"Precisely, sir. If I might suggest it, sir, why not change your mind and join Mr. George Travers at Harrogate?"

"Oh, I say, Jeeves!"

"You would be out of what I might describe as the danger zone there, sir."

"Perhaps you're right, Jeeves," I said thoughtfully. "Yes, possibly you're right. How far is Harrogate from London?"

"Two hundred and three miles, sir."

"Yes, I think you're right. Is there a train this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. You could catch it quite easily."

"All right then, bung a few necessaries in a bag."

"I have already done so, sir."

"Ho!" I said.

It's a rummy thing, but when you come down to it, Jeeves is always right. He had tried to cheer me up at the station by saying that I would not find Harrogate unpleasant, and, by Jove, he was perfectly correct! What I had overlooked when examining the project was the fact that I should be in the middle of a bevy of blokes who were taking the cure and I shouldn't be taking it myself. You've no notion what a dashed cozy, satisfying feeling that gives a fellow.

I mean to say, there was old Uncle George, for instance. The medicine man, having given him the once-over, had ordered him to abstain from all alcoholic liquids and, in addition, to tool down the hill to the Royal Pump Room each morning at 8:30 and imbibe twelve ounces of warm crescent saline and magnesia. It doesn't sound much put that way, but I gather from contemporary accounts that it's practically equivalent to getting outside a couple of little old last year's eggs beaten up in sea water. And the thought of Uncle George, who had oppressed me sorely in my childhood, sucking down that stuff, and having to hop out of bed at 8:15 to do so, was extremely grateful and comforting of a morning.

At four in the afternoon he would toddle down the hill again and repeat the process, and at night we would dine together and I would loll back in my chair, sipping my wine, and listen to him telling me what the stuff had tasted like. In many ways the ideal existence.

I generally managed to fit it in with my engagements to go down and watch him tackle his afternoon dose, for we Woosters are as fond of a laugh as anyone. And it was while I was enjoying the performance in the middle of the second week that I heard my name spoken. And there was Aunt Dahlia.

"Hullo!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"I came down yesterday with Tom."

"Is Tom taking the cure?" asked Uncle George, looking up hopefully from the hell brew.

"Yes."

"Are you taking the cure?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" said Uncle George, looking happier than I had seen him for days. He swallowed the last drops, and then, the program calling for a brisk walk before his massage, left us.

"I shouldn't have thought you would be able to get away from the paper," I said. "I say," I went on, struck by a pleasing idea, "it hasn't bust up, has it?"

"Bust up? I should say not. A pal of mine is looking after it for me while I'm here. It's right on its feet now. Tom has given me a couple of thousand and says there's more if I want it, and I've been able to buy the serial rights of Lady Bablockhythe's Frank Recollections of a Long Life. The hottest stuff, Bertie. Certain to double the circulation and send half the best-known people in London into hysterics for a year."

"Oh?" I said. "Then you're pretty well fixed, what? I mean, what with the Frank Recollections and that article of Mrs. Little's."

Aunt Dahlia was drinking something that smelled like a leak in the gas pipe, and I thought for a moment that it was that that made her twist up a face. But I was wrong.

"Don't mention that woman to me, Bertie!" she said. "One of the worst!"

"But I thought you were rather pally."

"No longer. Will you credit it that she positively refuses to let me have that article ——"

"What!"

"—— purely and simply on account of some fancied grievance she thinks she has against me because her cook left her and came to me."

I couldn't follow this at all.

"Anatole left her?" I said. "But what about the parlor maid?"

"Pull yourself together, Bertie. You're babbling. What do you mean?"

"Why, I understood ——"

"I'll bet you never understood anything in your life." She laid down her empty glass. "Well, that's done!" she said with relief. "Thank goodness, I'll be able to watch Tom drinking his in a few minutes. It's the only thing that enables me to bear up. Poor old chap, he does hate it so! But I cheer him by telling him it's going to put him in shape for Anatole's cooking. And that, Bertie, is something worth going into training for. A master of his art, that man. Sometimes I'm not altogether surprised that Mrs. Little made such a fuss when he went. But really, you know, she ought not to mix sentiment with business. She has no right to refuse to let me have that article just because of a private difference. Well, she jolly well can't use it anywhere else, because it was my idea and I have witnesses to prove it. If she tries to sell it to another paper I'll sue her. And, talking of sewers, it's high time Tom was here to drink his sulphur water."

"But, look here ——"

"Lucky new babies!"

CASTOR OIL is no longer the nauseating dose it used to be! "Lucky new babies!" says the doctor today.

The *new* Squibb Castor Oil is both *odorless* and *tasteless*, and as brilliantly clear as a *pure* oil should be. It is purified by an entirely new process. Here is a castor oil that every member of the family will find easy to take. Here is a castor oil which has none of the disagreeable features that mark the ordinary product, yet its medicinal value is the highest.

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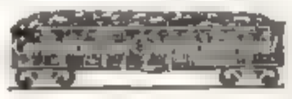
Plants that have long consistently used Consolidation Clean Coal rely on the experience gained in mining this vast amount of coal. They know Consolidation Coal is the coal free from removable wastes and non-combustible impurities, low in ash and sulphur, and high in heat value. The *clean* coal of industry. The coal that may be depended upon for uniform performance in maintaining output at the required figure week in and week out.



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"Oh, by the way, Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia, "I withdraw any harsh expressions I may have used about your man Jeeves. A most capable feller!"

"Jeeves?"

"Yes, he attended to the negotiations, and very well he did it too. And he hasn't lost by it, you can bet. I saw to that. I'm grateful to him. Why, if Tom gives up a couple of thousand now, practically without a murmur, the imagination reels at what he'll do with Anatole cooking regularly for him. He'll be signing checks in his sleep."

I got up. Aunt Dahlia pleaded with me to stick around and watch Uncle Tom in action, claiming it to be a sight nobody should miss, but I couldn't wait. I rushed up the hill, left a farewell note for Uncle George and caught the next train for London.

"Jeeves," I said, when I had washed off the stains of travel, "tell me frankly all about it. Be as frank as Lady Bablockhythe."

"Sir?"

"Never mind, if you've not heard of her. Tell me how you worked this binge. The last I heard was that Anatole loved that parlor maid—goodness knows why—so much that he refused to leave her. Well then?"

"I was somewhat baffled for a while, I must confess, sir. Then I was materially assisted by a fortunate discovery."

"What was that?"

"I chanced to be chatting with Mrs. Travers' housemaid, sir, and remembering that Mrs. Little was anxious to obtain a domestic of that description, I asked her if she would consent to leave Mrs. Travers and go at an advanced wage to Mrs. Little. To this she assented, and I saw Mrs. Little and arranged the matter."

"Well, what was the fortunate discovery?"

"That the girl in a previous situation some little time back had been a colleague of Anatole, sir. And Anatole, as is the too frequent practice of these Frenchmen, had made love to her. In fact, they were, so I understand it, sir, formally affianced until Anatole disappeared one morning, leaving no address, and passed out of the poor girl's life.

"You will readily appreciate that this discovery simplified matters considerably. The girl no longer had any affection for Anatole, but the prospect of being under the same roof with two young persons, both of whom he had led to assume ——"

"Great Scott! Yes, I see! It was rather like putting in a ferret to start a rabbit."

"The principle was much the same, sir. Anatole was out of the house and in Mrs. Travers' service within half an hour of the receipt of the information that the young person was about to arrive. A volatile man, sir, like so many of these Frenchmen."

"Jeeves," I said, "this is genius of a high order."

"It is very good of you to say so, sir."

"What did Mr. Little say about it?"

"He appeared gratified, sir."

"To go into sordid figures, did he ——"

"Yes, sir; twenty pounds, having been fortunate in his selections at Hurst Park on the previous Saturday."

"My aunt told me that she ——"

"Yes, sir. Most generous. Twenty-five pounds."

"Good Lord, Jeeves! You've been coining the stuff!"

"I have added appreciably to my savings, yes, sir. Mrs. Little was good enough to present me with ten pounds for finding her such a satisfactory housemaid. And then there was Mr. Travers ——"

"Uncle Thomas?"

"Yes, sir. He also behaved most handsomely, quite independently of Mrs. Travers. Another twenty-five pounds. And Mr. George Travers ——"

"Don't tell me that Uncle George gave you something too! What on earth for?"

"Well, really, sir, I do not quite understand myself. But I received a check for ten pounds from him. He seemed to be under the impression that I had been in some way responsible for your joining him at Harrogate, sir."

I gaped at the fellow.

"Well, everybody seems to be doing it," I said, "so I suppose I had better make the thing unanimous. Here's a fiver."

"Why, thank you, sir. This is extremely ——"

"It won't seem much compared with these vast sums you've been acquiring."

"Oh, I assure you, sir."

"And I don't know why I'm giving it to you."

"No, sir."

"Still, there it is."

"Thank you very much, sir."

I got up.

"It's pretty late," I said, "but I think I'll dress and go out and have a bite somewhere. I feel like having a whirl of some kind after two weeks at Harrogate."

"Yes, sir. I will unpack your dress clothes."

"Oh, Jeeves," I said, "by the way, did Peabody and Simms send those soft silk shirts?"

"Yes, sir: I sent them back."

"Sent them back!"

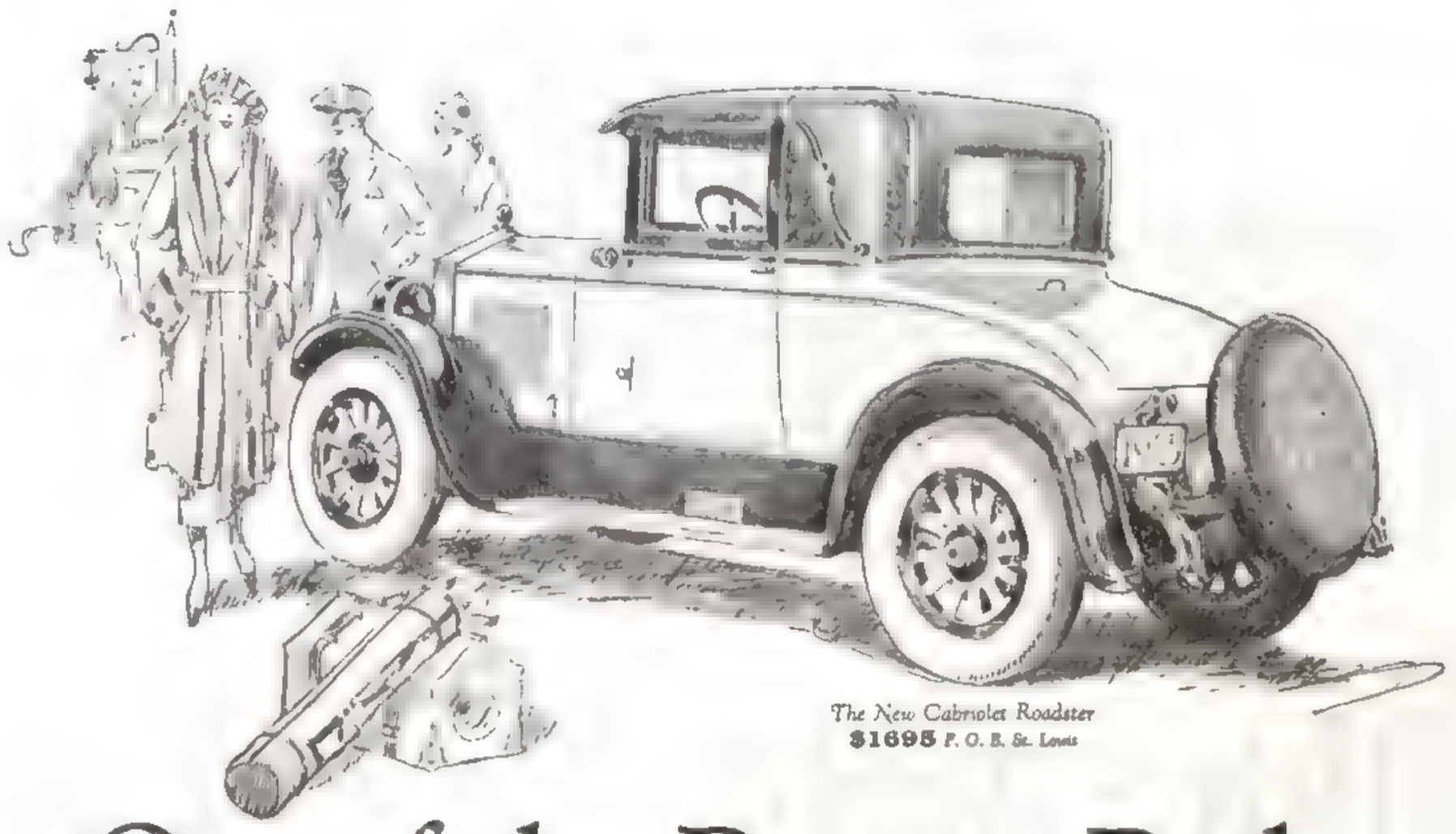
"Yes, sir."

I eyed him for a moment. But I mean to say I mean, what's the use?

"Oh, all right," I said. "Then lay out one of the gents' stiff-bosomed."

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

Two Members of Our "Discussion Club"—The Human Comedy, Cast for Wrong Roles. No. 1 is a Fiery Advocate of Force. No. 2 is a Gentle Pacifist



The New Cabriolet Roadster
$1695 *F. O. B. St. Louis*

Out of the Beaten Path into a Path all its Own

A few years ago, in 1919, the prototype of the present Moon models was little more than a sketch on a drawing-board.

Yet behind it was a conception so sound that it has achieved a success without a direct parallel in the industry.

It multiplied Moon's production 5 times in 4 years. Even last year the number of Moon cars sold ran ahead of the previous banner year—in a season when only a few makers, who were able to stand the test of superior value, held their own.

In this new Cabriolet roadster the deck lid opens up a fully upholstered rear seat. With the lid down the car is a closed roadster of unusually graceful contour. On the right is a concealed compartment for golf bag and other luggage. The rear window can be lowered for companionable contact between passengers in front and rear.

Patents applied for.

Registrations in the metropolitan areas in 1924 clearly place Moon in a niche of distinction not occupied by any other maker regardless of price or class.

In practically all of these style-centers, where there are more motor cars per unit of population, where the motor-wise predominate, 1924 figures show that Moon actually outsold a number of makers whose total volume of production is greater than Moon's.

Everywhere it has been shown, the new Cabriolet Roadster has been pronounced one of the most striking innovations of the year. The pre-Spring demand for this and other Moon models finds Moon as usual "A step ahead of the chase," setting the pace for 1926 with typically advanced style-creations.

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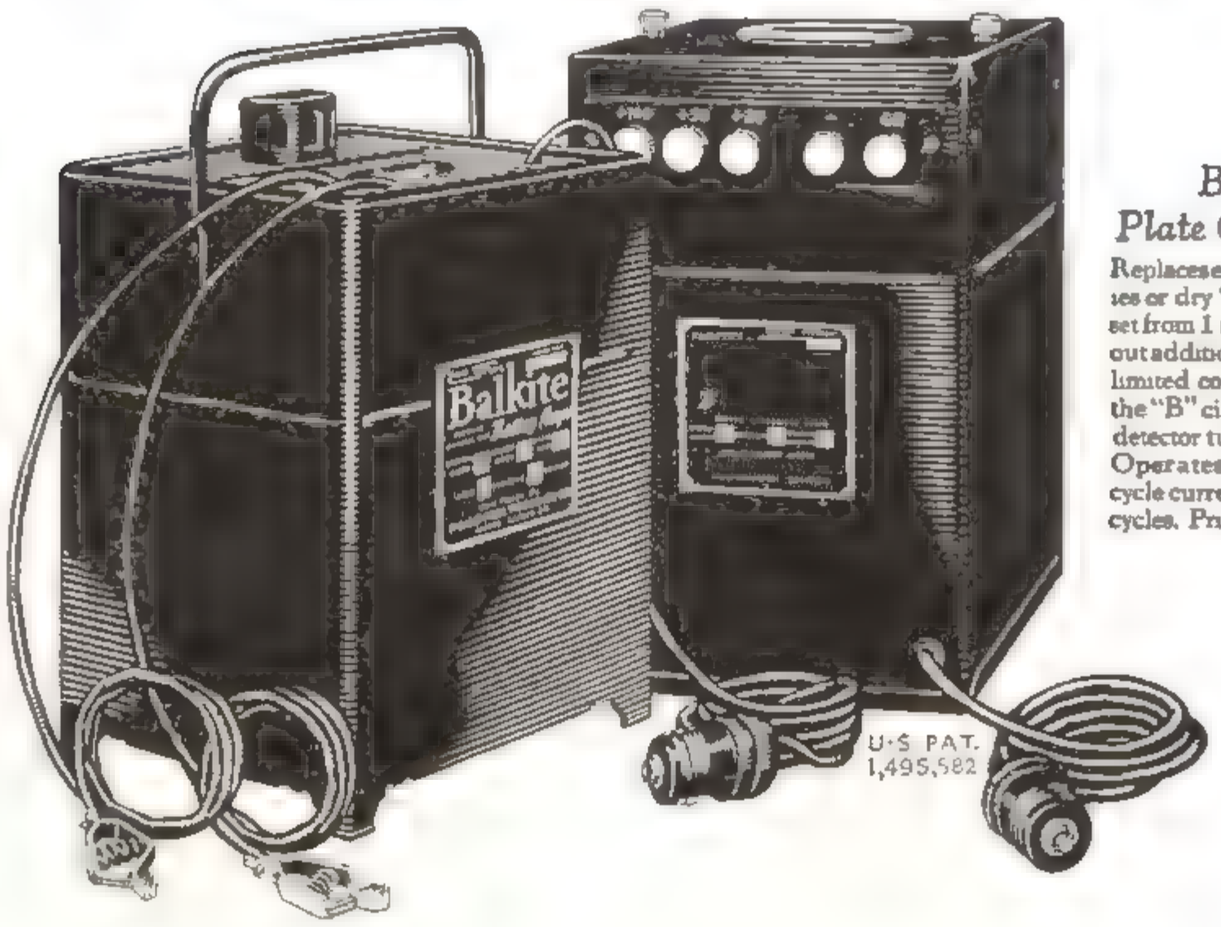
Balkite Battery Charger

For charging 6 volt radio "A" storage batteries. Also charges "B" batteries of the lead type in multiples of 6 cells. Entirely noiseless in operation. Can be used while the set is in use. Prolongs battery life. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles. Price $19.50. $20 West of the Rockies, $27.50 in Canada. Special adapter for charging 2 and 4 volt batteries, $1.50.



Balkite "B" Plate Current Supply

Replaces either storage "B" batteries or dry "B" cells. Fits any radio set from 1 to 10 or more tubes without additions or changes. Gives unlimited constant current supply to the "B" circuit, both amplifier and detector tubes. Thousands in use. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles. Price $55. In Canada $75.

Balkite Radio Power Units

Give your set greater clarity, distance and volume

The performance of your radio set is dependent on your power supply. Balkite Radio Power Units bring a convenient power supply and uniform constant voltage to both the "A" and "B" circuits of your set, and increase its clarity, power and range.

The Balkite Battery Charger keeps your "A" storage battery charged and operating at full efficiency, as well as prolonging its life. Balkite "B"—one of the most important recent developments in radio—replaces either "B" storage batteries or dry cells and supplies plate current from the light socket. *It gives results unattainable with "B" batteries.*

The Balkite Battery Charger and Balkite "B" are based on the same principle. Both are entirely noiseless. They have no moving parts, vibrators or bulbs. They have nothing to adjust, break or get out of order. They do not create disturbances in either your set or your neighbor's. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of distilled water. Both are simple and unfailing, and can be put into operation at any time by merely connecting them to the light socket. The current consumption of both is remarkably low.

Both the Balkite Battery Charger and Balkite "B" are guaranteed to perform satisfactorily with your set. Both are sold by leading radio dealers everywhere.

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

FANSTEEL

Balkite

Radio Power Units

BALKITE BATTERY CHARGER
BALKITE "B" *Plate Current Supply.*

DICTATORS ON TRIAL

(Continued from Page 15)

take the convenience offered. They may take a monarch if they are assured that he and his successors will not become instruments of tyranny. They would take communism if their necessity is great enough and if the passion of the mass swept it back to that great illusion. Much more readily will they go seeking a dictator."

After all, the power of a dictator who has the will of the people behind him is not far removed from the power of a prime minister who happens to have an overwhelming majority. Both can dictate to a parliament. At this moment of writing it is perhaps true that Baldwin, with his great Conservative majority in the House of Commons, answerable to his will in the last analysis of party practice, has literally more power than Mussolini, who is now under attack. If difference there be, it is in the fact that Mussolini's enemies are able to assert that he maintains his power by force of the Fascisti militia rather than by the will of the people, as his friends claim. The truth remains that both men have been given great powers because one people by elections and another by spontaneous direct action, approved at the time by the great majority, have had the instinct for strong administrative government and have followed that instinct.

In Italy, certainly, dictatorship arose from a desire of the people for authority and unity, and from a disgust for a democracy which would not run. In Spain, Primo de Rivera was pushed up by exactly the same causes.

Primo de Rivera and Mussolini are excellent examples for a study of dictatorships—the advantages of dictatorships, and their disadvantages. I have been close to the experiences of both men. These experiences appear important. Two old countries in Europe, as I write, are guided by two personalities. If other democracies go into the same kind of political jelly through weakness of ministries and parliamentary flabbiness, if national pride, weariness with futile bickerings of little politicians over meatless bones and the resentment of the majority against the powers of organized minorities become acute enough, if democracy is not set up on stronger legs—I can see nothing to prevent the appearance of even more dictators before the swing toward real democracy begins again.

When Dictatorships End

During the Conference of Genoa I talked much of Europe's future with Benes, the distinguished student and statesman of the new and promising republic of Czecho-Slovakia. He is a small, alert man, not imposing in appearance or as a speaker, but skilled in clear and orderly thinking, and possessed already of an enviable record as an alert and active international conciliator. Seeing him again the other day at his home in Prague, I reminded him that we had discussed dictatorships before the world had heard of Mussolini or Primo de Rivera, and that a third person who was present had said: "The history of the world furnishes endless examples that dictatorships end in disaster—usually in violent disaster. Dictatorships, unlike a democratic administration, fail in providing a successor. There is always this question: Though the dictator be a strong and patriotic man, what will happen if he dies or is killed or is overthrown?"

A number of old hands at the European game of politics—Lloyd George, Nitti and others—discussing dictatorships have asked in substance, "Is it not true that dictators come to trouble when the people discover that they have not found a magician who can overcome every economic and social disadvantage?"

On the whole, these two questions present the main strong points in the case against dictatorship. Knowing the dictatorships in Italy and Spain from their beginning to this moment, I am certain that Mussolini and Primo de Rivera would be among the first to acknowledge the force of these points. Indeed, I can add other arguments against dictatorships which these two dictators know very well are sound arguments.

To consider the working advantages and disadvantages of dictatorship as uncovered in Italy and Spain it is not necessary to be a partisan. Nor for the moment am I disturbed that before this article is read new political shifts may have come into being in these two Latin countries. The lessons to be drawn by us Americans from each case will not be subject to change. The lessons to be drawn will still stand on a foundation of fact and experience long after blind hysterical adulation on the one hand and the cowardly, furtive or sentimental criticism on the other hand have disappeared.

Therefore there need be no hesitancy in answering the question which had been put to Doctor Benes and me at Genoa three years ago. Indeed, it was well answered the other day when I stood in the sunlight with a friend of Primo de Rivera in Toledo, just outside a shop where the famous Toledo blades have been made for centuries. We looked out over miles of the brown and stony plain.

I said, "What would happen if General Primo de Rivera were killed before he returns from the Moroccan campaign?"

He saw my meaning at once. He said, "Ah, that would be a misfortune. It would be almost as great a misfortune to Spain as those conditions which required that General Primo de Rivera should assume leadership."

In other words, the answer to the question put to Doctor Benes is that the failure of a dictatorship may be more dangerous than the failure of some constitutional ministry, but not necessarily more dangerous and chaotic than the collapse of a decrepit and feeble democracy itself. Indeed, in Italy those who I found would undermine and destroy the administrative success of Mussolini are the same old figures, the same old crew of petty, talking, bickering parliamentary politicians who conducted democracy into a state of humiliating and utter helplessness.

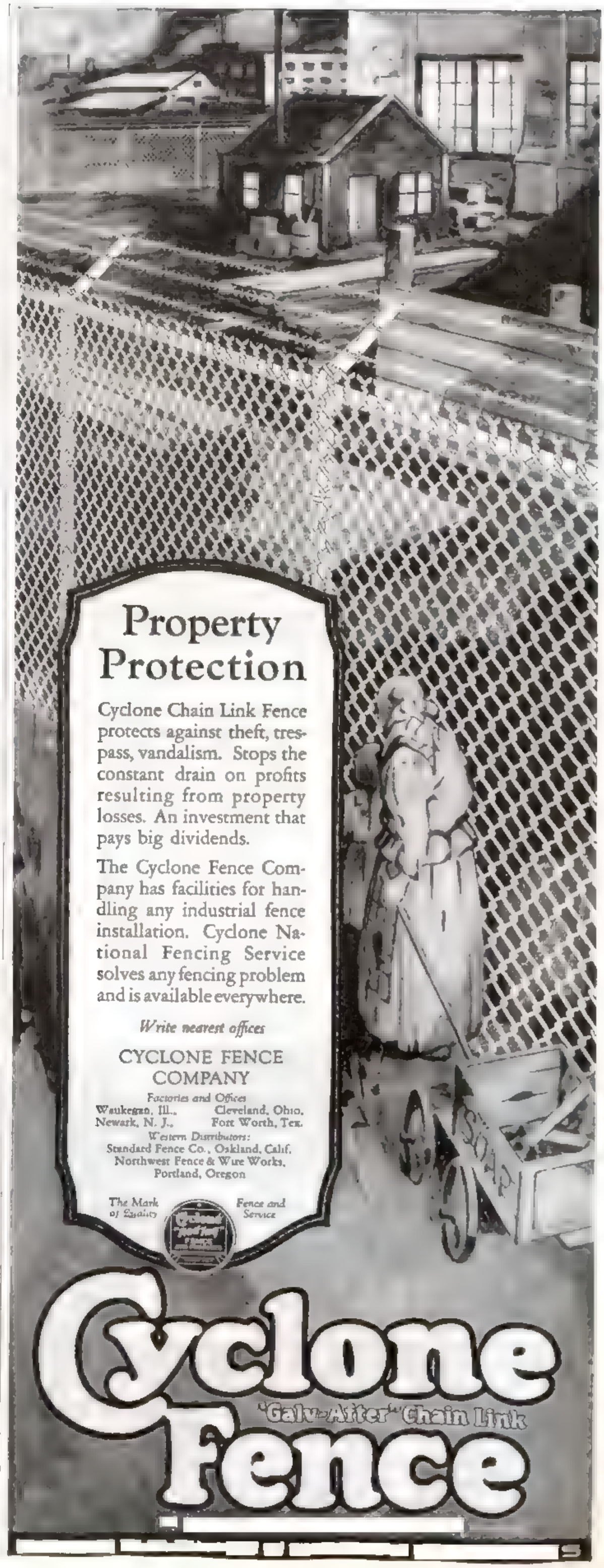
A Fair Defense

Not partisanship or leanings toward dictatorship as an ideal form of government, but cold, hard facts create the real comparison between Mussolini and Primo de Rivera and the personalities and conditions which they replaced.

We must not forget that if tomorrow both men fell from power simultaneously, they could issue without fear of successful challenge of its truth the following document:

"We have given our respective countries the longest continuous effective government which anyone remembers. By mere continuity of policy we have contributed to the national standing and power of our nations in foreign policy. We have made more friendly treaties and obtained more advantages abroad than any preceding government. At least for a time we have changed disruption, group antagonism and lethargic citizenship into a national unified spirit. We have established authority. We have shown courage in discharging useless employes in the public services. In any case we have functioned; the governments which preceded us did not even do that."

That document would be the best answer which could be made to the second question—the question as to the disillusionment of peoples who hope for too much from dictatorships. There is no denying that Italy has begun already to develop in her public opinion something of that kind of disillusionment. "Well, yes," says one of the Italian senators who has always in his heart disapproved of Mussolini. "But we Italians are realists. Even I must therefore point out to you that Italy was much more disillusioned about the merit of our constitutional democracy than by whatever shortcomings are now found in the results obtained by the present Premier. In one case there is government; in the other it could be said there was no government. A democracy worn out gave us no government. Ministers came and went, creating no respect at home and very little abroad. Today you will find that here in Italy the main attacks on Mussolini come from extremists in his own party and from the old politicians who used to devote all their energies to a scramble for power. They have returned to their old occupation. There was a time, as you yourself observed, when foreign powers were always holding forth toward Italy promises like apples dangled in front of a donkey's nose. But Italy obtained not one bite. Mussolini has been more difficult for other nations to deceive. He counts only performances and pays little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attention to words. Therefore much of the foreign press prophesies his fall, for it is their wish."

Today in Italy and in Spain after more than two years of Mussolini and after a year and a half of General Primo de Rivera I can find more or less expressive groups bitterly opposed to the dictators. Some of these factions are built around the old politicians, just as my friend the Italian senator told me; some are made up from sincere lovers of democracy who smell the presence of personal power maintained in one race by the army in Spain and in the other by the Fascisti militia. These persons when they speak freely denounce in each country the use of the censorship to suppress newspapers considered by the Mussolini or the De Rivera government to be subversive. The murder of Matteotti, the opposition deputy, apparently committed by Fascist extremists, aroused a resentment in Italy which persists today with extraordinary bitterness. It made an impression out of all proportion; political assassinations were rather more a matter of course before Mussolini appeared than since he tried his hand at maintaining order, but the old politicians who wish to come back never miss an opportunity to pour forth crocodile tears about the martyr Matteotti and the necessity to charge the government with responsibility if it is possible to do so. Admitting privately, as they must, that the Mussolini management has done more for Italy than any other recent agency, they publicly call attention to the fact that he has not done all that was expected of him.

Today the answer to all this is contained in two sentences.

The first is: All that has happened was expected by wise observers, because even strong leaders like Mussolini are neither perfect nor proof against such incidents as the Matteotti assassination.

The second is: Ask the people of Italy if they desire to exchange the Mussolini leadership for that great but superannuated statesman Giolitti, who with parliamentary groups and proportional-representation laws has reached more than eighty years of age and for forty years and more has seen democracy in Italy grow, sometimes honest and sometimes corrupt, but always more and more toward complete sterility; or for Orlando, a great orator and a man of character without any special genius for administration; or for Salandra, who is the third example of yesterday's statesmanship; or for any of the smaller fry who would have rejected the burden of power when Mussolini took it, but would now like to be in office when the benefits of Mussolini's administration may be reaped.

Censorship of the Press

I have known Mussolini well enough to know that he foresaw many of the difficulties which have been presented to him. He must have known that in the main the Italian people would stand by him even through these difficulties, believing him to be as he is, a patriot, provided he was also a wise and useful patriot; but it was equally clear to him that many politicians who supported him in fair weather would desert him whenever difficulties arose which made it possible for them to snap and bark at his heels.

He said to me at the time of coming to power, "I am already criticized, but no one wishes my job."

He might have added, "Later on there will be plenty who may wish it, but if they are unfit to do more for Italy than they have done in the past how can I give it up to them?"

There were times in those early days when Mussolini felt all those natural apprehensions which tremendous responsibility brings. One of these apprehensions arose from the conviction that it would be impossible to put Italy in order with a weak and flabby hand. The choice was between authority sometimes stern and a weak policy which would lead to chaos.

The censorship in Italy and Spain is an example of the exercise of authority which has been interpreted in the United States as excessive. I confess that I look upon censorship as a dangerous business; its very existence, though it suppresses no news, nevertheless breeds endless rumors and distrust. Furthermore, it creates the vague idea that the authorities dare not have the truth known. I had seen its effect in Russia during the war. But censorship in Spain, as I have just observed it, and in Italy is not the same kind of censorship that censorship in the United States would be. So far as suppression of papers has entered into it, the publications stopped have been mostly of the same red variety which would have been suppressed in any city in the United States. So far as censorship in general is concerned in Italy and Spain, it is necessary to remember that the great mass of newspapers in those countries are not primarily newspapers. Endless numbers of them, though they appear as newspapers, are in fact the propaganda organs of some organized minority or devoted to the personal ambitions of some politician.

Primo de Rivera is quoted as saying to the king of Spain: "After all, the only things published in these whining papers are lies and blackmail; therefore the only things which the censorship suppresses are lies and blackmail. Under the censorship there is not less truth, but more. Under the censorship the practice of extortion by advertising managers may be lessened."

From the beginning of Mussolini's administration the most prominent newspaper in Italy, the Corriere della Sera, of Milan, and its old editor and owner, Albertini, who was one of the delgates to the Washington Disarmament Conference, have been bitter critics of the "Duce." Beginning with a campaign of clamor for restoration of constitutionalism, the view is now attributed to Albertini that Mussolini may be ended by a military dictatorship! And yet, it is difficult to find that this able and rather dangerous pro-British and anti-Mussolini machine has been much hampered in its criticism or suggestions. The Corriere della Sera has been more of a thorn in the flesh of the dictator than the dictator has been in the flesh of his most subtle enemy. In my judgment the sum total of censorship under Mussolini in Italy has not only improved the quality of the press and its responsibility, but has resulted in diminishing rather than increasing the power and prestige of dictatorship. But both these conclusions take into consideration the complete difference between the nature of the average publication in Italy and the kind of newspapers which are known in England or the United States.

When Patriotism Is Easy

If, as is the apparent fact, even today the dictatorships of Mussolini and Primo de Rivera are both supported by the mass of Italian and Spanish population, it must not be forgotten that each of these dictators has come into being through military power and that each maintains force as a factor of discipline and authority, even if this force is not used.

Few Americans, and indeed few foreigners of any kind, stop to realize the difference between Mussolini and Primo de Rivera as men, or the marked difference between their dictatorships.

In external appearance there is a certain similarity; they are stocky, vital men. Primo de Rivera is much older than Mussolini, who is in the early forties. The Spaniard has less of the fire and dramatic flash of the Italian. One would say that the general is what he is, an army man with a sense of humor, a rather affectionate nature and an ingrained faith in discipline. He is the soldier. Mussolini is the crusader, the philosopher, and an administrative who can combine the explosive powers of impulse with a deep insight into human nature and a wisdom founded upon the elimination of hypocrisy, pretense and trivial nonsense.

Both men are realists. Both have bull's-eye minds. They have contempt for the flapdoodle of politicians. They are patriots. I have known Mussolini well enough to know that his passion is to make a new, a better, a stronger Italy. For this he would die. As for Primo de Rivera, he has little liking for power. To an acquaintance of mine in Madrid he once said in substance, "They say I am a patriot. Well, let me tell you when a man can really become a patriot: When he has done with youthful love; when he has lived a happy family life and his mate has died and his brood has flown; when he has had all the titles he desires and all the honors, so that he has no more hunger for distinction and no need to establish his social place; when he is tired of adventure and has found gambling and speculation dull; when he has commanded men so long that authority is no novelty; indeed, when only love of country remains as an inspiration—anyone can very easily be a patriot." He was describing himself. If he could today settle the Moroccan

(Continued on Page 141)

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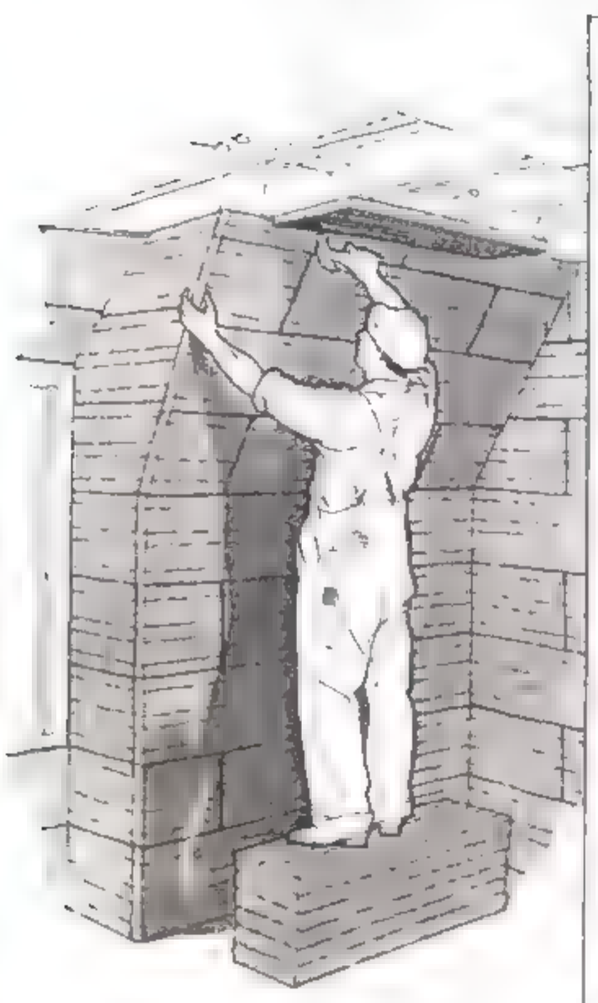

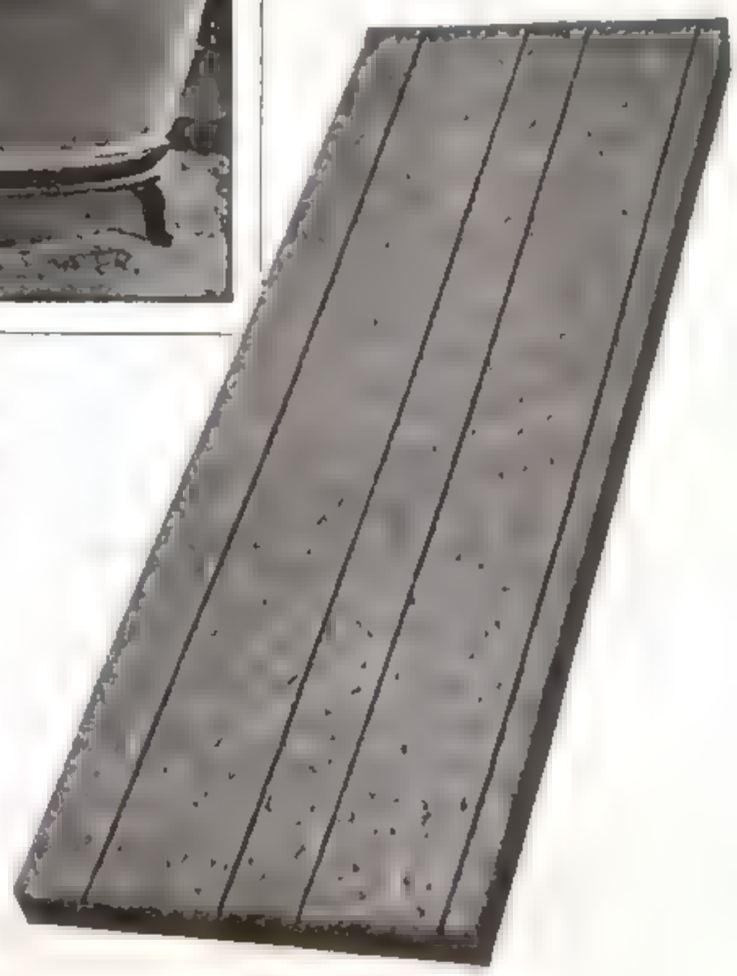

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Enclosures and Tops

(Continued from Page 138)

question, if he could return to Spain and manage to make successful the league of patriots—the Patriotic Union—which he has hoped to form into a political party which can be intrusted with the restoration of constitutional government, I have no doubt that he would be overjoyed to find a quieter corner. Until such a moment comes it is necessary to keep on as the director of Spain.

As Mussolini once said to me, "It is easier to obtain the responsibility of power than to be rid of it."

A few weeks ago I sat in the study of one of Europe's foreign ministers and heard a minister of another country say, "If Mussolini were to say to his opposition, 'Very well, I have done my best for Italy. Now if you are dissatisfied I turn over my office to the people of Italy. I will go to hunt lions in Africa. If you need me send an airplane.' Ah, then Mussolini would be one of the great figures in history."

"That is all very good for Mussolini," replied the minister of foreign affairs. "But what about Italy, and what about those loyal persons who have supported him and would be made to pay for their virtue? These grand gestures are excellent, but only where they can be made without cost to others or to the general welfare."

In this there is grim truth. Neither Primo de Rivera—who took power perhaps with knowledge that the King of Spain would not disapprove—nor Mussolini—who took power by an overwhelming impulse of Italian hearts—can readily step out of his place. This is one of the costs of dictatorships; the stronger the leader, the harder it becomes to fill his place. If his place cannot be filled it is certain that the worst to be expected is revolution and upheaval, and that the best to be hoped for is a return to dependence upon little men, talking themselves into power in parliamentary halls. These halls are still reeking with the odors of failure to govern, still calling up the memories of such feeble leadership as that of Señor Alba in the Cortes, and of ministries which came down like houses of cards in Italy under that weak old system of blackmailing minorities and coalitions, blocs and conspiracies of little men leading parties whose names and principles are already forgotten.

It is all very well for the old politicians and the sincere sentimentalists in Italy to clamor for the complete restoration of democracy. What a democracy! Can Mussolini abandon Italy to these feeble and parasite hands?

Too Much Talk

Usually forgotten is the fact that in Spain the parliament was thrown completely out when the directory took hold, but that in Italy Mussolini after the march on Rome and after he had been summoned by the King to form a ministry chose to keep the Chamber alive and functioning rather than to interrupt its life. It was in a position where its existence depended upon bending a great deal to the will of a Premier who insisted upon being invested with power of issuing decrees. Constitutional democracy, or at least its skeleton, still stood and is still standing in Italy, in spite of an opposition which conspires to embarrass it by a policy of nonparticipation, by dilatory tactics, by abstaining from voting and other obstructive measures.

When I talked with the King of Spain not long ago I did not feel that the directory has suffered from the fact that it allowed the Cortes to have a vacation during the restoration of order, of effective administration, of economy. An hour or two after having left a young, alert monarch, slim, graceful and possessed of zest as well as political insight, I found myself talking across the counter of a shop with a fat and aged Spaniard who had spent many years in the United States.

"The people do not miss the Cortes," he said, puffing asthmatically. "The Cortes only did one thing. It—it talked too much. If it were here now it would only be something to embarrass the general, who has plenty to do in Morocco. The people were tired of the Cortes. As you know, I travel all over Spain. I can tell you the people were tired with too many politics. They believe in the King. They believe in the general. They prefer administration more than all the debates and lawmaking in the world!"

I found myself wondering whether Mussolini, attempting to keep constitutional government going and retaining parliament, even with a large Fascist majority had not furnished his enemies a megaphone. When the time comes in Spain or in Italy for a real restoration of representative government, it may be easier to create an effective Cortes in Spain than to evolve an effective Italian Chamber freed from the futility of many parties, of the wasteful and endless destructive blocs, coalitions and opportunist combines which have existed principally to keep ministries from doing anything useful and have tempted them to purchase support by giving the government resources, belonging to the whole nation, to the organized and clamorous few. Mussolini perhaps would not prove himself great by turning his back on the problem; he would be worthy of a great place in history if he could add to the position he has made as a dictator and as a genius for administration, a place as one who had introduced to Italy the kind of democracy which will work—a state which will stand up. This, I know, is his ambition. And having it, together with all his other qualities of greatness, he appears as a figure towering above the stature of all his petty, carping, mumbling adversaries.

The Moroccan Campaign

Unlike Primo de Rivera, whose directorship was founded upon the faith of the army of Spain and who took power merely by assuming it and by dividing Spain into nine zones of military control under the command of patriotic and dependable generals, Mussolini built his own forces. A military dictatorship is comparatively simple. If Primo de Rivera found difficulty, it was not so much in obtaining control as in attempting to find in the army and navy enough familiarity with civil administration to carry it on. He found himself driven to accept an administrative force consisting of nonmilitary officials whose experience and integrity fitted them to assume undersecretaryships of each department of the administrative government. Theoretically General Primo de Rivera signs the executive orders of every department, but in fact the undersecretary of foreign affairs, with whom I discussed various questions relating to Spain's changing foreign policy, is as much of a minister of foreign affairs as one can find in most of the nations of Europe. Indeed, while the director is conducting the Moroccan campaign—a campaign which the Spanish people regard with weariness and with a desire to see the young men back home rather than "defending for Great Britain the approaches to her Gibraltar fortifications"—the personality who keeps the department heads working together is Admiral Magaz. Magaz is an old officer of fine and gentle manners, but his rather pale countenance with its extreme refinement and sensitiveness does not suggest a man of the vital force necessary to fill the shoes of Marquess de Estella, otherwise known as General Primo de Rivera, president of the directory, chief of the government, commander of field armies and high commissioner for Morocco.

I have come to the conclusion that the real problem of a dictator is not to gain power or to hold it; the real problem of a dictator is only the problem of all forms of government—the difficulty of finding men.

In this difficulty Mussolini and Primo de Rivera have each had their sleepless nights. On the whole, Mussolini has been able to gather some strong men around him. As ambassador in Italy I had learned to have a great admiration for De Stefani, who has been conducting Italy's finances toward more solid ground. This opinion is confirmed by several representatives of other nations who attended the London Conference which adopted the so-called Dawes plan. On the whole, De Stefani, who is not a black shirt in general atmosphere, has been the most useful of the men in Mussolini's government.

Unfortunately for Mussolini, he not only has had difficulty in finding good men; he has had his peck of trouble avoiding or weeding out the bad ones. Primo de Rivera came to his directorship with no obligations and with only such army and navy and civil officers as he hand-picked. A movement like Fascism, however, growing up over a period of time, battling its way forward, inevitably produces certain heroes who must be recognized in the hour of triumph. Fascism was a movement of youth and spirit; such movements bring into prominence young men who have daring and flaring, but are lacking in the qualities

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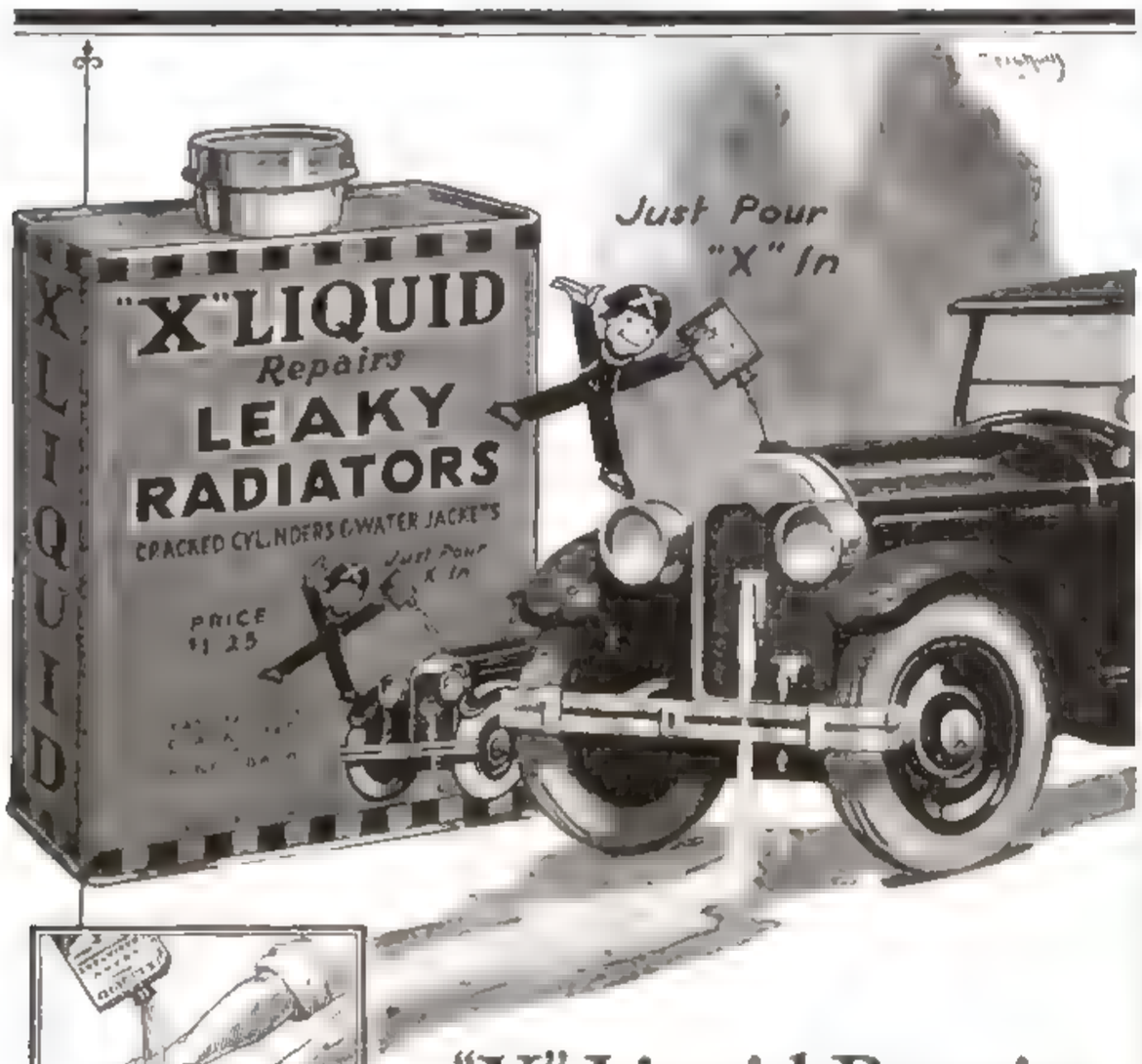

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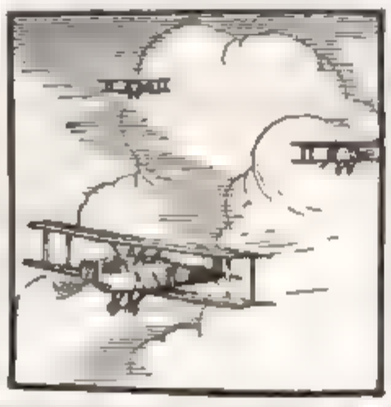

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of wisdom, restraint and constancy necessary to be in charge of administrative jobs requiring a measure of seasoning experience. In some of these men Mussolini misplaced his confidence. Others were forced upon him by their temporary heroic places in the Fascist organization and its history.

Roosevelt used to say that the greatest burden carried by any new movement was the lunatic fringe. It consists of those ardent and often egotistical spirits who want to carry everything too far, who devise by either good or self-seeking intentions a vexing variety of ways to embarrass the cause. While the prospects are dark they may show fine qualities of persistence and courage, but prosperity makes of them extremists. Usually, on the daybreak of a success it is impossible to find a private in the army of the lunatic fringe. Each individual wants to be a general or not play. Fascism had its full quota of such men. Mussolini had the rather bitter necessity of finding them out and kicking them out.

In such cases of discipline it is not to be expected that the expelled and unworthy lieutenant will go away and never again be heard. On the contrary, some of the prominent assistants who came in with Mussolini, not having received high place or being afraid to lose it, knew very well that they could do more harm and attract more following by acts or opinions of extremism than in any other way. Candor requires from Mussolini the admission, if it is ever asked, that he has had less difficulty in keeping the country in order than in keeping the Fascist in order. As a military force protecting his government he requires the Fascisti volunteers, not for purposes of offense, but because there are already in Italy swashbuckler aspirants for power who in the absence of a Fascist force would organize forces of their own. Mussolini has to maintain the iron hand, not to abuse it or even to use it, but to prevent the use or abuse of the iron hand by upstarts. In Italy there is a peculiar distaste for involving the regular army in political quarrels within the state; accordingly it is the Fascist militia which temporarily is the guaranty and defense against subversive plots.

Opposition to Mussolini

The enemies of Mussolini make the most of the situation. They beg him to disband the Fascisti; they demand that the militia be merged in the regular army. They shed these same crocodile tears about the existence of this private military force of tyranny and menace which they also shed about the murder of Matteotti. If they could drag the coffin of this opposition deputy around the streets every day they would celebrate their gains every evening; if they could induce a handful of Fascist black shirts to commit some dramatic act of violence, some of the old professional parliamentary politicians would pay through their noses to have the deed done. There is now a great deal of panic and desire for haste among them, because it appears that, having reached a perfectly natural crisis in Fascism, Mussolini still holds his control and is making headway in cleansing his own camp and driving out the undesirables.

Familiarity with the two dictatorships in Spain and Italy brings out, to put it briefly, the impression that the Spanish situation has the advantages of clarity and of freedom from any other idea than the simple one that when parliamentary government became so feeble that it was impossible, a patriotic army under a patriotic leader took charge and did what was necessary, but no more.

On the other hand, in Italy the failure of parliamentary government to function as an effective government brought forth from the people a spontaneous protest which reached its zenith at the moment when the Fascisti entered Rome and the King asked Mussolini to form a ministry. In Spain, where the people had little to do with creating a dictatorship, they are content with it temporarily, recognizing it as a necessary expediency. In Italy there is a recognition of the efficiency of the dictatorship as compared with the governments which preceded it or any which have been offered to succeed it. In Italy there is recognition of the reawakening of national spirit due to the leadership of Fascism and Mussolini. And it is probable that the recognition of these merits will exceed in weight the desire for a parliamentary government of a better kind than the one which went into a jelly.

The Only Alternative

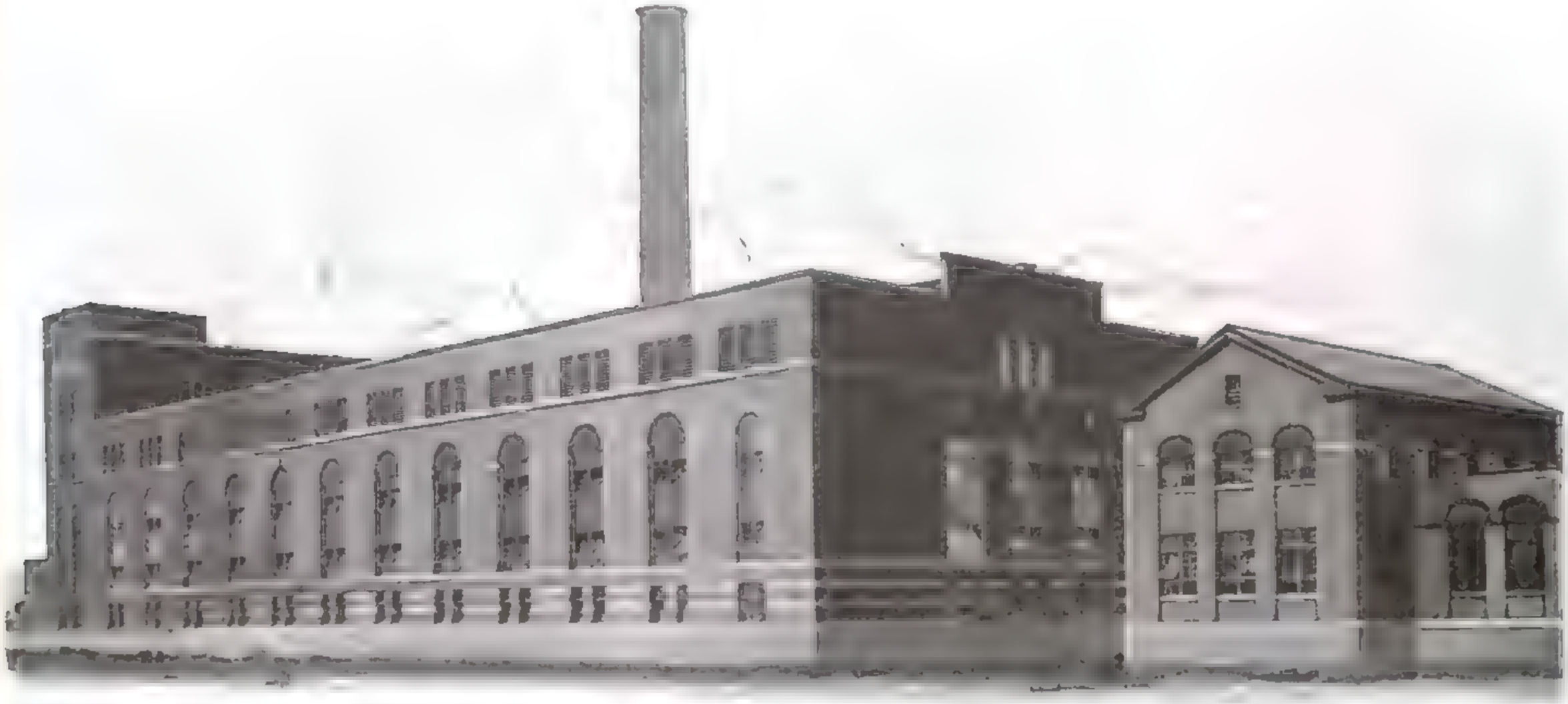
It is most difficult to find today men who will claim that dictatorship is an ideal form of government. If for no other reason, it is unfortunate because it detaches the citizens of a state from the obligation to have an interest in the state. I suppose the German industrialist was right in saying that humanity has a desire to be well governed rather than a desire to govern, but it does not follow that in this case, as in many others, the mere desires and slothful inclination of humanity point toward progress and development.

No one believes that "dictatorship," even when technicalities require quotation marks around the word, is an ideal form of government. Mussolini does not believe it. General Primo de Rivera does not believe it.

But when there is untrained citizenship, or when there is breakdown of parliamentary systems, or when many parties and many party leaders produce government by talk and government by intrigue, and when representatives scramble for power and combine to destroy one ministry after another, and when organized minorities can loot and blackmail a democracy until there is nothing left on the platter and the sense of national unity has been destroyed—there will be "dictatorships." The only alternative is democracy revivified and perhaps rebuilt.

The blame for dictatorships is not to be laid at the door of dictatorships; the blame for dictatorships may be laid only at the door of parliamentary democracies which have fizzled out. Dictatorships may be an evil, but government itself is something of an evil. Under existing circumstances there is a much worse evil than government and authority; it is the absence of government and authority.

"What a Beautiful Day! It's a Great World, Isn't It?" "Who Is She Now?"



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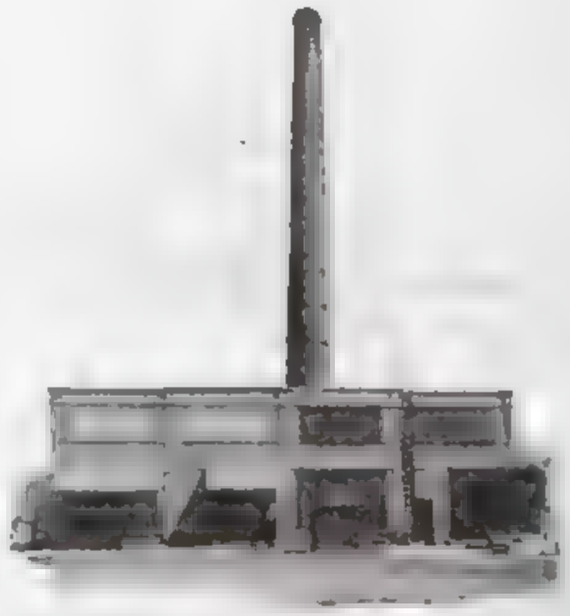

[*The Post Power Company, Post, Texas, uses a Wayne Softener for its boiler-feed supply.*]

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EXILES EN CASSEROLE

(Continued from Page 9

new manners. They joked with one another; they had affairs. Feodora Velegorskaia had been to a *thé dansant* with a conspirator and was rumored to be engaged. No one had ever so much as dreamed of taking Anna Maria to a *thé dansant*. The conspirators bowed to her from a distance with their heels together. She was of imperial blood, and the very fact that she served them with their coffee made it incumbent upon them never to forget, which was very noble and chivalrous. But sometimes the grand duchess felt that she was so splendidly different from everyone that she was like an outcast.

"Now if you would tell me where you live ——" the voice said out of the fog.

"But I'm not going home; I'm going downtown."

"Had you better? You can't shop on a day like this."

"I'm not shopping; I'm working."

He was evidently startled into rudeness.

"Working? What for?"

"For a living."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"People do, you know," she informed him coldly.

"Of course. I do myself. It's become quite the fashion, hasn't it? I teach Russian—when I can get anyone to teach."

"And I wait," said the grand duchess.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, I wait on people in a restaurant—a Russian restaurant."

"I'm glad," her companion said after a pause and with great earnestness.

He did not explain why he was glad and Anna Maria did not ask him. She was too concerned with her own amazingness. She had not lied. She had gone out of her way to tell the truth, but not the whole truth; and it seemed that half the truth can be as misleading as a whole lie. She knew that she had misled her companion hopelessly. She could tell by the slightly firmer pressure of his hand. After all, there was nothing improper or disrespectful in a teacher of languages taking the arm of a waitress from a restaurant. But if she had said "I am the Grand Duchess Anna Maria Androvana, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Stanislas, who keeps a restaurant because even grand dukes and duchesses have to eat," he would have dropped her arm at once. He would have been painfully embarrassed and ashamed. For his sake—and, after all, he evidently meant well—she had done the kindest thing.

And besides, it was oddly consoling to walk through a concealing fog arm in arm with a fellow creature who was not more or less than a fellow creature, and to whom you could say anything that came into your head. Of course, to be a leading member of a community, pledged to plot and suffer and die to the last drop of their blood, was wonderful; but it made everyday life a trifle heavy going. Even if you ever did feel light-hearted, which wasn't often, what with the tradespeople and their bills and Peter and his Scotch whisky, you had to check yourself at once and remember.

"If I knew where we wanted to go," her guide was saying, "I might have more chance of getting there. I think I really ought to know."

"Leicester Square will be near enough," she told him.

"Couldn't we get any nearer?"

"No, I'd rather not."

"But why? You're Russian and I'm Russian and the restaurant's Russian. We ought to be properly introduced. It makes me quite hungry just to think of it. But perhaps it isn't real."

"Real?"

"Real Russian."

"But it is."

"Russian food? Borsch, caviar, karbbiak ——"

"Oh, yes, and ouha, the very best, when Peter's sober."

She sighed. At the thought of Peter her excitement dropped like a wounded bird. A street that spread itself at their feet in an uncharted shoreless distance, lit by unearthly will-o'-the-wisps, added to her sudden forlornness. She was glad when her companion pressed her arm closer. It gave her a reassuring sense of his reality. She tried to imagine what he was like. Not old—tall. She had felt the strength of his hands. She was sure that he was slender with a dark face full of eagerness; and pain, too, perhaps. She did not know why she had thought of pain.

Once across the street, his grip relaxed.

"This might be Piccadilly," he said, "and again it might not. I'm taking a chance on it. . . . And who is Peter?"

"The cook."

"Who drinks?"

"It's the whisky," she explained. "Poor Peter! You see, he used to be able to drink vodka—just as much as he could get—and it didn't seem to make any difference. He was the strongest man in his regiment. And he can't believe that whisky is too much for him. It offends his pride."

"Why don't they get another cook?"

"There isn't another—not like him. He used to work in the imperial kitchens. People come from all over London. Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

It was the fog. If she had been able to see him she would never have done it. But it was like talking aloud to herself.

"—— he's faithful. He doesn't mind about his wages. He feels as though he belonged."

"To what?"

"Oh, to—to them."

He began to walk faster.

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Oh, well—mind about your wages—belong—and all that."

"They always feed and clothe me," she explained with the same devastating truthfulness, "and they give me money—if there is any. But usually there isn't. I'm just a head waitress. I wouldn't get work anywhere else. They're very kind to me."

"Oh!" he said; and then after a moment, with a kind of anger, "Poor child!"

She wondered how he knew that she was young, and as though he guessed her thoughts, she felt him turn toward her.

"You see, I've made up my mind about you. You're about twenty, and small, and very alone."

It was so true that she felt like crying. She began to tell him about the loneliness.

"You see, the others—they're so different; they never let me forget. I've no one to talk to; that's why I'm talking to you. It's foolish of me; but you don't know who I am."

"And I wouldn't care," he said passionately.

Her hidden smile was sorrowful with her precocious wisdom. But she liked his fierce angry certainty.

"Perhaps you would."

"I wouldn't! My friend's my friend. We've met in the dark. But I know you; I know that you're my kind."

She liked that, too; it was so pitifully absurd.

"Your kind?" she murmured.

"We've both suffered," he said, "and we're both lonely."

As though her loneliness made any difference! If one was a grand duchess, one was lonely!

"Are you too? Haven't you people?"

"They're dead. And yours?"

"They're here. But they haven't any real friends; they couldn't have. And they're very, very poor."

"I'm glad," the astonishing young man repeated.

"Why?"

"Because I'm poor. There's nothing between us."

As though poverty made one any less a grand duchess! She felt tender toward him, and remorseful. It wasn't fair. Because this fantastic equality had tasted sweet, she had let him believe things—things that weren't true and never could be true. She began to be afraid—not of him, but of his pain and shame; she wanted to escape.

"Mademoiselle, this feels like Leicester Square. But we can't part here. You must let me ——"

"Please, I know my way now."

"We're fellow exiles—friends. Don't you feel that?"

"You've been very kind."

"Oh, it's not that. We've talked—in our own language. Why should you mind? Are you ashamed? I've told you that I'm poor, too, just a wretched teacher. I love you for being what you are so bravely."

"Please—oh, hush!"

For no one had ever spoken of loving her. She knew that no one ever would, not even if the counter-revolution swept them home tomorrow. A marriage would be arranged. But this complete invisible stranger talked of loving! Oh, it was pitiful!

"Won't you tell me where you work? Won't you even tell me your name?"

"What would be the use? We'll never see each other again."

"We haven't seen each other at all yet. What does it matter? We know each other. Listen, my name's Paul Olinorf. Now tell me yours."

They were standing close to each other. He had let go his hold. But she could feel his eagerness reaching out to her like warm hands.

"Please, you must. Because you know, as I do, that it matters frightfully."

She turned. She fled. She ran into the dark as though dashing her head against a wall or being crushed to pulp under a motorbus mattered nothing at all. He followed. She could hear his hurrying, stumbling footsteps, as reckless as her own. In a moment he would have overtaken her. She drew aside, pressing herself against the square railings, and his shadow flitted past and was lost. At which triumph of strategy Anna Maria felt more forlorn than ever before in her life. But at least she had spared him a bitter humiliation. He had been so in earnest, almost as though he believed that there was destiny in their meeting, that the revelation would have been too cruel.

Poor young man! Yes, she had done the right thing.

The right thing! Odd how unsatisfactory the right things often were.

III

THE Restaurant St. Petersburg was full of fog and various forms of despair. A customer sat under the artistically shaded lamps, which gave scarcely any light, and from time to time he rapped timidly on a charmingly designed but empty cup. No one took any notice of him. Feodora Velegorskaia, the only waitress who had arrived, stood by the window in a graceful attitude and gazed out into the darkness with the rapt expression habitual to her. The customer had thought her very beautiful when she had taken his order. But now he wanted his coffee. Being English, he had absurd notions about time.

The Grand Duchess Olga Androvana sat behind the counter and wrung her hands and prayed audibly to the little icon in the far corner whose red light burned with a consoling steadiness.

She felt that the customer—no doubt an old friend whom she couldn't remember—was intruding unwarrantably on a family sorrow, but she was too hospitable to tell him so. Or if he had offered to join the search —— But it was sad how unhelpful people were.

Anna Maria took in the situation at a glance. She knew that Peter was lost again, that the customer was waiting for something that would never happen, and that her mother was going to have hysterics. Somehow she was more sorry for the customer than anyone. After all, he was entirely innocent.

"I'm afraid you've been kept waiting," she said. "If you'll give me your order I'll see to it at once—at least, if I can. You see, our cook hasn't come. But I'll do my best."

She was so entirely charming that he smiled back.

"It's only coffee," he said. "But I don't mind ——"

She nodded and went into the kitchen. On the way she managed to pinch Feodora Velegorskaia, which was vulgar and unprecedented and quite futile, because, though hurt, Feodora had no notion what was expected of her. The coffee incident had long since been lost in Slavonic melancholy, and she could only suppose that her imperial highness was feeling temperamental. She often did herself.

Olga Androvana came into the kitchen and wept. It seemed that the grand duke had been looking for Peter ever since seven o'clock. Peter had received a back instalment of his wages the night before, so the very worst was to be expected. It only proved how wrong it was to give these people wages at all; they didn't know what to do with them. They were like children. A misunderstanding of this truth had led to Peter's downfall, the Russian revolution and the fact that there would be no lunch.

(Continued on Page 147)

Could she earn her own living?

SHE'S your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families—and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

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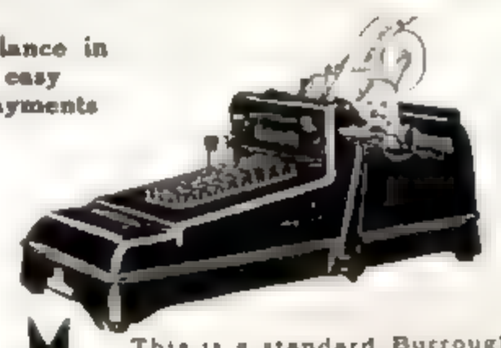

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Garland's Heat-Spreading Burner, found only on Garland ranges, brings the bottom of the cooking utensil only ⅞ of an inch from the burner top. Government tests, with all kinds of gas, prove that with proper combustion the nearer the burner top is to the bottom of the cooking utensil, the greater the efficiency and economy in gas.

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If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to the Garland Institute of Culinary Art, Detroit, Mich.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND COOKING AND HEATING-GAS-COAL-ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 145)

"And twenty guests coming—our oldest friends. The hand of God is against us; I have always said it. We should never, never have left our holy Russia. It is a punishment."

Olga Androvana talked loudly and passionately, having always done so. Her daughter sighed and made the coffee. She knew it was of no use to point out that holy Russia had given them small choice in the matter, and that much of an unacceptable nature. She knew her mother had forgotten because it was not possible to remember. Also she knew very little about making coffee. But as she pointed out to their solitary customer, it was at least hot.

"I'm sure it is," he agreed earnestly, and went on to say that he had heard the decorations were very beautiful, and he only wished he could see them.

"Yes, they are worth seeing," she said graciously. "They were made after designs by a great Russian artist. And when our cook is at home the food is worth while too. You must come again."

He said he would; and when he went out, colliding with the grand duke and Peter, he gave her sixpence. It was an entirely disproportionate tip, but he felt that he could not give her less.

After that the family had the Petersburg and their troubles to themselves.

What with Peter and Olga Androvana and the futurist wall paintings, which kept on coming in and out of the fog like lost souls in torment, there was something nightmarish about the scene. The grand duke was small and thin and Peter huge and unwieldy as a half-empty sack, and he refused absolutely to sit down. He stood to address the meeting, his red hair on end, his arm wound affectionately about his supporter's neck and his voice submerging even Olga Androvana's passionate interruptions.

"Little brothers and sisters, listen to me. I am a true Russian. I am no scoundrelly Bolshevik. I deny the equality of man. No man is my equal. There is no man living who can drink with me and stand upright on his two legs. As to this whisky, it is not fit for dogs. It is drink for children. I have drunk two bottles of it and God witnesses that I am sober. He who says differently, I will slit his throat."

"He ought to be flogged!" Olga Androvana moaned. "He ought to be sent to Siberia! Paul, what are you doing that you do nothing?"

The grand duke mopped the moisture from his forehead.

"My dear, I have done everything that can be done. Thank God, this didn't happen on the street. Peter, my good fellow, better put your head under the tap."

This likewise Peter refused to do, until Anna Maria took him gently by the arm, when he broke down and wept, "Very well, your highness, darling, since you wish it, I will put my head under the tap. But remember, it is for your sake."

An hour later there was peace in the Restaurant St. Petersburg. The fog had lifted a little and pleasant odors sweetened its acrid flavoring. One by one, the conspirators drifted in darkly. Olga Androvana, who could neither remember nor forget, swam among them like the hostess she believed herself to be, and they bowed and kissed her hand. Feodora Velegorskaia, rousing herself from her melancholy, sat with the youngest and best looking in a dark corner and whispered intensely. Her assistant, Katrina Rostofzova, who was even better connected, often overslept herself.

So that the other conspirators settled down with their menus and waited. This, however, being a habitual occupation, they did it gracefully; and Anna Maria, who caught glimpses of them from the kitchen, where she was helping to steady Peter's wavering genius, had a strange and almost overmastering desire to scream.

IV

THE moment he saw the sign he knew. It was just what he might have expected, but his expression as he stood in the middle of the pavement, gazing upward, was so dark with scornful bitterness that several people stopped to find out what was distorting an otherwise kindly looking young man. As they could discover nothing but a signboard artistically decorated with a double-headed eagle, they decided that he was mad and passed on. But then they hadn't seen what he saw—that the graceful talons were red with blood, and that the curved beak had human flesh between its scissorlike edges. If they had known that he saw these things they would have been shocked. For it was much too early in the evening for young men—nice young men—to be seeing visions.

Paul Olinorf scoffed ferociously. If it amused these traitor aristocrats to flaunt their infernal two-penny-halfpenny flag in the faces of people who neither knew nor cared what it meant, let them do so. St. Petersburg, indeed! Let them come back to Leningrad and say what they thought there! Then at least one could respect them—for so long as they remained to be respected. But this was contemptible. He wanted to laugh, and still more to tear the thing down and stamp it out of recognition. He wished these English people—and particularly English policemen—were less unreasonably placid. They never really understood violence. He wished he hadn't orders to go cautiously.

Anyhow, he wouldn't go in. He didn't trust himself.

He began to walk past. A prettily written menu hanging against a royal-blue curtain caught his eye. He stopped to look at it. He had not known that he was hungry, but he knew now. Pilaff, borsch, real Russian caviar, riabchuk en casserole. It read like poetry. People came out of the swing doors bringing with them a whiff that was like the smell of sea to a landlocked sailor or of burning wood to a countryman. He caught the sound of Russian voices. If he had closed his eyes he could have imagined himself back in St. Petersburg—no, Leningrad. But then it hadn't been Leningrad—not then. There was a charm in the memory of those old wicked days. He had been very young and it was wonderful to be young and oppressed and defiant. Tyrants, after all, had a poor time of it by comparison.

Caviar! And the girl might be here—the girl with the voice he couldn't forget. Anyway, it was his business to keep an eye on these good-for-nothing *émigrés*. And it would be amusing to order them about—make them wait on you as your people had waited on theirs.

His hunger became suddenly almost savage.

It was Olga Androvana who saw him first. She had just said good-by to Prince Diminoff. In justice to that personage, it must be admitted that he had intended to pay his bill; but the grand duchess had waved the offer grandly aside—"You are our guest, prince"—and he had kissed her hand instead. Then Olga Androvana, feeling warm about the heart and quite sure that everything was going to be all right tomorrow, had caught sight of a stranger seated under one of the most alarming of the futurist frescoes. She called him a stranger because he had certainly never been to the St. Petersburg before; but she knew his face. She knew him so well that she clambered down into the cellar, where the grand duke was painstakingly uncorking wine, and insisted on his coming to the surface at once.

"Because," as she said, "I'm sure it's a dear friend whom I have carelessly forgotten."

The grand duke, a bottle in each hand, gazed surreptitiously. He agreed that she might be right.

"His face is certainly familiar. I have an idea that he is the son of Count Polisky—young Alexis. I never saw him, but there is something about the whole cut of the face—— Let us ask Anna. She will know. She remembers all the young men."

Olga Androvana had the impulsiveness of youth. But she found her daughter, perched in the cashier's box and studying Prince Diminoff's unpaid bill, tiresomely unresponsive.

"But, mother, if you do this sort of thing, how can you pay the rent? And you know what the landlord said."

"Child, never mind the landlord. He knows quite well who we are. The prince is an old friend. Since when have friends paid each other for their hospitality? But look at the strange young man under the figure of Spring. Your father and I are sure we have seen him somehow—at least, that he is the son of someone. Can't you remember?"

Anna Maria looked up. But as a matter of fact, she had noticed the stranger long since. She had been struck at once by the dark well-featured face and its expression of furious melancholy, and by the fact that he frowned alternately at Feodora and Katrina, as though he wanted to kill one of them and couldn't make up his mind which. Now, for the first time evidently, he saw her mother and herself, for he flushed violently, half rose from his seat and then sat down again, covering his face with his hand and staring at his menu.

"You see!" Olga Androvana exclaimed triumphantly. "He remembers us too. It is Alexis Polisky without a doubt. I remember his dear father when he was young. He was in love with me; but, of course, it was quite impossible. I shall speak to him."

Anna Maria laid her hand firmly on her mother's arm.

"I shouldn't. It is evident that he doesn't want to be recognized. He may have serious reasons—political reasons."

"Quite, quite. I shall be discreet. But just a sign—he seems so lonely——"

"Mother——"

But it is impossible to stop people who believe that everything they do must naturally be right because they were born that way, and the grand duchess sailed off to brush imaginary crumbs from the stranger's table; and in doing so, she whispered, "You are welcome, sir. You are among friends." And she smiled and nodded with profound significance.

Probably the expression of the stranger's face as he looked up would have startled her into indiscretion, but at that moment the restaurant doors flapped warningly and a man came in whom the grand duchess had never seen before in her life. He wore a bowler hat, a fawn overcoat tightly buttoned, thick boots and an air of being generally disliked.

The grand duchess, with unerring vision, knew at once that he was not the sort of guest that the St. Petersburg cared to welcome. But she was kind. Her station demanded kindness. She towered over him, gracious and relentless.

"I am most sorry; but you see—don't you?—all our tables are engaged."

The man eyed her bleakly.

"I haven't come for a table; it's the rent I want," he said.

■

PAUL OLINORF had had more than time to study his surroundings, and in spite of himself he felt at home. It was as though a fragment of holy Russia had been dropped into the midst of this alien city—complete with color, noise, charm and incompetence. Even the young men who brooded over their tables or bent toward one another, whispering passionately, were familiar. They were plotting. He knew, because he had plotted himself. The method was the same though the positions were reversed. They were the hunted and oppressed and he had become the hunter and the oppressor. The thought made him oddly uncomfortable. When they glanced at him and lowered their voices he wanted to slink out. Then certain things that had happened made him sit grimly where he was and stare them down.

But hate is an unnatural and exhausting emotion. Presently he remembered that he was in search of a voice. He looked at Feodora and Katrina as they moved with graceful languor among the tables and wondered. They were both lovely in their way. Either of them might have walked beside him in that romantic darkness, and he was disappointed that his heart gave him no clew. Once certain, his course would be clear to him. He would take her by the hand and explain simply and frankly, "I love you. I fell in love with your voice. And I am not poor. I am a powerful and important personage. And if you could love me, too, we will go home tomorrow."

And if she said—as no doubt she would say—that it was absurd, he would agree, adding that it also happened to be true.

Katrina passed him and he waylaid her. He ordered borsch and she nodded without speaking, and probably without listening, for she had lovely and distracting thoughts of her own. This was not what he wanted. He bent toward her and looked up into her face and smiled.

"Do you remember the fog in Leicester Square?" he asked.

He knew at once that he had made a mistake. Her voice was glacial.

"I beg your pardon?"

"It doesn't matter," Olinorf said wearily.

On the whole he was relieved. He realized that his heart had spoken in its own fashion. It had been silent. There remained the second waitress. After all, she had a kinder face. He was looking for her

(Continued on Page 149)

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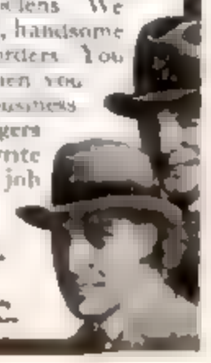

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Cole Manufacturing Co., Memphis, Tenn. Laminex door alternately soaked and dried out in hot sun, from June 14 to July 4, 1924

California Industrial Exposition, San Francisco, November 10, 1924 Laminex door in water 100 hours

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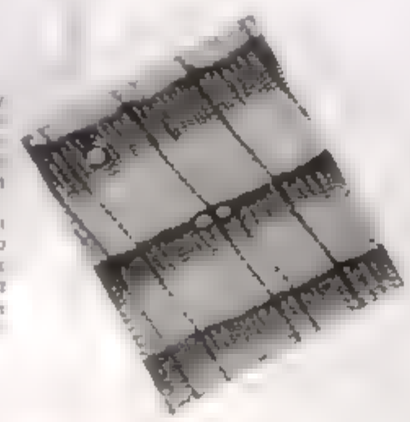

expand in width when wet causing wood to swell buckle and warp When dry they cause wood to shrink By the Laminex process of building a

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Continued from Page 147

when he saw the grand duchess and Anna Maria for the first time. And they were looking at him hard, as though they knew him.

The left-over inhibitions of youth stick like burs. He half rose, and only by a strong effort of the will forced himself to sit down again. The blood pounded in his ears and he shivered violently. As the grand duchess bore down upon him reason fled before her. It was like an old childish nightmare. He knew that it wasn't true, but he couldn't wake up. Death or imprisonment stretched out its claws. The mysterious whisper of welcome sounded like the cruelest irony. He felt that in a minute the whole pack would be upon him. Then suddenly the spell broke. He saw how funny it all was—how frightfully, deliciously funny. Whether she recognized him or not, it didn't matter. If she denounced him, all these vaporing young heads could only stare at him helplessly. They were less than helpless. They were ridiculous. The very fact of his presence made their posturings comic as the play-acting of children. He had only to announce himself to humiliate them—these boys, this foolish futile old woman and that girl in the cashier's box, whose lovely, insolent unawareness was one of his boyhood's sharpest memories. And he wanted to humiliate them—brutally, yet subtly and keenly, so that they wouldn't forget to their dying day.

He was so fiercely excited by the thought that it took him several minutes to realize that neither the grand duchess nor anyone else was taking the least notice of him. The focus of attention had in fact shifted to a commonplace person who stood planted in the middle of the St. Petersburg, tight buttoned and impenetrably set on whatever purpose had brought him thither. Quite evidently that purpose was no good one. He looked insolent. Though the grand duchess spoke earnestly and kindly to him, he did not so much as remove his hat, but stared in front of him with the stolidity of one to whom the world's judgment had long since ceased to matter, and repeated at intervals some statement which was clearly of devastating significance. The grand duke fluttered among the conspirators and the conspirators wilted and fell silent. The other guests smiled ironically. Very few of them had been served and their opinion was obvious. These feckless foreigners!

Paul Olinorf found that he disliked them. It was unpleasant, but he disliked everyone. He even faintly disliked himself. But he was not going to miss the chance that fate had thrown straight into his hands. He got up and went over to the cashier's box with a slow strong stride that was intentionally arrogant.

"I am Russian, too," he said. "What is the trouble?"

She answered him with a whimsical impatience.

"It's the rent," she said, "and if you're Russian, too, you can't."

A kind of cloud covered his eyes. He heard himself ask "How much?" and out of the queer darkness the voice answered. He put his hand to his pocket. He acted with calm and deliberation, but he hardly knew what he was doing. He was torn by a succession of emotions—amazement, anger, a bitter triumph and something not definable. And his heart was beating like a drum with a mad drummer.

"Will he take a check?"

"If it's English," the man said; "none of your foreign trash."

He wrote slowly. All eyes were upon him. He was the deliverer. Even the English outsiders looked respectful. The grand duke and duchess hovered in the background. Presently, if he wanted it, they would kiss him, and after that he could play with them as he liked.

He signed, blotted the counterfoil and pushed the check across the counter. He looked toward her.

"Do you remember the fog in Leicester Square?" he asked.

She met his eyes. Perhaps she did not see their hard malice, or perhaps she saw beyond it. She flushed deeply, but her gaze never wavered.

"Yes, Paul Olinorf," she said, "I do."

VI

THEY walked together down St. Martin's Lane and across Trafalgar Square—where on account of the dangerous traffic he took her arm—through the Admiralty Arch and so at last into St. James's Park. They had met three times in their lives, yet throughout that prolonged walk there existed a grim intimacy, a violent understanding which was only awaiting its moment to explode.

The Grand Duchess Anna Maria prepared herself. She knew what he was suffering and her heart was full of gentleness and pity. She would brush his unhappy apologies aside and not only explain how everything had happened but make him feel that she herself cared nothing about her faith—more especially as he was so exactly as she had imagined him. If he were a prince incognito, so much the better. But [illegible] was that they were fellow

[illegible] ace had become pain[illegible] rder, or rat[illegible], he were waiting respectfully for her to begin. Possibly he was tongue-tied with embarrassment. And she had rehearsed a charming little opening twice, when he turned on her.

"You lied to me," he said.

It was not what she had expected. Thrown rudely from her gracious elevation the grand duchess vanished in clouds and thunder, leaving an ordinary human being smarting from a sense of outrage.

"I did not!" she said.

"You did!"

By an effort she rescued the conversation from a vulgar and childish level.

"I have never lied," she explained with dignity.

"You told me you were a waitress."

"I am."

"A poor waitress."

"We are poor. We couldn't even pay the rent. You can't be poorer than that."

"You misled me."

"You misled me too. A teacher of languages! Was that the truth?"

"Partly."

"It wasn't the truest part. Teachers don't draw checks for fifty pounds as though it were nothing at all."

"Grand duchesses aren't waitresses."

"Yes, they are; they have to be."

Paul Olinorf muttered something, but she was too angry and disturbed to listen. They had been walking very fast, as though they were trying to get away from each other, but when he outdistanced her she called indignantly to him to stop.

"You ask me to meet you because you have done us a great kindness, and much against my personal inclination, I consented. You might at least behave like a gentleman."

"I'm not a gentleman," he answered.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know who you are."

"My name is Paul Olinorf."

"So you say."

"Don't you believe it?"

"I don't know what to believe. Mother thinks you are a son of Count Polisky."

"That's why you came, I suppose."

"It isn't."

"My name conveys nothing to you?"

"Nothing whatever."

He laughed his scorn.

"No, of course not. Why should it?"

"I suppose you are really a very famous person, and that's why you're so angry. We don't know everyone."

"You know a great many people you would be wiser not to know."

[illegible]hank you. What do you mean?"

[illegible]hose young men."

[illegible]ey are of the noblest Russian families."

"And addle-pated fools, which is worse."

"They mean well," she argued with less firmness.

"They mean nothing at all," he retorted passionately. "They just talk. They eat your food and they don't pay. How do you expect a restaurant to succeed if you allow it to be infested with a swarm of locusts?"

She sighed.

"I don't expect it to succeed. I know it won't. It's poor mother. She doesn't understand. And father is too kind-hearted." He laughed and she stamped her foot. "He is! He's the gentlest-hearted man in the world."

"Even tigers may be kind to tigers," he jeered.

"Do you mean that we are tigers, mother and I?"

He had meant it. Now, looking out of the corner of his eye at her girl's face, flushed and quivering on the verge of tears, he temporized.

"I mean, you'd be kind to your own [illegible]rt."

"We've never been unkind to anyone."

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"You don't know what you are talking about!" He broke off with his bitter exasperated laugh. "I beg your pardon. I forgot that your imperial highness is not accustomed to the rough sincerities of real life."

She had stopped. It had evidently been her intention to leave him then and there. But something in his expression made her hesitate.

"I am only twenty-two, monsieur. But I have seen my home burned to ashes. Men have spat in my face and said unspeakable things to me. I have been shut for hours in a rat-infested hole waiting for death. It is you who do not know of what you are talking, or to whom."

He flushed darkly and made her a curt bow that was not ironical.

"I do beg your pardon; you are right." And then, after a second in which he seemed to be struggling with himself—"If I had been there it wouldn't have happened—not like that."

"What could a single man have done against them all?"

He did not answer, and she walked on, but more slowly.

"You are very angry with me. I don't know why. We ran into each other by accident. It wasn't my fault. We talked like friends. We were both exiles and it made me happy to talk to a Russian who didn't know and who treated me like an equal. I was very lonely and perhaps very foolish. But I meant no harm to you or anyone."

He thrust his hands deep into his coat pockets.

"What do you mean—lonely? With all these precious friends of yours ——"

"Not friends. They couldn't be. To them I'm always the grand duchess. They can never face the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"That I'm just a waitress in a restaurant and if they don't pay for their meals I shan't get my wages."

They both laughed, but unwillingly, like unhappy people who have been overtaken by an impish sense of humor.

"I'm like a flag waving from the masthead," she went on. "When they look at me they believe that one day they will go back and that everything will be all right again. But if they saw that I was just—just a dishcloth they would have to give up hope."

He was silent—angry because of the mist before his eyes, and because he was being sorry for those hapless good-for-nothings—for everyone. A sickening nostalgia had him by the heart, so that the thought of the little restaurant and all these boyish Russian faces was like the thought of home.

"They're a shiftless crowd anyhow," he said.

"They're not."

"You all are," he amended brutally.

To her own amazement she made no attempt at defense. She felt queerly nonplused and angry to the point of stammering incoherence.

"Even if we are, what has that got to do with you?"

He retorted with complete inconsequence, "Do you know how many Russian restaurants there are in London?"

"How should I?"

"I don't know either. But I think I must have been in all of them. I was looking for you—for your voice."

"Why—why did you do that?"

"Because I had fallen in love with you."

In sheer consternation she laughed.

"How absurd!" Too late she saw his face, dark and set under the insult. "I mean, you couldn't—you hadn't seen me—we had scarcely spoken—things like that don't happen."

"Perhaps not in your class. I come of very simple people. It happened to me. I thought you were like myself; that you were lonely and poor and that we might become friends. It seemed like fate. You must have laughed to yourself, and when you had had your fun out of the absurd adventure you ran away."

She held up a trembling hand in protest.

"I didn't want to hurt you. I liked you too much. It was stupid of me to run away. What does it matter who I am?"

"It matters everything," he said in a hard voice.

"It doesn't—it really doesn't. I won't let it matter. Nobody has ever been my friend before. I don't care."

"But I care."

"You don't need to; you said you wouldn't."

"I didn't know then."

She turned to him with a proud sweetness.

"If I choose to forget."

"It has nothing to do with what you choose."

"But of course it has."

"It's what I choose." He spoke violently, insultingly. "I hate you; ever since I was a child I've hated you. I've lived for nothing but to destroy the lot of you—if I could. I would rather have fallen in love with a hunchback, with the daughter of the devil himself."

Suddenly the storm abated between them. They walked in frozen, consternated silence.

After a few minutes she said in a small, quiet voice, "I don't think I understand at all."

He answered with an equal deliberation: "Your grandfather had my grandfather flogged to death. And my father organized that section of the revolution which drove you out of the country. As for me, I am an agent in the Bolshevik secret service. If any of your friends tried to go back to Russia they would be arrested on the frontier."

She made a little gesture of polite acknowledgment.

"Thank you; it is kind of you to warn us."

"Not that any of them will try," he added contemptuously.

They walked a few steps farther. But it was obviously the end of everything. She stopped at last and faced him, drawing a quick, unsteady breath like a sigh.

"So that when you lent us that money it was in order to make us ridiculous, to humiliate us?"

"Yes, your imperial highness."

"And you asked me to meet you so that you could tell me?"

"Yes," he repeated doggedly.

She half closed her eyes as though she were trying to see him from a long way off, and the arrogance of it brought the blood back into his face in a hot torrent.

"The money will be returned to you tomorrow. Good afternoon, monsieur."

He bowed like a marionette.

"Good afternoon, your imperial highness."

Whereat they turned and walked rapidly away from each other.

And only the next day it occurred to him that her eyes might have been blind with tears.

VII

IT WAS the last chance. Even the grand duke realized it. As for the grand duchess, she became more than ever convinced that they ought never to have left Russia and that the only thing to do was to go back and open up their house on the Nevskii Prospekt and behave sensibly. Which was her way of reacting to an overdraft and the bank's terse intimation that grand duke or no grand duke, things couldn't go on like that.

When she saw her mother growing vaguer and more helpless, wrapping herself up against the reality in a cloud of dreams, Anna Maria grew very angry. She did not know with whom she was angry until Prince Diminoff, having dined exceeding well, was preparing to pay with a neat compliment and a courtly bow. Whereat Anna Maria held the plate with the bill unavoidably under his princely nose.

"I've included the last three dinners," she explained pleasantly. "We can't let accounts run on too long, you know. We don't get credit ourselves."

The prince blinked like an owl in strong light.

"Your mother, dear child ——" he began.

"Mother doesn't understand, prince. It's three pounds, ten shillings and eleven pence altogether." And then as he gathered up his change she added the final touch—"You won't forget the waitress, will you? In this country it's 10 per cent of the bill."

The princely nose grew very red. There was something piteous in the look he threw at her, as though the last piece of solid ground had collapsed under his feet, and he slid out of the folding doors like a poor ghost remorselessly exorcised.

The grand duke, who had witnessed the amazing scene from the background, wrung his hands.

"He was our oldest friend; he will never come again."

"A good thing. This isn't a free-meal kitchen," said the Grand Duchess Anna Maria loudly. And the gallant conspirators waited in their places, and when they went out, having painstakingly paid their reckoning, they bowed to her as though she were dangerous, and she held open the door and said "Thank you, sir," in a way which must have broken their spirit forever.

"No one will ever come again," said the grand duke, and wept. For he at least knew all about banks and overdrafts, and one of the grand duchess' pearl earrings had gone to pay the scoundrelly Bolshevik and others. And what is the use of a solitary earring to anyone?

"I don't care," said Anna Maria, clearing up the tables passionately. "Better for no one to come if they don't pay. I'm tired of them. I'm tired of being a grand duchess and of all this silly pretense. From now onward I'm plain Miss Anna Maria Anybody, trying to earn a living."

The little deserted restaurant seemed to rock with the explosion. Feodora Velegorskaia and Katrina Rostofzova began to work from sheer panic, and the grand duke followed his daughter from table to table, fluttering his hands like a frightened anxious bird.

"My dear, what do you mean? What are you going to do? What can we do?"

She stopped an instant to consider him, and for the first time he realized how changed she was. She seemed taller and older, and there was a pathetic spareness about the lines of her young face that made him even more unhappy.

"We've started all wrong," she said. "We've been play-acting—How Royalty Lives in Exile, and nonsense like that. We're not royalty; we never will be again. We're restaurant keepers who don't know our job. And we're not in exile, because this is our home—the only home we'll ever have, and it's humbug to pretend anything different. We've behaved like people living in a fairy story, and—and it serves us right—everything."

The grand duchess sat down weakly behind the counter.

"She has gone mad," she wailed. "She says the most dreadful things. It is this country. It is this climate. We should never have left home. I have always said so."

The grand duke peered at his daughter pleadingly.

"Wh-at do you want us to do, my dear?"

"Begin again. We've got to drop our titles. We're not what we were and we've got to show what we are. Take down that pretending old sign. Let's call ourselves The Jolly Russian—anything you like—and advertise. Get real people to come. And work!" She looked straight at Feodora and Katrina. "And work!" she said.

The grand duke shook his aching head.

"And who is going to do all this?" he asked.

The ex-Grand Duchess Anna Maria wiped the last crumb from the last table.

"I am," she said.

So it came about that a Russian peasant dancing took the place of the carnivorous eagle; the second earring went to the pawnshop and with the proceeds the news was sent forth that the Russian Restaurant, Denver Street, with its celebrated Russian chef—late of the imperial household—was opening on New Year's Eve under new management. Tables to be booked in advance.

Whereupon the grand duchess took to her bed and Peter Imovitch to a melancholy and terrifying sobriety.

VIII

PAUL OLINORF found himself in the street by the purest accident; and happening to glance up at the sign which had caused his bitter indignation, he saw that it was no more. And there in large letters glared the announcement, Under New Management.

Paul Olinorf walked steadily to the end of the street and there stopped. Though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, the street lamps were already alight and glimmered through the black drizzle like bright eyes blinded with tears. At least, that was the simile that occurred to him. Also it was the last day in the year—a melancholy occasion, especially to sexes who have succeeded in quarreling with everything, including their principles and their bread and butter—so that Olinorf's sensation of almost suicidal depression was not surprising.

Of course it was bound to have happened. As he had said, they were a shiftless crowd, no more capable of running a restaurant than of running an empire. Now, tested by the reality of life, they had gone under. Unfitted for survival, they hadn't survived. And there it was. A good thing. Serve them right. When he thought of what her

(Continued on Page 153)

ORANGES

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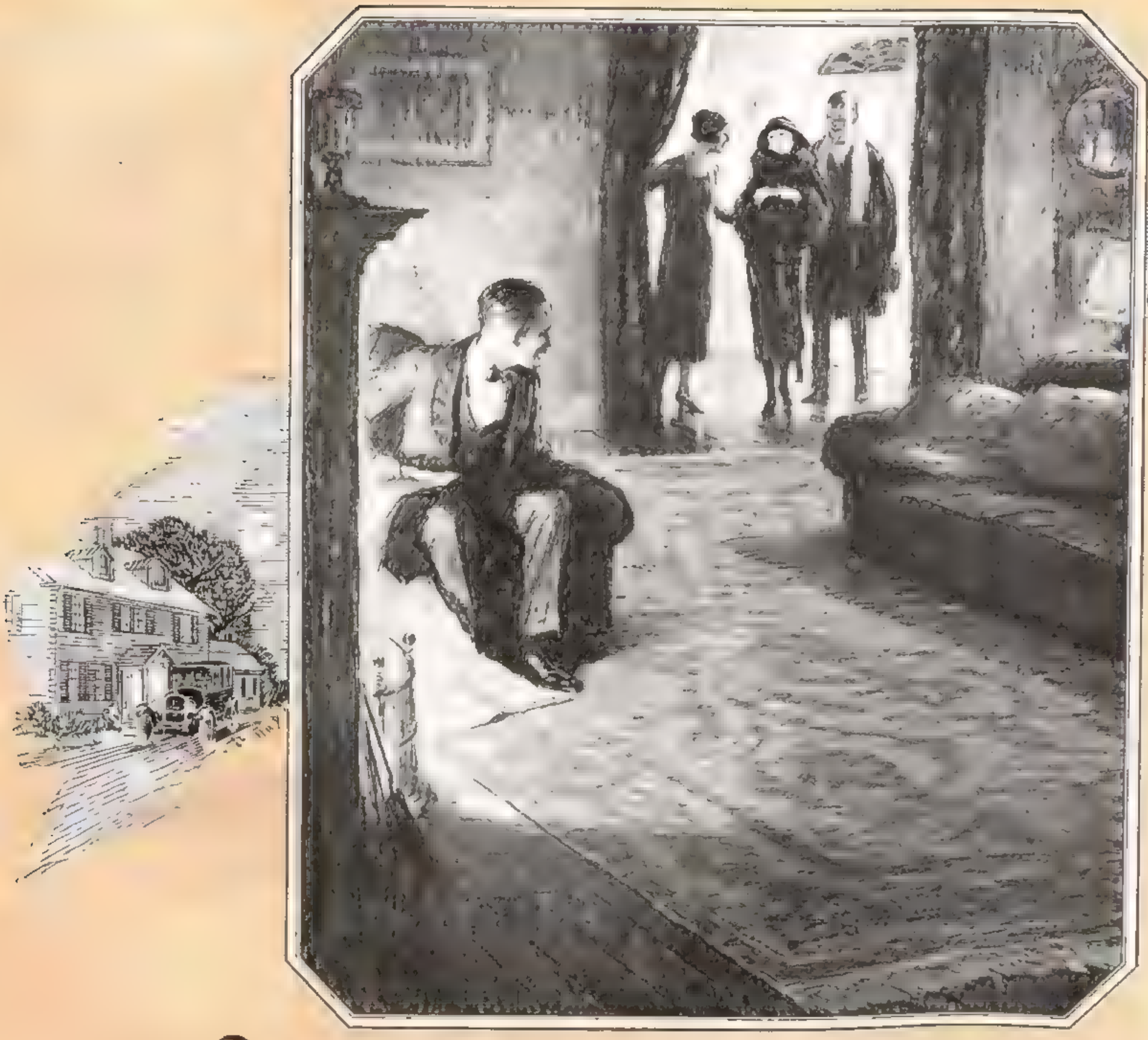

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KARNAK RUGS

Beauty — where pride demands it

(Continued from Page 150)

grandfather had done to his grandfather he could only feel an unbounded satisfaction.

Slowly Paul Olinorf turned and walked back.

Shiftless, but rather charming. There had been something quite winning about the old grand duchess. As a fat, round-faced peasant woman, Olinorf might have found it in his heart to love her. Even the grand duke had a sort of likableness. He was so utterly and frankly woolly-headed—a mere child trying pathetically to be grown up—anybody's victim. As to their daughter ——

Paul Olinorf stopped again. Whoever they were, the new management was making a big effort. Through a chink in the curtains he could see the gayly decorated tables and a cleared space with two violin stands and an upright piano. Russian music. The new management knew how to do things. No doubt they had bought out the old firm cheap. The grand duke wouldn't even know how to make a bargain.

What happened to grand dukes and duchesses who were ruined? For all his passionate beliefs, his imagination couldn't really see them starving and suffering like ordinary people. The old superstitions clung. They were fairy-tale people—different and invulnerable. And yet when he had walked with her in the fog she had seemed just a lovable and charming girl who knew homesickness and loneliness like himself.

Suddenly he knew why he was so heavy-hearted.

He pushed open the swing doors. At least the new management could tell him where they had gone. And even if they were only relatively well off and happy, he wouldn't care—he wouldn't give her another thought.

But the swing doors had been like a barrier that had separated him from an illusion. Once they closed behind him, the picture of successful enterprise fell to pieces, and he knew at once that he was once again in the presence of disaster. It shouted at him. It shouted in Russian, and the prettily decorated tables seemed to quail under its violence. The dainty menus on their stands shivered like leaves in a rising tempest. The amazing nymphs and satyrs on the walls had an air of having been frozen into their attitudes by sheer consternation. But except for the noise, the little restaurant was empty.

"We Russians," Orlinorf thought, "shout too much." And he tinkled a brass hand bell furiously.

The next instant the curtains across the opposite doors parted and there was the Grand Duchess Anna Maria herself.

They stared at each other. They were both too startled to pretend successfully. Their faces were scarlet. In addition, Anna Maria had been crying. She had, he thought, the look of someone who had been overtaken and finally dropped by a tornado, battered and bruised and bewildered. He knew they were about to be entirely rude to each other, but his heart ached with tenderness.

She spoke at last with as much glacial dignity as is possible to anyone who has to speak at the top of her voice.

"The restaurant is closed. We are not opening till tonight. Please go away."

"In the first place," Olinorf said, "the restaurant is not closed. The doors were open."

"They ought not to have been."

"That is not my fault."

"In any case, we are not serving anyone."

"I don't want to be served. I came here because I thought the place was under new management."

"Oh!" For some reason his explanation seemed to increase her indignation against him. She snapped the curtain to behind her in a futile attempt to close out the tumult, and considered him proudly.

"Well, I am the new management," she said.

He made her a little bow.

"I wish your imperial highness every success."

"And I am not an imperial highness. My name is Miss Anna Maria Andrews. And as all our tables are engaged, I should be very grateful ——"

"I shall go when I have said what I came to say," he informed her with controlled fury.

"You didn't come here to say anything to me. You thought we'd gone."

"I came to find out where you'd gone."

"There's nothing you can say ——"

"Yes, there is." He took a step nearer to her. "Mademoiselle, I have to tell you that I am a liar."

"Oh!"

"I told you that I lent your people that money to humiliate you. It wasn't true. I did it because—I wanted to help. But you had laughed at my loving you. My damned pride had to hit back."

"I didn't laugh."

"I wanted to tell you that I am sorry—sorry for everything; most of all for our hatred of each other, for the age-old enmity between us. I want to tell you that I shall never hate anyone again."

The angry blood was dying from her cheeks. He saw how wan and tired she was. Her eyes dropped before his as though they were too weary to carry his look of intense earnestness.

"Monsieur, I have been thinking of your poor grandfather. I have seen him every night in my dreams."

"As I have been seeing you—in that rat-infested prison—with those men."

Her mouth quivered into an unhappy smile.

"Perhaps—here—on neutral ground, we might forgive each other."

"That is why I came—to be forgiven."

The shouting in the next room had continued unabated, but now they spoke almost in whispers and could hear each other. It was as though suddenly they had passed into a world of their own. They were both trembling a little. They were like people on the verge of some tremendous happening.

"Monsieur, I didn't laugh because you loved me."

"It was presumptuous; you had the right."

"Not any more."

"You don't know who I am."

"An enemy—a spy."

"Not that—not now. I couldn't, loving you. I've quarreled with them. I'd paid your debts with their propaganda money and they've turned me out as a traitor. I'll never see Russia any more."

"Why, then we're friends—fellow exiles?"

He saw the light that came into her face, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"Mademoiselle, you don't remember."

"Only that you helped us."

"Further back," he stammered, and broke off. "If only I could help again ——"

But she had no chance to answer. There was a deafening crash of crockery. He stretched out his hand instinctively and she clung to him.

"It's Peter."

"Drunk?"

"Giving notice. Tonight was our last hope. And he's going. He says we're Bolsheviks."

"In heaven's name, I don't understand! Is he crazy too?"

Peter Imovitch answered for himself. His giant form lurched through the curtains. He was splendidly drunk and overwhelmingly solemn. A holy indignation shone out of his round scarlet face. He stamped and the little restaurant shook to its foundations. In his shadow the grand duke looked like a little old child on the point of tears, and there were Feodora and Katrina, occupying the background with an exhibition of unbridled hysterics. Peter Imovitch untied his white apron.

"I have served the czar!" he thundered. "I have cooked for kings! I have followed my imperial masters into a wretched country where a man can neither eat nor drink as a man should. But you—you who have so shamefully abandoned the titles and privileges of your blood—you are no longer worthy of me." And he threw his cap and apron in the grand duke's face.

With his going, a deafening silence fell on the little restaurant. At sight of Paul Olinorf the grand duke had recovered his composure. Considering how small he was, and how old and broken, he spoke with an amazing and gentle dignity.

"Monsieur, my daughter tells me that we are enemies. Our people have wronged one another and trampled on one another as their turn came. It is your turn now. You see us at the end of hope. Be satisfied."

But Paul Olinorf did not answer. He had picked up the apron and was tying it about his waist.

"When do you expect your guests?"

"At eight."

"We have still two hours then—enough." He set the discarded cap on his dark head. "I am out of a job, sir. I ask to be reinstated in your service."

"Monsieur ——"

He drew himself up. He could not look at her. His face was white as his cap and frozen with resolution.

"You have forgotten," he said. "Perhaps you never knew or cared. But in your palace at St. Petersburg I was your second cook."

Two hours was little enough time to prepare a five-course dinner with a kitchen in which outraged genius had wrought its worst. But somehow it was done. They worked together. He gave his orders and she obeyed them. She moved about in a sort of dream, but she was quick and intelligent, and he nodded a curt approval that made her happy. Every now and then she remembered that she had been a grand duchess, but it all seemed very far off and unreal. She felt that he and she had been running the little restaurant all their lives. She loved to watch him—the deftness of his hands, his cool self-confidence, his methodical, unflurried quickness. He was like a general who had rushed in to save a desperate situation.

They rarely spoke. At first they dared not look at each other. Then their glances touched shyly and fled. But the next time they smiled and held each other fast.

The guests came. The little restaurant filled and grew warm with voices and the clatter of plates and the scraping of violin and cello. Katrina and Feodora worked with Slavonic passion, and every now and then the grand duke peeped through the curtains, smiling and nodding.

"It is well, my children. They are happy. Never was there such cooking. We are saved."

At midnight the tired little band played For Auld Lang Syne for the English, and a sad Russian song, and Paul and Anna Maria, who were alone, stood still in the stifling kitchen and listened. And perhaps because their spirits were visiting a land their eyes would never see again, they took hands like children.

"After all, one's home is anywhere," she whispered.

"Where one loves," he added.

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

"Take care of us, Paul."

And then because there were people in The Jolly Russian who insisted they were still hungry, they went on working.

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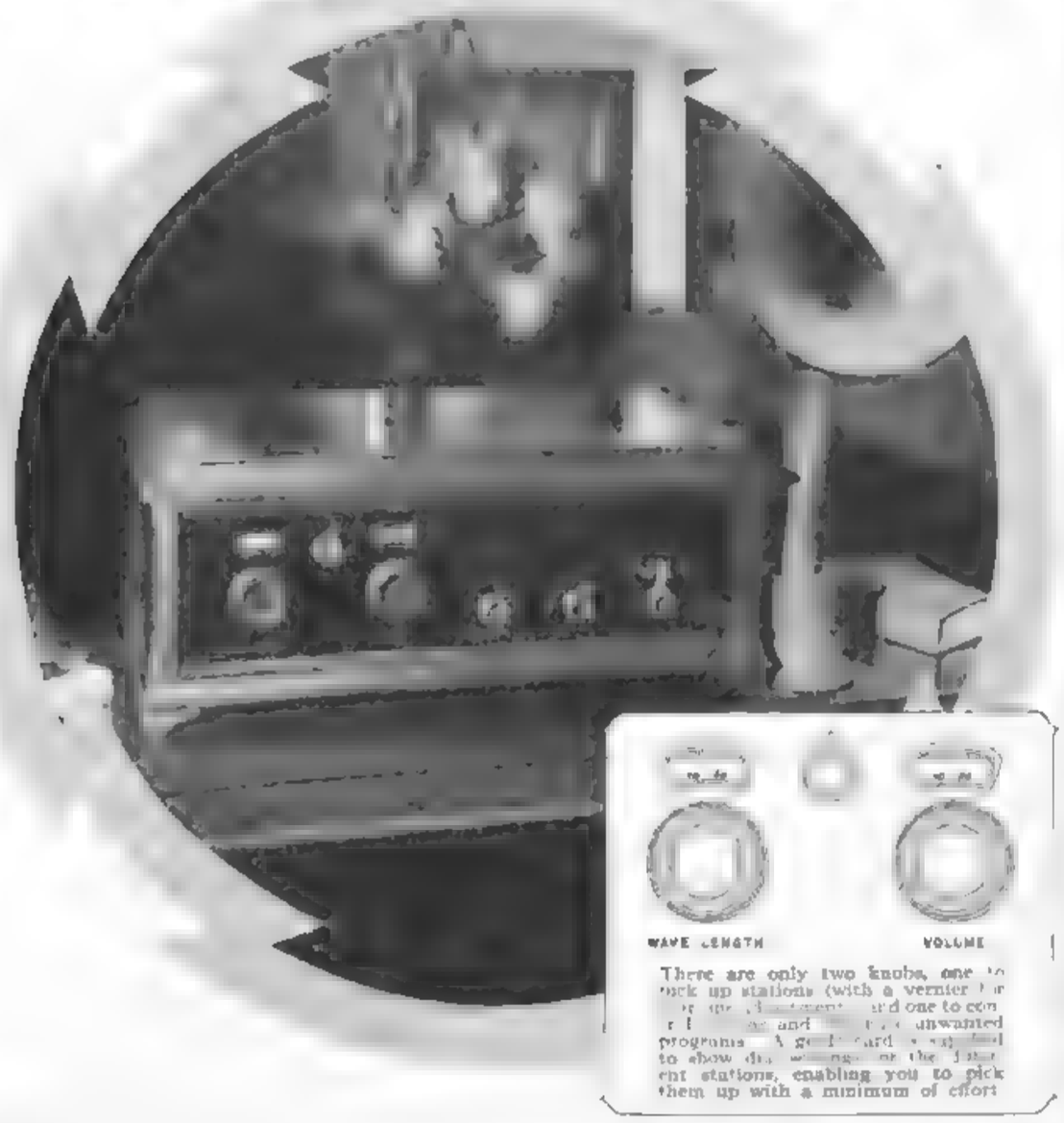

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THREE OUT OF FIVE

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Timken, however, had not been in. As a matter of fact, Beeks didn't expect he would be, either, Mr. Timken some weeks back having had with the firm what the manager described as a run in. "He said he'd bought Can when the ticket showed he'd sold; and when Can went down he put up a kick. We gave him the air," Beeks added negligently.

Charley was surprised. That any operator as distinguished as Mr. Timken should get the air, naturally was singular. However, it was not any affair of his. If Rooker, Burke & Co. wished to lose an important account like the Timken account over a matter as trivial as this, it was their affair, not Charley's; and leaving Beeks, he walked over to the news ticker in the corner There for a long ten minutes he studied the news coming in.

It was the usual news—car loadings, dividend notices, reports of financial committees, and such; though Charley was hardly conscious of what he read. What was keeping Timken, he wondered. Hitching uneasily from one foot to the other, he looked up sharply each time the door opened and one of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s customers came in. Ten o'clock was drawing near; and the nearer it grew the more his impatience rose. At five minutes to ten his nervousness had, in fact, become so marked that Mr. Dismuke, his fellow trader, seemed to notice it.

The injured pedestrian at the corner having been lugged off in a cab, the knot of onlookers at the window had dispersed; and approaching the news ticker, which Charley still affected to scan, Mr. Dismuke gave him a sudden nudge.

"Say, what you got under your hat, kiddo?" he inquired. "Something hot?"

Charley shook his head. Though he didn't say so, if it was a tip Mr. Dismuke sought Mr. Dismuke could seek it further. He hadn't much use for Dismuke, in fact. He always was looking for tips, but when he had one of his own it was to be observed he kept it to himself.

Mr. Dismuke, though, was not to be denied. "You're sure you ain't got something?" he persisted.

"I told you I hadn't," said Charley; and Dismuke gave him a suspicious glance.

"Ain't anything in Texas Gulf, is it?" he suggested. As Charley didn't bother to reply, he tried again. "Maybe you favor something in the rails? Say, Union?" said Mr. Dismuke hopefully; and as Charley turned his back on him Mr. Dismuke glanced sharply at the news sheet coming from the ticker. The Atchison car loadings for the month were just appearing, and he gave a loud, excited cry. "Hey, lookit, Schmutz!" he cried, Mr. Schmutz, too, having noticed Charley's agitation and drawn near. "Atch has just showed the biggest earnings in its history!"

"So?" inquired Mr. Schmutz, also displaying excitement. The excitement, however, was of brief duration; and after he had scanned the report Mr. Schmutz said dismally, as well as venomously, "Well, I suppose that Atchison bunch will reduce the dividend now!"

Charley, though, wasn't interested in Schmutz any more than he was in Dismuke. A specialist in Atchison, Mr. Schmutz often bought the rail in the hope the directors would raise the rate. Each time the board met, however, the directors had continued the same old dividend, all Mr. Schmutz's expectations to the contrary notwithstanding; though this is merely a detail. Wondering by now if Mr. Timken meant to leave him in the lurch, Charley was feverishly mopping his brow when the office clock gave a preliminary cluck and whirr, then struck ten. As it did so it was echoed by a whoop.

The whoop came from Mr. Dismuke. "They're off!" he shouted.

An impulsive, not to say excitable person, the gentleman invariably signaled the moment by some outburst such as this; and this morning there seemed good reason for the excitement. The market opened with a bang.

The first quotation was a quarter up from the close of the night before; and on its heels a string of other prices volleyed from the ticker, their volume and character at once denoting something was in the wind. Action, of course, is what every dabbler wants—a swift run for his money; and Mr. Dismuke gave another whoop. "Hi, see 'em ride!" he piped exultantly.

Meanwhile the door of the private offices at the back had opened; and Mr. Rooker, the firm's head partner, stepped out into the customers' room. A cigar clenched at a judgmatic angle in his jaw, Buck had appeared to deliver to his assembled clients his usual little early morning discourse, a talk on what he termed the list's technical position.

The discourse was to the point. In essence it was that the technical position was excellent. Securities were, as Mr. Rooker said, in safe hands; and that those traders who'd maintained what he also termed a trading position might now with confidence, not to mention profit, reverse their position, making a quick turn here and there as conditions seemed to warrant.

"In and out, y' understand," said Buck; "in and out!"

Charley's heart gave a sudden bound. It was exactly the advice Mr. Timken, the operator, had laid down that very morning!

By now the market had begun to boil. In front of the board the quotation clerk was running to and fro, striving swiftly as he slapped in the pasteboard cards to keep pace with the prices his assistant called off from the tape; and Charley felt his agitation rise by leaps and bounds. Had Timken been having fun with him? Had the operator only been playing him for a goat? He could not believe it, however; and moistening his lips he listened feverishly to what Buck Rooker was saying. The talk, however, was of little help to Charley. Though Buck, it's true, advised, like Timken, a policy of in and out, in and out, for the life of him Charley couldn't make up his mind on which side of the market Buck was advising to trade.

The confusion, it seemed, was shared also by others. In the midst of his discourse Buck was abruptly interrupted by a Mr. Pincus, a gentleman with Oriental features and thick-lensed spectacles, whose specialty was trades in Chicago ribs and shoulders. Occasionally, however, Mr. Pincus took a flyer in rails or some active industrial; and with a loud, at the same time expressive grunt he broke in on Rooker's talk.

"Get down to cases, Buck!" directed Mr. Pincus; and he added: "Vat's der dope, anyvay? Is der markget a buy—or vat?"

Mr. Rooker hadn't said. As also it seemed, he had no intention of doing so. All he advised was that his clients should trade—trades, of course, meaning commissions; and clearing his throat Buck was resuming once more at the beginning: "The technical position, ahem ——" when again he was interrupted, this time by Mr. Dismuke.

"I see!" cried Mr. Dismuke eagerly; "if it isn't a buy, then you mean we should sell?"

Ignoring Mr. Dismuke, Buck once more took up his discourse. "The—ah—technical position ——" for a third time Buck began.

Charley could have cursed.

What should he do? What must he decide? It was nearing half past ten; and fairly dancing now with concern, he shot another glance at the quotation board. After days of stodgy inactivity the list at last had really begun to move; and from the look of it, too, Charley knew enough to see that unless he did something—did it in a hurry, besides—the chance for action might get away from him.

It was queer, perhaps. It was curious, anyway, that having gleaned from Mr. Timken the secret of that astute trader's success, Charley should now find himself unable to put it to the test. How simple, too, it had seemed! How easy and convincing it had looked! Luck had nothing to do with it. All he must do, in fact, was to pick three wins out of five. To pick the three he need only to select five specialties; and out of the five, if he exercised judgment, three were bound to win for him.

Easy. Simple as pie. The trouble, though, was that one thing, judgment. To be frank, about all Charley had left of that was that if he bought stocks the stocks went down; that if he sold 'em the stocks went up. Just at the instant, something Buck Rooker was saying struck like a gong on Charley's ear.

The rails were Buck's topic now. In line with the subject Buck was saying something about Washington, reds, confiscation

(Continued on Page 157)

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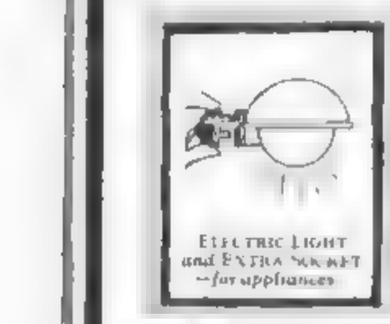

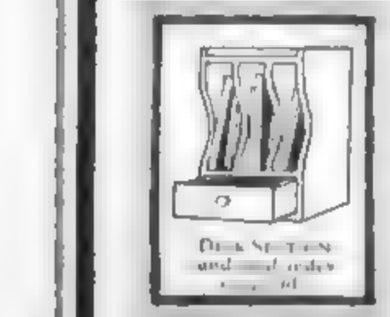

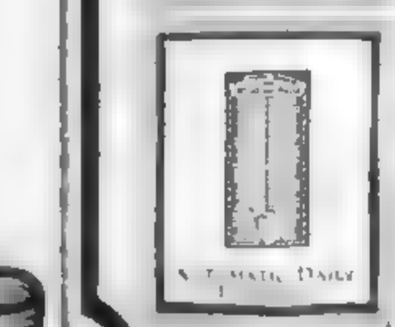

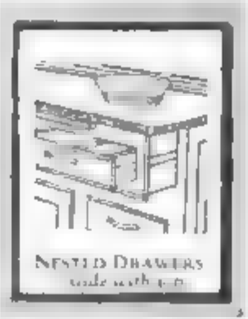

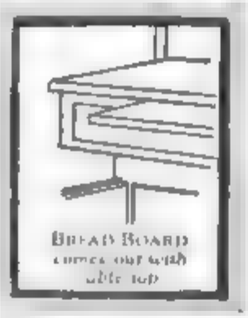

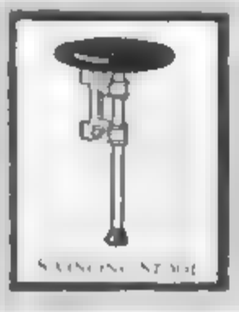

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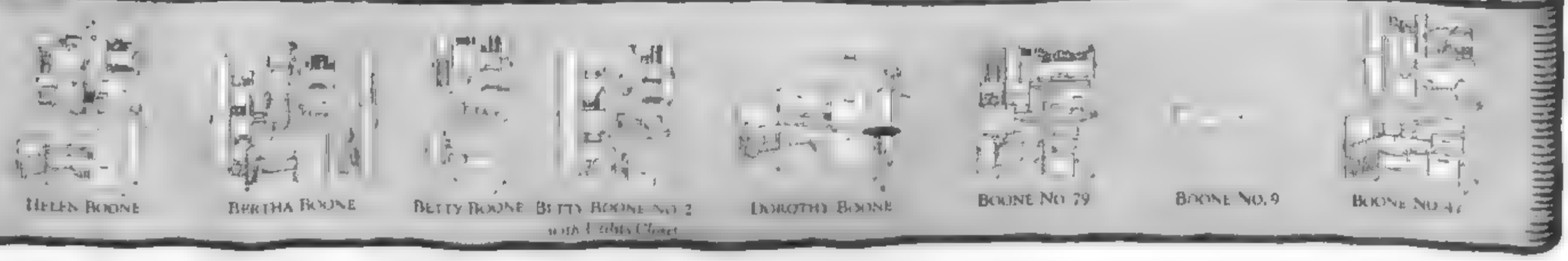

(Continued from Page 154)

and government ownership, when Charley gave a start. Judgment at last had sprung to his aid. It was that the rails, kicked about by Congress, were really nothing better than cats and dogs, a sure-fire sale; and a moment later Beeks, the office manager, felt a hand grip him by the arm.

Rooker, Burke & Co. was an odd-lot margin house; and judgment having come at last to Charley, he spoke hurriedly.

"Quick, Beeks!" he cried. Already, too, he'd selected the five specialties to deal in. These, the foremost of Charley's cats and dogs, were Atchison, New York Central, Southern Pacific, Coast Line, and Norfolk and Western. True, they were hardly what others might term cats and dogs; but then, had not judgment come to Charley's aid? Knowing now what to do, Charley gave the order briskly.

"Sell 'em, Beeks!" he said. "Sell for me twenty shares of each."

As he said it, though, Beeks looked up briefly.

"Sell?" inquired Beeks.

His inflection was rising. In its note, too, was something almost sinister. The start Charley gave was very near to a jump.

"What! D'you think I should buy?" he stuttered.

But why dwell on it? Why linger over Charley's conflicting doubts and fears? Torn between them, all at once he took the bull by the horns. The way he did it, too, is the way it's done frequently in Wall Street—in Wall Street's odd-lot margin houses especially. Turning his back on Beeks he surreptitiously thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. As surreptitiously he drew out a coin. Hurriedly he flipped the coin into the air.

It came down heads up; and he turned back swiftly to the manager.

"Sell 'em!" said Charley. "Sell 'em at the market!"

III

IN THE Wall Street game—or in the part of the game that deals with dabbling in stocks—one might enlarge ad lib. on the element of luck, of chance. Of course the stand Mr. Timken took on this is known—Timken, the distinguished operator. Luck, as Timken said, had nothing to do with success, with beating the market; but this morning, in the brisk activity the list displayed, Mr. Timken's dictum somehow seemed discounted. It appeared, at any rate, that having decided by a flip of the coin to sell, Charley Halpin no sooner had sold than luck, the same old luck, reared its head anew. Having buzzed to and fro for nearly half an hour, the rails, at any rate, all at once began to march in earnest, one after the other rising by fits and starts.

Luck? It was nothing but luck! Charley knew now that, alone and unaided, whatever he did was just naturally bound to go wrong.

The customers' room hummed with growing excitement. "Hey! See 'em scoot!" Mr. Dismuke piped. Mr. Schmutz, too, echoed his exultation. Again having got aboard in Atchison, Mr. Schmutz now was once more of the belief that something was doing in the rail—that the directors, in fact, might be getting set to loosen up. It was to Mr. Pincus that Mr. Schmutz voiced this; though as for Mr. Pincus, the trader in ribs and shoulders had but one opinion of the market. Remarking astutely "Vat goes up, it comes down, yes?" he had just relieved himself of this sage conclusion when the telephone clerk popped out of the booth at the farther end of the room.

"Call for Charley Halpin!" he droned. "Charley Halpin wanted on the phone!"

Charley's heart gave a sudden leap. For fifteen minutes now, his eyes glued to the board, he had watched feverishly the action of the rails. One by one the five he had picked to sell were climbing by fractions. Already a half to five-eighths above the price at which he had sold, they were still climbing, Charley's threadbare margins thinning out in their wake. Under his breath he damned the luck that stuck to him. Under his breath, too, he damned Timken for what he'd got him in on. It would have been bad enough had he taken a shot at a single stock; to amplify it five times, though, was the limit; five times the limit, so to speak. However, when the telephone clerk droned his name and Charley's heart gave its responsive throb, it was for a good reason that it throbbed. But one person could have called him on the wire. Timken!

There was a sudden scurry in the customers' room. The scurry was Charley darting toward the booth. Snatching up the receiver he clapped it to his ear.

"Yes, yes! That you, Mr. Timken?" cried Charley.

Strangely, though, it was after all not Timken.

A voice, a woman's, came floating over the wire. Charley's eyes bulged as he listened. Then, a minute or so later, a stir, another commotion ran like a ripple through the crowded offices of Rooker, Burke & Co. His face a picture of excitement, of energetic hurry, Charley burst from the telephone booth as if shot from a catapult. Mr. Schmutz, the specialist in Atchison, was at the moment giving Beeks an order.

"Another ten shares of Atch: ten at the market!" Mr. Schmutz was saying importantly, when he felt an elbow land impulsively in his ribs.

A flushed, flurried face at the same instant interposed itself between him and the manager. "Quick, Beeks!" cried Charley Halpin. "Has that five-rail order of mine gone through?"

It had, of course; and when Charley spoke again, once more his voice cracked harshly.

"Then switch it, Beeks! Switch it! Buy! D'you get me?"

Thus, it seemed, Mr. Timken had at last justified himself.

It was not Timken, true, on the wire; still, the message had come from him. The voice that telephoned was Mrs. Timken's voice; and an instant later the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s had the surprising news.

In crossing Wall Street that morning, it was Mr. Timken who'd been knocked down by that passing truck!

Tough luck! Tough on Mr. Timken, certainly. Banged about and somewhat damaged, he had been borne home to Mrs. Mangin's, where his first solicitude had been to communicate via Mrs. Timken what the accident had delayed—namely, his sapient judgment of the market. And that it was sapient, none could doubt. Booming now, the rails were fairly leaping upward.

Charley himself gave a whoop. "Yip!" he piped. "See 'em ride!"

They assuredly were doing that. In another quarter, though, the net result of Mr. Timken's communication was somewhat different. Among those who'd gathered around Charley, drawn there instantly by Charley's visible excitement, was Mr. Pincus. On hearing that Mr. Timken was Charley's authority to buy the rails, not sell them, Mr. Pincus at once had displayed what almost might be termed a frenzy.

Darting across the room he seized Beeks by the elbow. "Qvick, Beeks! Those rails I buy, sell 'em oudt! Sell at der markget, understand? Then svitch! Svitch qvick!" directed Mr. Pincus excitedly.

Beeks peered at him. "What's the trouble, Pink?" inquired Beeks.

Trouble? Trouble enough! "For vy you ask?" demanded Mr. Pincus; and he added: "Ven Timken, this ham, tells th' young feller Charley Halpin to buy, ain'd that tip enough for Pincus? Sell!" repeated Mr. Pincus. "Sell at der markget, I tell you!"

Be that as it may, though, Mr. Pincus as well as Charley Halpin might each have revised his judgment had he been at that moment uptown in Mrs. Mangin's. Having returned to the boarding house to get a hand bag she'd forgotten during the morning's happenings, Miss Hultz, the lady buyer, was standing in the upper hall. With her was Mrs. Timken, wife of the distinguished operator; and her arm around Mrs. Timken and the lady's head pillowed on her shoulder, Miss Hultz was saying soothingly, "There, there, my dearie! Have a good cry, it'll do you good!"

Mrs. Timken was, in fact, weeping copiously. As she wept she also gave vent to a flood of words.

"Yeah, ain't it the limit!" she was saying.

A fresh outbreak of sobs choked her for a moment. Restraining herself presently, Mrs. Timken then went on speaking. "As I was telling you, dearie, here we were, happy as a couple of bugs. Bugs in a rug, you know," she added, and went on weeping. "Alonzo had that good business of his, it was retail shoes, and over in Gates Avenue. That's in Brooklyn," explained Mrs. Timken; and giving another sob she said, "Just when we c'd have sold out in shoes and retired, along came that feller and told him about stocks and how you deal in them. I should have had him arrested, only I didn't—the feller, I mean."

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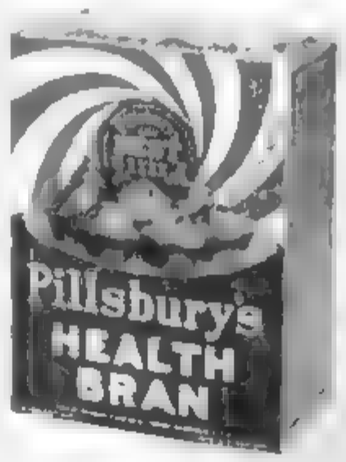

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Such current is always available. It never changes and never runs down.

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Go to your radio dealer's today—buy a B-Liminator—follow the instructions carefully and you'll be delighted with the result. One radio authority said recently in his newspaper, "Engineers have succeeded in perfecting a device which makes a B battery out of the electric light socket..... It is called the B-Liminator..... We are genuinely enthusiastic over this new device." Write us for literature fully describing the B-Liminator.

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GERMANTOWN PHILADELPHIA

Patented May 15, 1923

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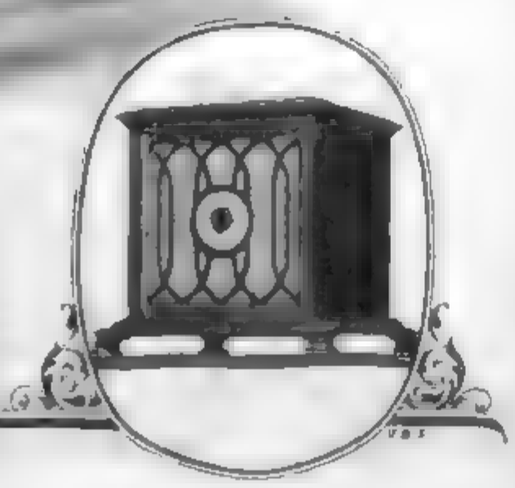

said Mrs. Timken, weeping on. "And now look at Timken! Alonzo thought he was a Russell Gould or a Jay P. Sage or something; and after he lost the shoe business and everything, our house on the Heights included—it was the Brooklyn Heights, the swell quarter," Mrs. Timken wailed—"here he goes and gets himself knocked down by a truck! Did you ever hear of such luck?" she asked desperately.

Miss Hultz nodded. "Use my handkerchief, yours is all wet," she said; adding, "I warned him myself this morning not to open any umbrella indoors." Soothing as was her tone, though, the remark seemed only to make Mrs. Timken weep harder.

"That's the trouble!" she exclaimed. "Timken says he don't believe in luck; though I've never seen a man with so much! Tough luck, you know; the rottenest kind," gagged Mrs. Timken; adding: "Why, just let him do anything; and no matter what it is, like I told you, it's just dead certain to turn out the other way round! And we were so happy, too, when Alonzo was in shoes!" sobbed Mrs. Timken.

Miss Hultz hastily checked the fresh torrent. "Now don't you worry, dearie," she advised; "I'm not going back to Bimberg's today; so you let me handle this! Did you say your husband was badly hurt?" she inquired.

Mrs. Timken shook her head. "Just bumped about," she replied; and for a moment the lady buyer plunged herself in thought. Her reflection, whatever it may have been, apparently was satisfactory. "Listen," she said—"when that young bozo downtown calls up, you tell him, like I told you before, that Mr. Timken can't come to the phone. You take the message and give it to Mr. Timken; then you bring the answer to me. You understand?"

Mrs. Timken, it seemed, understood.

"Like I did before?" she inquired.

"Like you did before," Miss Hultz replied precisely.

"Well, I hope they learn something," said Mrs. Timken, though not hopefully; and she added: "It's like a disease with those fellows—stocks."

"Kill or cure," replied the lady buyer.

IV

KILL or cure it might be; but at that moment downtown at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, young Charley Halpin seemed in no imminent peril of either. Joy, at any rate, never kills—or so it's said; and, by the same token, it may be added that winning is no cure for that mania, the excitement of dabbling in stocks. A winner for the first time in weeks, Charley's face was hectic.

Eleven o'clock had struck now. In the brief half hour since he'd heard from Timken, Charley not only had seen his morning losses recouped, he had made a considerable gain. Timken and Timken's infallible system already were justified. One might say, in fact, that the system had been proved beyond a doubt. What is more, if Timken had declared he was no hog, that three times out of five was all he asked to win, it happened now that not three but all five of the shots had come through with a balance. Marvelous, eh? Why, it was miraculous! "Yip! See 'em kite!" whooped Charley. Strange to say, though, the excitement he felt was not displayed by others, Mr. Pincus among them. Having coppered Mr. Timken's telephoned tip to buy, as it is known, Mr. Pincus, instead, had sold. Thus, his loss heavy, Pincus all at once exploded.

Already the news of Charley's success had spread throughout the customers' room; and all at once a center of attraction, an authority, also, now that he was winning, Charley was again impressing on his listeners that the rails were a buy and that the long-delayed market in the carriers was now a fact, when he felt a hand grip him by the elbow.

"Listen, feller!" said Mr. Pincus sharply: "vas it Timken he gives you the tip? You get it the tip from Timken hisself?"

Charley nodded, smiling. A generous, kindly young man, he invariably was ready to share with others what he had, a good hot tip especially. So, too, he was fond of the practiced trader in ribs and shoulders, Mr. Pincus often having gone out of his way to suggest and advise when Charley made a trade. However, having said that Timken was the source of the tip, Charley qualified the information. Though the tip came from Timken, as Timken was in bed from his injuries, it was Mrs. Timken who'd telephoned.

Instantly Mr. Pincus again exploded.

"Vat!" he ejaculated. "His vife she phones; not Timken!" Another cry escaped him; and his elbows going like flails, Mr. Pincus dashed across the customers' room, thrusting out of his way as he went the throng of dabblers in his path. "Qvick, Beeks!" he choked. "It's his vife, not Timken, that gives der tip! I svitch, y' understandt! Close oudt der short sale; und then buy me ten shares Union, ten shares Central alzo!"

Curiously, however, Mr. Pincus no sooner had reversed his position than the market, as if in echo, also reversed itself.

It was after eleven now. Climbing upward for a space, the rails at length began to lag. Then, briefly, they began to sag, the leader, N. Y. Central, among the first to wane. Having risen a point and a half, Central sagged a quarter in less than a dozen transactions, the other carriers trailing it; and once more Mr. Pincus exploded.

"Gott und Himmel!" ejaculated Mr. Pincus. "No sooner I sell than she goes up! No sooner I buy than she goes down! Am I verrückt?" he inquired wildly.

Charley Halpin shot a look at the quotation board. Fizzing and sputtering again, the list was bucking to and fro. However, Charley knew now what to do. Was not Timken the authority? Was not that shrewd, able judge of stocks and dealing in stocks already justified? Darting into the telephone booth, he remained there not above a minute or two when he burst forth. The list still was sagging; but there was no indecision in Charley's manner.

"Hey, Beeks!" he piped. "Buy me another ten shares each of those five rails!"

Beeks went over to the cashier's cage and took a peep at the margin book. "Say, Charley," he said, coming back, "your margins are kind of thin. Sure you want another fifty shares?"

Charley was sure. His account still showed a profit; and though a drop of half a point or so might leave him wabbly, he felt little fear for the outcome. Had not Timken told him to buy?

Timken had; and a few minutes later, as if to justify that wizard, the list swung back, once more beginning to climb. It climbed, too, in a way that left no doubt of its direction. Noon struck; and the market still was rising, the rails during the interval having hitched up anywhere from a half to a good three-quarters of a point. Toward one o'clock, in fact, the market's position was so satisfactory that Charley felt he might go out to luncheon with an easy conscience, a clear mind as well.

He lunched at Frank's place around the corner, Mr. Pincus going with him. Having got aboard at last, Mr. Pincus was now in a more easy, equable frame of mind. However, though chirpy with exultation, the glow that seems to infuse every trader, once he catches the turn of the tide, Mr. Pincus still seemed dazed with his good fortune.

"One broiled lobster, large; one cup coffee with cream, thick; one slice pie, apple," he directed the waiter, after which he grunted briefly. "Vell, it gets me to guessing, that's all!" said Mr. Pincus; and again he inquired: "It's Timken for sure that tips you off?"

It was, of course. Charley's repeated assurance, however, seemed to leave Mr. Pincus in a deeper cloud of uncertainty. "Anyway, all I say," said he, "if Timken he gives me a tip, a hunnerd dollars to a car fare I bet that Timken he gets the tip upside down."

When the broiled lobster came Mr. Pincus hurried through with it, as hurriedly devouring the pie and the accompanying cup of coffee. Then, having matched Charley for the check—and lost—he gave another exclamation. "Vat, it comes out again wrong yet?" Nothing, in fact, seemed to change his uneasy wonder. The world had turned upside down. However, having rushed back around the corner to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, Mr. Pincus found his fears still ungrounded. The market was continuing to go up, the rails leading.

It remains to be said, though, that the day was yet not done. No day in Wall Street ever is, in fact, until the market's close. Then, though not till then, may the dabbler count his chickens.

It was, to be exact, just a minute or so after two when the bubble burst.

V

AT 1:25 or thereabouts Charley got back from luncheon. The list, as it's been said, was still edging along. At five minutes to two it still maintained its progress.

(Continued on Page 161)

LH

Lockheed Success Stirs the Industry

40 American Manufacturers Equip with Hydraulics

In a sense it is not surprising that Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes have been adopted by 40 American automotive manufacturers in little more than a year.

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(Continued from Page 158)

True, by now the steady upward movement had begun to slacken; though for the moment let that go. By now the news of Charley's fortune was common property in the customers' room; and as a knot of dabblers gathered about him, a new deference in their air, for the first time he tasted to the full the fruits of success, the popularity of the winner.

"Have a cigar," proffered Mr. Schmutz, his voice ingratiating. Having been impressed by Charley's unshaken certainty, Mr. Schmutz had been induced to cling on through thick and thin to the trade in Atch; and he now was beaming.

Mr. Dismuke also had attached himself to the momentary hero. "Say, got something good for tomorrow, too?" Mr. Dismuke inquired hopefully.

Mr. Pincus, however, in contrast, still seemed plunged in gloomy foreboding. His eyes glued to the quotation board, he continually nibbled at his fingers, looking as if he expected every instant to feel the solid earth collapse beneath him. "Vell, mebbe Timken he is right vunst, und Pincus he is wrong. Just the same," said Mr. Pincus, "pretty soon I eggsplode yes!"

Charley, though, had no such concern. Why fear? Why feel even a doubt? In fact, though Timken, no hog, planned only to pick three hits out of five, his judgment had today proved itself unerring. Five out of five was the score—100 per cent perfect!

It was a knockout, the system! With Timken and the Timken system to back him up, Charley felt the world was his oyster! Today was but a mere beginning; and on the back of an envelope he figured hastily. Three times that day, as if by divination, Timken had caught the swing of the market; and if he did it every day—— Figuring busily, the line of numerals he jotted down growing momentarily in length, he thrilled at what the sum total of a week's trading like this would win for him. It was not just a killing. If day by day he pyramided his winnings, in a week it would be a slaughter. "Thousands!" he told himself elatedly.

Why limit it, however, to a week? Why not go on for a month, two months, three? His pencil busy, he figured that result also. Why, it would mean millions. "Millions!" whispered Charley. He was, in fact, still in the midst of it when a stir, a slight movement rippled through the room. Absorbed, though, Charley did not heed it. Then, like a voice in a dream, the dream his vision of the millions that were already as good as his, Charley heard the voice of the quotation clerk calling off the figures from the tape.

"Central, a half!" An instant later it came again. "Central, three-eighths!"

Charley looked up sharply. A minute later he was still gaping at the board when the clerk sang out another quotation.

"Five hundred Central at a quarter!"

The whole list was breaking. Following Central, the four other rails Timken had picked were sliding too. Two o'clock struck then; and leaping into the telephone booth, Charley hurriedly snatched the receiver from the hook. To his dismay the operator reported that Mrs. Mangin's telephone was busy.

For five minutes or so it continued to be busy. At half-minute intervals Charley repeated the call, nervously begging the operator to get for him his connection; and meanwhile the commotion in the market grew. It was, it appeared, one of those sporadic outbursts that enliven doings in the Street—a bit of fireworks to stir up the dabblers and give them a run for their money. So far as Charley Halpin, though, was concerned, the outburst could have been omitted. His face sweating, he was just at the point of bursting from the booth, his mind made up to tell Beeks to close out all five trades, when Mrs. Mangin's answered.

It was Selma, Mrs. Mangin's efficient Swede, who answered.

"Mrs. Timken she bayn't in," said Selma.

His haste flurried now, Charley replied, "Then send Mr. Timken! Send him quick!"

And once more Selma's singsong came back over the wire. "Mr. Timken he bayn't in either."

"Not in!" ejaculated Charley; and he inquired wildly, "Where's he gone?"

"Oot," answered Selma briefly.

Thrusting the receiver back on the hook, Charley dodged back to the customers' room. The rails having sagged sharply anywhere from a half to three-quarters of a point or more, all at once seemed to have stopped short again. Backing and filling, they crept up separately a quarter to three-eighths each, slipped back anew, went on fizzing, sputtering. A loud cry echoed at this instant in the customers' room. Its source was Mr. Pincus. As he'd threatened, Mr. Pincus now had busted. Grabbing Beeks by the elbow he ordered him energetically to close out his trades at the market. Just then came still another stir. The door of the customers' room was flung open abruptly, and startled by the sound, Charley turned his beaded face toward it. As he did so, he, too, gave a cry, a muffled exclamation.

At the door stood a figure swathed in bandages. Linen was swathed in layers about its head; and on top of the layers, a wad like a turban, perched a battered derby. Beneath the derby and the bandages a face peeped out, only one eye disclosed. Charley, however, knew the eye. He knew, too, the bandaged figure.

"Timken!" he cried.

It was, in fact, Mr. Timken. One arm in a sling, the tale of Mr. Timken's further injuries included a painful limp, a crippled hobble. Groaning, his one eye on Charley, Mr. Timken moved across the room toward him. However, he might have saved himself the bother, the pain, as well, that the effort cost him; for he hardly had taken more than a step or two when Charley sprang forward. Instantly Mr. Timken seemed to recoil; in fact, to cringe.

"Say," he said, his voice as painful as his figure; "I'm sorry, real sorry, Mr. H."

Charley stared.

Why should Mr. Timken be sorry? What was Timken talking about? Why apologize when Timken unerringly had called the turn on the market? Charley wondered if in the accident Timken had been hurt in the head.

A sigh escaped the operator. "It was gettin' run over or somethin'," mumbled Mr. Timken. "That was what affected my judgment, y' know. Yeah," he added; "'nd the minute I saw the fust Wall Street extry givin' the prices, why, I got right up out o' bed 'nd come down here. You ain't been cleaned out clean, have you?" inquired Mr. Timken miserably.

"Cleaned out? Why, whatever d'you mean?" cried Charley; and Mr. Timken started slightly.

"Say!" he said sharply. "You got my message, didn't you?"

Yes, Charley had got the message, the messages rather. Three times he'd telephoned Timken; and the three times, via Mrs. Timken, Charley had received Timken's reply.

Timken gave another exclamation. "And she told you to buy?" he cried.

It was so; and his one eye protruding like a marble, Mr. Timken for some reason seemed spellbound.

However, it was no time for Charley to dwell on that. Once more the market was fizzing and sputtering; and sliding off, it again threatened at one last swoop to clean out his paper profits, his margins along with them.

Agape still, Timken was still staring at him when Charley seized him by the arm. "Quick, tell me what to do! Shall I close out or hang on, Mr. Timken? We haven't a minute to lose."

Mr. Timken seemed to shake.

Evidently the day and its excitements had begun to tell on the distinguished Wall Street wizard's nerves. No longer confident, much less judgmatical, Mr. Timken gazed about him, his one orb beneath the bandages wavering. However, after a wandering glance at the quotation board, Mr. Timken revived sufficiently to set his judgment, that infallible quality, at work. He spoke; and in his voice once more was the old familiar note of authority.

"Sell!" said Mr. Timken.

Hardly had he said it, though, when it was echoed by a fresh disturbance, its author once more Mr. Pincus.

His arms again like flails, Mr. Pincus was to be seen plowing his way through the crowded customers' room.

"Beeks, Beeks!" shrilled Mr. Pincus.

"What's all th' excitement, Pink?" Beeks inquired; and stuttering, Mr. Pincus told him. Beeks had ears, hadn't he? Hadn't Beeks heard, too, what Timken said? It was the tip to sell; and this time Timken himself, not Timken's wife, had given the tip. "Qvick, Beeks!" cried Mr. Pincus; "buy for me ten shares more Central, ten more Soup shares alzo. Buy at der markget, understand!"

It was very strange. Instantly, in fact, as if to verify the decision, the rails, in the face

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of Timken's say-so, swung about and once more began to climb; and his face moist, Charley looked on numbly.

It was his turn now to feel that the world had turned upside down. Put to the final test, at any rate, Timken's judgment, the infallible Timken system also, seemed somehow to have exploded. If three times straight Timken had been right, now he was assuredly wrong. However, if Charley meant to save anything out of the wreck it was no time to hesitate; and once more he grasped his mentor by the elbow.

"Say, what shall we do?" faltered Charley

Curiously, Mr. Timken didn't seem able to say. Indecision at the moment seemed to hold the distinguished operator in its grip. It may have been his injuries that for the time clouded his judgment. It may have been, too, that in its spotty character the market was the sort to defy the acumen, the ability, however shrewd, of any operator to read it. After a moment, though, Mr. Timken appeared to rise to the occasion. At any rate, having for a moment judgmatically studied the quotation board, he turned his back on Charley; and for another moment he seemed to deliberate. Then, oracularly, Mr. Timken gave his decision.

"Well," said Mr Timken impressively, "I guess it's time t' switch, t' buy!"

Frozen, Charley stared at him. Still frozen, he was gaping at the wizard when the door of the customers' room opened. Two newcomers had just appeared at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

One—the older—was clad in a thin, somewhat dingy, faded serge. The other, however, more smartly attired, was dressed in a tricky velours ensemble. Charley, however, did not notice either. His face a picture, he had just seen Timken, the noted Wall Street wizard, the reader of the tape, surreptitiously return to his pocket a coin he had as surreptitiously just flipped into the air. It was in this way, in fact, that Mr. Timken had made his momentary decision; and still frozen, Charley awakened to hear the lady in the faded serge give a cry.

"Oh, Alonzo!" she ejaculated. "Didn't I tell you to stay home in bed!"

The lady was Mrs. Timken.

Darting toward her husband, Mrs. Timken sought to gather Mr. Timken's damaged person to her bosom. Mr. Timken, though, fought her off. "Here, here!" he protested irritably.

Charley, however, hardly heeded the interruption. He still was thinking of the coin he'd seen Timken slip back into his pocket. Was Timken a fake? Was the reputed Wall Street wizard like all the other dabblers, Charley included, nothing but a dub? If so, he still could not believe it. Had not Timken in one day caught three swings of the market? Was this judgment or was it only luck? Dazed, he was still debating it when Mrs. Timken gave another agitated cry.

"Oh, Mr. Halpin! How can you ever forgive us?" she exclaimed; and she added, "I just hope you'll forgive us, won't you?"

Forgive her?

"Yeah—me and Miss Sadie," said Mrs. Timken.

Charley didn't reply. A titter, a little laugh all at once had hit upon his ear. Instantly, too, as if in echo, a light, a sudden illumination flashed into his mind. It was nearing three o'clock now; and turning his back on Mrs. Timken, her tittering companion, as well, he trudged across the room to Beeks

"Close out that trade, Beeks; close it out at the market," said Charley.

Beeks nodded. As he said, Beeks was, in fact, just about to call Charley for margins.

"You can save yourself the trouble," replied Charley; adding, "I'm through, I'm finished!"

Telling Beeks to make him out a check for his balance, he walked back to the lady buyer.

He saw it now. He saw clearly the game that had been put up on him that day. Though Timken, in fact, had called the three turns in the market, Charley knew now how it had been done; and his face morose, he faced the lady buyer. Mrs. Timken at the moment was adjusting the bandages her husband had disarranged in the struggle; and as she patted them into place Mrs. Timken still was speaking volubly. What she was saying was something about a shoestore and a job that was offered Timken.

The job was, in fact, a job at Bimberg's, the swell place in the Avenue; and though Miss Hultz had got Timken the job—that is, if Timken would give up stocks and go to work—Charley hardly heeded this. His jaw set, he faced the lady buyer.

"I suppose you think you're funny," he said.

Miss Hultz gave a titter. "Funny?" she inquired.

Charley scowled. If Timken had failed him, at least he had learned that day one means of beating the market. It was a way, too, that Miss Hultz had been acute enough to see. That didn't make it any easier for Charley, though; and scowling, he let her know he knew the measure of her duplicity. In short, it was that each time Charley had telephoned Timken for advice, at the lady buyer's instigation Mrs. Timken had played Charley for a joke.

Laughing, Miss Hultz made no effort to deny it. "Well, what if I did! It was kill or cure, wasn't it?" she retorted.

Charley thought so too.

He was cured, it seems. Kill or cure, the lady buyer, at any rate, had revealed to him just what chance a dabbler stands in trying to call the turns in the market. Timken, the wizard, was no exception. In other words, having adjudged shrewdly that the dabbler always loses, Miss Hultz had put her judgment to the test. Thus, when Timken had said sell, Charley had been told to buy. When Timken said buy, Charley had been told to sell. Be that as it may, though, as Timken and Mrs. Timken, the two followed by Miss Hultz and Charley, went out at the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, a concrete evidence of the lady buyer's judgment was at once echoed and evidenced in another quarter.

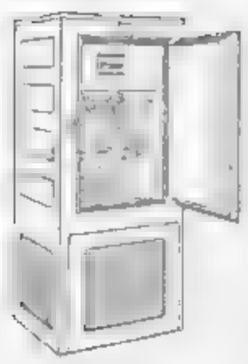
"You hear her!" Mr. Pincus cried explosively. "She says always the sucker loses!" Starting, as if at a sudden thought, the trader in ribs and shoulders turned impulsively to Mr. Dismuke. "Say!" he said, "I get it! Vy don't you hire oudt to me for a sucker? Then if I take your tips und copper them, ve make a million, don't ve, Dismuke?"

Mr. Dismuke gave him a savage scowl.

"Go to the devil, Pink!" he snapped.

Banff-Louise Highway, in the Canadian Rockies

White with Frost . . .



THE KELVIN·ET—Kelvinator and refrigerator—all in one—installed in your home, and working, for $250, plus transportation from Detroit

This freezing unit, so cold that it chills all moisture out of the air, creates—

the Zone of Kelvination

Kelvinator Ice Cream Cabinets are made in sizes for every requirement. The Kelvinator air cooled principle makes installation easy and simplifies maintenance

Picture a metal freezing unit, thickly coated with white frost, in the ice compartment of your own refrigerator. Imagine this freezing unit nearly twenty degrees colder than ice. It never melts, never gets smaller, never needs renewing. This is Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration.

It works a wonderful transformation in any refrigerator. First of all it makes it colder. Second, it causes all moisture to disappear from the inside of the refrigerator. The air becomes dry;—as crisp and sharp as the air on a frosty morning.

This dry cold is the wonder-working Zone of Kelvination. It has a remarkable effect on foods. It not only keeps them fresh and appetizing for *days*, but actually improves them. It causes green vegetables and salads to "crisp up" in the most tempting manner. It mellows meats, giving them a tenderness and flavor that are delightful.

In the frost-covered freezing unit there are trays where crystal-clear or brightly colored cubes of ice can be frozen for table use. The same trays can be used for freezing sherbets, ices and new and delightful frozen salads.

Kelvinator relieves the user of the annoyance of ice delivery and the inconvenience of caring for an ice box. With all these advantages it is an actual economy. ©K.C. 1925

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Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 14 Temperance Street, Toronto (113)

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Look for and insist on the big "S" on the pedals of the player piano you buy. Sold by music dealers everywhere, in a wide range of prices. Convenient terms if desired.

No effort is required to play the Standard Player Action. It is responsive at all times to the slightest pressure on the pedals.

BONDS TRIUMPHANT

Continued from Page 40

say to them, 'What are you going to do about it? It will cost you a point less to sell bonds now than it would have a year or two ago. It may cost even less five years from now, but we can't tell about that.' If they need money someone has got to raise it for them.

"And I want to tell you that the country is being stepped right along because of this intensive bond business. Look at the development of the country, of its roads, public utilities, schools. It has even reached a point where people will buy railroad bonds again. I believe the bond-buying habit is largely responsible for the stabilization of business. Depression has been threatened many times in the last few years, but it hasn't come because any good business can get money. We have persuaded the American people to buy bonds. I don't care what bond they buy, if it's good.

"I admit we are up against a lot of foolish old prejudices. When we built our uptown office some of the old fellows said we would have to provide private rooms for investors to go in to see the salesmen. I don't believe in that sort of thing, but I put in two such offices, and no one has used them.

"The old day of all this hush-hush stuff in making one's investments, is passing. People used to be afraid to have bonds sent to them in care of their banks, because they didn't want their banks to know what they had. But that is changing. People now talk out loud about their bonds. We claim that it should be just as easy to buy bonds as shoes, and we are doing all we can to make it so."

We may grant freely the broad validity of these astute arguments, but the vital question of selection is not thereby removed. I must repeat that the only ideal investor is he who gets what he ought to have, what best suits his needs. But how?

If he educates himself, and buys securities solely of his own selection, he has at least the advantage of realizing his responsibility. But most investors are too busy to keep abreast of these subjects. Are they any more fit, asks the investment banker, to select bonds than they are to act as their own lawyers and doctors? We often hear it said that a man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

But what is the first step in order to get expert advice? Usually it is suggested that the investor consult his own bank, and there is no doubt that such a practice is fairly certain to prevent the cruder and grosser forms of loss. But the local banker cannot be expected to take much responsibility along these lines. If he recommends a security and it goes wrong, he will be blamed, and making investment suggestions is not his chief or primary function.

Picking a Bond House

Just because the cashier of the local bank has handled money as a clerk and then as a teller, does not qualify him as an expert on investments. As a rule, he has not been trained at all extensively along these lines. If, on the other hand, the bank has itself gone into the bond business, either on account of the possible profits to be made or because it has been forced to such action by the continual seeking of advice on investment subjects from its depositors, it is then as likely to be prejudiced in favor of its own offerings as any investment bond house.

The bulk of the banks secure bonds to sell from the same syndicates which the bond houses buy from. No magic of security is added to the wares for sale just because the seller is a national or state bank or trust company, instead of a private firm, provided the wares themselves are the same. If a bond goes sour the First National Bank of Kickashaw will not take it back from an investor at the original offering price any faster than will a bond dealer or broker.

Another type of advice given the investor is to select directly a good investment banking house and stick to it. "It is like picking a good physician," said a partner of one firm. "He will make some mistakes, but, on the whole, he will take good care of you. I believe that if an investor will really lay his needs before a good firm and will follow the advice given, he will get more consideration and do better than if he tries to argue it all out and select his own securities

"If a woman comes to us saying that $50,000 is all she has, and offers to follow our advice, don't you believe she will do better than if she tries to work it all out for herself!'"

Now it must be recognized and fully acknowledged that the bond dealers and investment-banking houses have not only performed a great economic service in educating people to invest, but have made untold sums in the aggregate for thousands upon thousands of clients by putting them into securities when prices were low. Many a firm has gotten its start by shrewdly getting its customers into a bond whose price was only temporarily depressed, and out of other bonds which were headed for trouble.

Many a client depends upon the salesman to take the initiative and watch for favorable opportunities. Poorly educated and trained as many salesmen are, they know more about the bonds they are selling, as a rule, than does the average investor, and many a time their honest and intense belief in what they are selling is fully justified.

Then, too, most investors have an intense dislike for selling at a loss, or for averaging, although both practices are frequently their only salvation in a troubled situation. To the credit of the investment firms and their salesmen, it must be said that they are constantly educating customers in these practices.

But how is the investor to select the helpful firm and salesman in the first place? Several bond men answered this question by saying that experience is the only teacher. Reading books and articles on finance will not do it; only buying and selling give the requisite experience.

Too Much Solicitation?

But experience may prove a costly teacher, if one happens to affiliate with a firm that is having more than its fair share of sour issues. The average investor cannot distinguish between banking houses as he can between department stores. There is no fool-proof system, nor has anyone ever suggested even the beginnings of one. Blue-sky laws, the licensing of brokers, and other similar legal devices are puerile in their inadequacy.

"Buy from a house that has a reputation for being decent and honest," said a member of one firm, "from a house that you have confidence in, and then take a chance. Investments should be like the furs I bought for my wife for Christmas. One of our best salesmen heard that I wanted some furs. He is the sort of chap who always knows where to get things a little cheaper, and he brought in to see me a shabby-looking dealer from a little store on a side street. His furs seemed all right to me. I couldn't see that they were any different from those I had looked at in a big department store for 35 per cent more. But in the end I went back to the department store and bought them there."

But such advice only begs the question. There is nothing to take hold of, nothing tangible about it. Reputation is a great thing to have, but we know that even the richest and most reputable banking houses rarely take back their defective goods, which the large mail-order houses do as a matter of course. I do not assert that bankers can do it, but in any case they don't and won't, and therefore it can hardly be said that from a strictly commercial standpoint dealing with them is as satisfactory as it is with many other classes of merchandisers.

On the other hand, investors rarely go to banking houses in quite the same spirit as they go to lawyers and doctors, expecting a purely professional service. For one thing, the investment firm hunts out the prospect too eagerly to make the relation quite the same. Certainly there would be less respect for the medical profession if a dozen doctors should ring a man's doorbell when he is reported ill, the way bond salesmen go after him when he is reported rich.

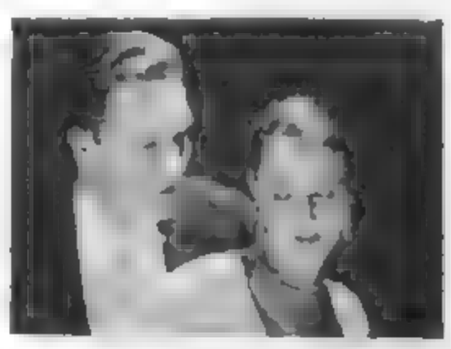
"The point is," says Mr. Sturgis, in his book on investment banking as a profession, "that the investor must always be on his guard when, as a matter of fact, he should be able to put the same confidence in his investment adviser as he does in his doctor or lawyer.

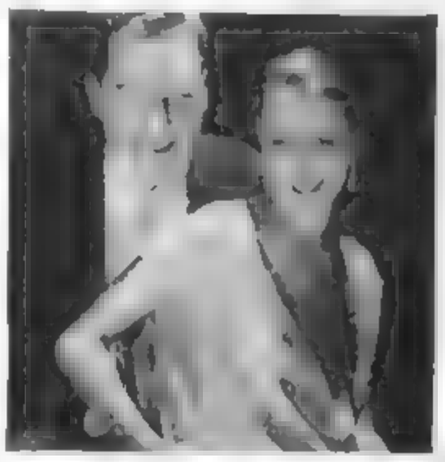
"The outstanding feature of the situation seems to be this: The interest of the

Your teeth show so much keep them white and sound with Pebeco

Your Dry Mouth - not safe for Teeth!

The only way to protect your teeth *permanently* is to restore the action of the Mouth Glands





WHITE and perfect to look at—your teeth. But it is now known that unless you change the whole condition of your glands and mouth, your white teeth will surely decay.

The modern, soft cooked foods you eat today with so little chewing, do not give the mouth glands enough exercise.

Gradually their alkaline flow slows down. And in your dry mouth your teeth are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.

Brushing cleans and polishes. But dentists and physicians now recognize that only the full flow of the mouth glands can keep the teeth really safe.

And recently a way has been found to make these glands flow normally.

PEBECO acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night.

The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. Pebeco leaves your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

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banking firm is so absolutely and entirely to sell this particular security, and the interest of the salesman is so governed by his commission, that the actual needs and welfare of the investor, no matter how much they may honestly be held at heart, and no matter how good the intentions, are unavoidably overlooked, except in the rarest instances. This is perhaps a broad statement, but, nevertheless, it is a fact that the investor's side of the question is given but passing thought in far too many cases."

These objections were met by several bond men with the suggestion that the investor's only hope lies in demanding more thorough information from the houses he deals with. The investor, it was said, should not allow himself to buy what he does not understand or just because someone else is buying it.

"If I were on the other side of the fence," said the most successful salesman with whom I talked, "I should require as much knowledge on the salesman's part as the banker requires from the borrower. As an investor, I should want to know as much about an issue as the head of this firm learns when the borrower comes to him."

"That's interesting but impractical," remarked the writer.

"It wouldn't be so impractical," the salesman replied, "if more salesmen regarded their work as a profession."

While this only begs the question once more, as a suggestion it contains a valuable thought. Why shouldn't the investor send a list of questions to several firms, and judge the banker's ability to handle his account by the answers given? "I am planning to buy so-and-so. What do you think of it?"

Many firms seek to build up their business by offering to analyze the securities which the investor already owns. Of course the investor will obtain valuable suggestions and information in the process, but any firm that can refrain from suggesting exchanges must possess an altruism that is rare indeed. The let-me-see-your-list idea indicates, however, a further possible line of reform.

The only sound idea, numerous authorities assert, is for the investor to pay a fee for advice. The idea is excellent, but difficult to work out in practice. There are several concerns of high standing which sell statistical and other information concerning securities. In one or two cases such a reputation has been attained that ratings issued by these investment counselors are in great demand.

Expert Advice

The great argument for following the advice of the investment counselor rather than that of the banker, is that he has nothing to sell. The banker replies to this by saying that while the counselor himself may be intelligent enough, most of his advice must in the nature of the case be actually written by mere clerical helpers, and that the counselor and his staff cannot begin to study all securities as diligently as the banker studies the few issues which he actually puts his own capital into before selling them.

The investment banker says the investment counselor is good as first aid, but is more like the general practitioner in the country district as compared with himself, the city specialist.

The investment-counselor idea is too new as yet to gauge properly. Like many other good ideas, it may prove subject to abuse and cheap imitation. The counselor must have a high standing to avoid the temptation of slipping into the bond business himself, and thus having something besides advice to sell. Fortunately there have been a few cases of real devotion to this line of work.

Bond men complain that investors are too prone to follow the last word said to them, that they seek too many financial cooks and doctors.

"Go to the best expert," said one authority, "but not to too many. Investors will do business with a good house and after a while they tell their neighbors about it. The neighbors will say, 'I never heard of them.' It's all off then. The investor changes his mind. It's as if he went to a great medical specialist, but refused to follow his advice because the man at the filling station questioned its soundness.

"Women especially talk around with everybody, and get opinions, no two of which are alike. Yet all are from experts.

"I know an old man who has a lot of money and therefore has to be listened to. He has a lot of high-grade bonds, but he also has some Metropolis Railways 5's, due in 1926, which probably won't be paid in cash. The chances are that the holders will get something in exchange. The old man is so disturbed that he is going to everyone, asking what to do. Each one recommends something different, and his conclusion will be that these bond men don't know anything, that they are all wrong.

"One partner says sell, another says keep them, and another says to average. Any one of them may be right. The one who says to sell knows the bonds were bought at par and are now 78. He believes the old man can reinvest in something else that will enhance in value and thus make up his loss. The one who says to hold, believes that while the bonds won't be paid off, the owners will be offered some other security in exchange which in course of time may enhance in value."

No System Foolproof

"The one who advises averaging believes that in the long run the bond will be worth more than it is today. Of course the value of all such advice depends on how the investor follows through."

In conclusion, the writer can only repeat that there is no foolproof system of investment or of investment advice. In Mr. Lefèvre's The Making of a Stockbroker, the hero, John K. Wing, is quoted as saying, "In good times all speculation is called investment and in bad times all investment is speculation. The average man admits that he has been speculating if he loses money. But if he wins he tells you that he has been investing."

Just as nearly all stocks go up in a bull stock market, so nearly all bonds go up in a bull bond market. But bull bond markets do not last forever, any more than bull stock markets. It is sometimes said that no one can grow rich without speculating. But on the other hand, it is more important that the multitudes should learn to preserve their competences than it is to encourage the few lucky speculators to become rich.

Whatever changes may take place in the bond market or the bond business, we know that the foundation of a competence is security, and that any form or type of speculating, trading, switching and swapping is probably out of place until the investor has and unless he retains a base of first-class, high-grade bonds.

The English, it is pointed out, do not distinguish between stocks and bonds to the extent that we do. In periods of rising prices, even though the investor keeps his principal and interest intact, he may actually lose a considerable part of his principal because of its reduced purchasing power. Wall Street has been much interested in recent months in a scholarly study which shows that the holder of stocks would have fared better in recent years than the holder of bonds.

No doubt the moderately large investor, or even the middle-size investor fares better in the long run with a diversified list of both bonds and stocks. This is not the place to debate the relative merits of bonds and stocks. There are stocks as conservative as the best of bonds, and many bonds which afford wonderful speculative opportunities. The bondholder and the stockholder each contributes to the building up of the country and of its industries. One makes possible one stage of development, and the other makes possible another stage.

But the investment education of the American people to date has been largely through the medium of the bond. To this is now being added another chapter or era, that of the customer and employe stockholder. But that is still another story.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood.

[THESE PLANT INTERIORS ARE ALL FINISHED IN BARRELED SUNLIGHT]

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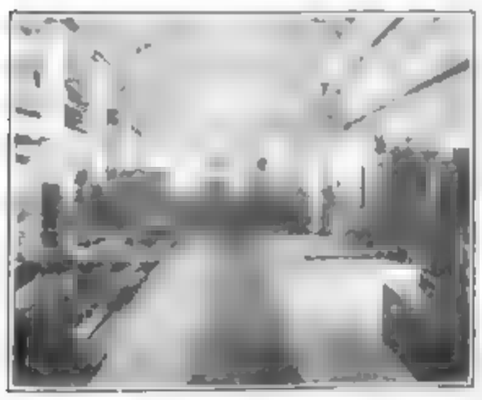

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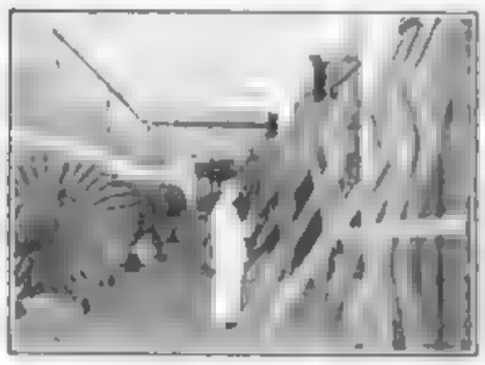

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For Efficient Industrial Interiors

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

A LUSTROUS WHITE FINISH with three outstanding advantages

5 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Intensely opaque
4. Can be tinted any color
5. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions

"Save the surface and you save all"

MORE BARRELED SUNLIGHT is used today in American industrial interiors than any other white paint—*why?*

There are three big reasons:

1. The lustrous white surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth that it will not hold dirt or dust. No matter how soiled it gets after years of service, it can always be washed as easily as white tile. ***(This saves costly repainting jobs.)***

2. Made by the Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions. ***(This also saves costly repainting jobs.)***

3. Barreled Sunlight contains no varnish—won't lap or drag under the brush—is easily applied by spray and has great "hiding-power" or opacity. ***(This saves money in original painting jobs.)***

It is used today in textile mills, food product plants, laundries, bottling plants, in business and industrial interiors throughout the country.

In homes everywhere, Barreled Sunlight gives the charm of white woodwork—kitchens as clean as porcelain plates—bathroom walls washable as tile from floor to ceiling. Washing will not wear away the surface of Barreled Sunlight.

Barreled Sunlight will not chip or scale. One coat is usually enough over a previously painted light surface.

Where more than one coat is necessary, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Sold in 55 gal. and 30 gal. churn-equipped steel drums and in cans from ½ pint to 5 gal. sizes. Write for our booklet, "More Light," or send coupon for sample can.

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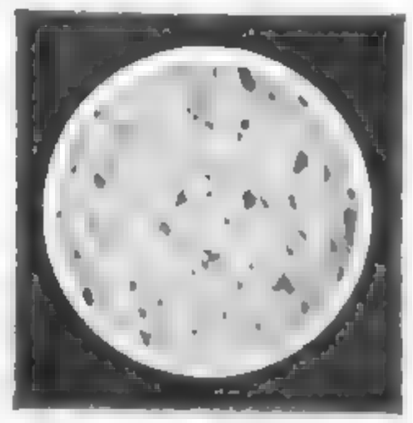
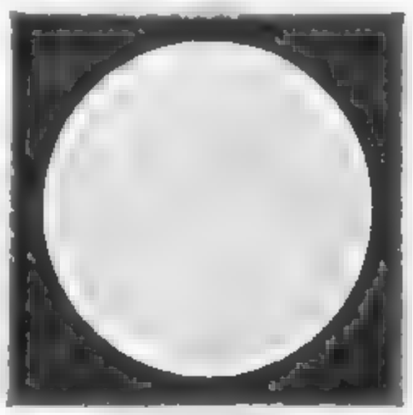


Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

What paint looks like through a microscope

The photographs in circles above were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

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☐ **Check Here.** Send me "More Light" booklet, as I am interested in improving working conditions in my plant.

☐ **or Check Here.** Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

NAME

ADDRESS

Some day your friendly old customer may be exposed to a new idea

Then you may lose him unless you have always given his business the same attention your prospects receive

EVERYBODY'S new customer was somebody's old customer.

Every salesman's "prospect" is some other firm's customer.

Maybe there are a few exceptions, but not many.

It is never safe to take any man's business for granted. The fact that he bought from you last year and the year before doesn't mean that his business is yours forever.

If you can't find time to make frequent personal calls on all your old customers, printing and the mails can help you keep in touch with them.

If a man buys from you he will read with interest and confidence any booklets and pamphlets you send him. If he receives a well-printed message about your goods or service he will welcome it.

If he already feels friendly toward you he will feel more friendly every time he reads a little news about your goods or service.

You have a mailing list of customers. Use it. Let them feel that you are as keen to hold their business as you once were to get it. Don't let them be able to say, "I never hear from those people except when they want an order from me. I don't know whether they value my business or not."

Using good printing to keep in close and friendly touch with your trade is neither costly nor difficult. And it pays.

Call in a good printer. Show him your mailing list. Tell him you want to make use of it to keep old customers pleased and to get new customers interested. He will have suggestions to make. We may be able to help you a bit ourselves.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The result of many years' study and experience in the production of business literature has been set forth in a number of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. One book, "Teaching by Rote," explains the need and method for keeping constantly in touch with your customer. These books may be obtained as issued without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

PANACEA PEOPLE

Continued from Page 23

Father will wait. Meantime they have the control of the family resources they never did have while father was piling them up, and they see to it that that control does not pass from them for years and years. The rich widow is the longest lived of the human species, as a class. A cursory canvass of your own town will prove that. That is all she has to do—live; and in many instances that is all she does do, being financially able to do that expertly, comfortably and with extraordinary success.

However, this is not the case with all the rich widows. Now and again one of these, having remained all her wedded life in a condition of submerged and submissive domesticity while father was simultaneously acquiring his fortune and angina pectoris, steps out after a period of discreet grief and mingles in affairs.

Never having had opportunity for self-expression, and now having both opportunity and the means for financing it, she burgeons into life along certain interesting lines.

The occult often gets her, and the esoteric, strange religions. Art frequently infolds her—music, painting, poetry—and especially poets. As the saying is, the rich widow is the fruitful fall guy for the poets. Sometimes she elevates the drama. Sometimes she embraces society. Sometimes she hunts tufts with the lure of lavish entertainment and the reward of reflected glory.

A Pink Widow's Ideas

These are all interesting developments, but they are tame and trite when compared to the struggles for self-expression made by the rich widow when she decides her ordained job is to uplift the toiling masses, rescue the benighted heathen of her own land from their darkness, make humanity more humane, regulate the existing order and find and finance a cure for the ills of the body politic. Then is when she sheds most light along the path and sheds most money to those who assist her in her endeavors.

I sought one out—a liberal one, but not ostentatious. I knew her husband, who was a hard-bitten citizen. The only panacea that two-fisted person recognized was money, and he devoted himself to that wealthy end. He piled it up for sixteen hours a day, until one afternoon whilst he was having a most enjoyable time conferring with his attorneys he fell over on his face and expired with no preliminaries whatsoever. Under the terms of an early will, made when the bloom was still on the wifely peach, she received practically all the money, and it was a lot. It was nontrusteed and nonreserved. It was all hers. The husband had always intended to fix that, but he didn't get around to it. So there she was, and after her grief was assuaged she began to stir about for means of self-expression, which means had not been available in the slightest degree while the husband was alive.

At the time I visited her this lady not only was a liberal contributor—very liberal—to various organizations for the relief of humanity by means of various politico-economic theories which it was earnestly desired to make the law of the land, but she maintained a private pink pay roll for a number of parlor Bolshevists, temporarily embarrassed idealists, altruists in need of funds at the moment, and eloquent and fluent protagonists of the greatest good for the greatest number who weren't able to do good for anybody but their patron.

Presuming on a long acquaintance, I plumped an abrupt question at her when I met her one afternoon in a hotel where she had been attending a meeting of one of her leagues, or something, that had to do with direct political action along lines laid down by one of her most rabid retainers.

"What," I said, "is the idea of your mixing in with this radical crowd?"

She was surprised.

"Why not?" she countered. "You know I have always been interested in politics."

"Have you?"

"Well, not always, of course; but since John died, a way to do some good in the world opened before me, and I have taken advantage of that opportunity."

"Dear lady," I said, "is spending your money for the support of these theorists a way of doing good in the world?"

"I think it is," she told me, "and it is my money, you know."

There was considerable emphasis on the "my money" part of her remark.

"Certainly it is," I hastened to assure her; "but it was my old friend John's before it was yours. What do you suppose he would think of it?"

"I don't care what he would think of it. John never had any appreciation of the real needs of the people. All he tried to do was to build up a big business and make a lot of money. John never gave a thought to the condition of the toiling masses."

"He paid good wages, didn't he, and provided steady jobs for several thousand men?"

"Of course he did; but that was all. He had no conception of the real needs of the people. He did not understand the great benefits of direct political action, the necessity for popularizing our Government, the demand for striking off the shackles of capitalism, the equality of man, the rights of the workers, the impartial distribution of wealth, the cry for a new social order based on public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution. John didn't understand these things. He was hopelessly old-fashioned. He thought that the progress of the country was due to individual initiative, business competition and intelligently directed self-interest. He thought that the business men and manufacturers and other developers of the country were responsible for our greatness and prosperity. John didn't understand."

"Apparently not," I said, a bit dazed by this perfectly good preamble to a Socialist platform she had declaimed at me. "I hope you won't think me rude if I ask you where you learned all that."

"I have my contacts," she replied. "I have been brought to see the light."

Naturally, my next question should have been "By whom?" But I didn't ask it of her. I asked it of several persons who knew her and her activities. She had been brought to see the light by a parlor Bolshevik whose actuating principle was the distribution of wealth with himself as the distributee. He got on her pay roll as some sort of an adviser or director, and under his ministrations she soon spread out across the entire radical landscape. She financed publications, orators, organizations and parties. Any time a group of the radical intelligentzia needed a medium for the expression of the theories that surged within them and principally had to do with the unequal distribution of wealth, they found a willing agent in Mrs. John. She was very soft on the medium-of-expression side, and kept several radical publications going for various periods, and several radicals as well.

Make the People Pay

In the course of another talk with her I discovered that she had no definite idea of what much of her patter meant or implied. What would happen to her great blocks of New York Central and Union Pacific stocks in the event of government ownership of railroads had not occurred to her. That the money to put into effect all these schemes of nationalization must be raised by taxation and that in her case that taxation would come within hailing distance of confiscation were entirely without her consideration.

"How much do you think the Government will have to pay for the railroads if public ownership goes into effect?" I asked her, when we were discussing that phase of her program.

"I don't know; how much?"

"Thirty billion dollars, perhaps."

"We could get that."

"Where?"

"Oh," she said, "by selling bonds the way we did in the war."

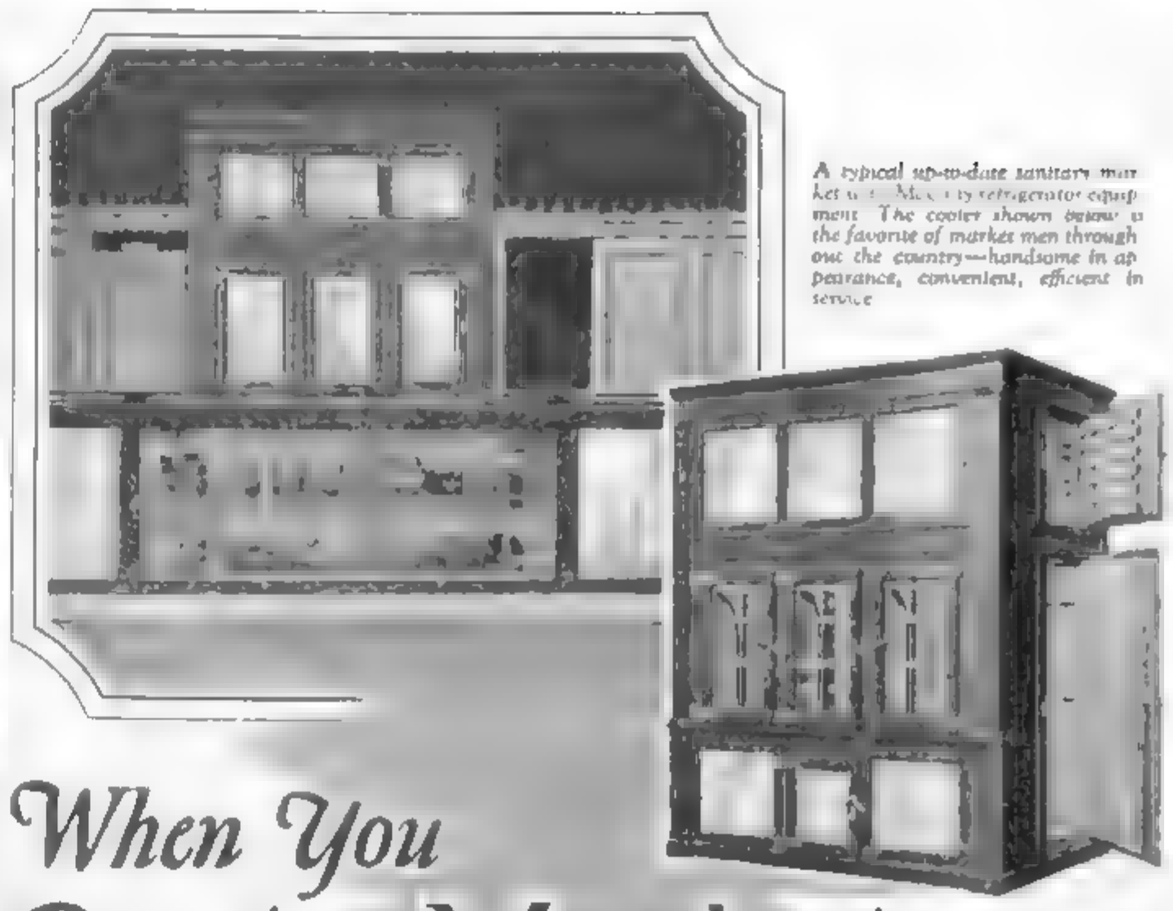
"That's the only way we can get it, but how about paying the bonds and the interest on them? Who does that?"

"Everybody, I suppose."

"Every taxpaying body, which includes you and does not include one out of a thousand of the radicals you are supporting. Is that good sense from your viewpoint?"

"You needn't quote figures at me," she said. "I never did understand them."

After that I passed on to another rich widow I know who also is a liberal supporter of about every panacea she hears about. The originator of this fortune now



A typical up-to-date sanitary market with McCray refrigerator equipment. The cooler shown above is the favorite of market men throughout the country—handsome in appearance, convenient, efficient in service

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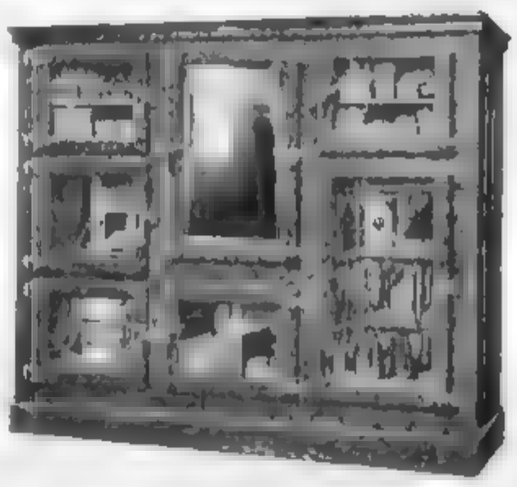

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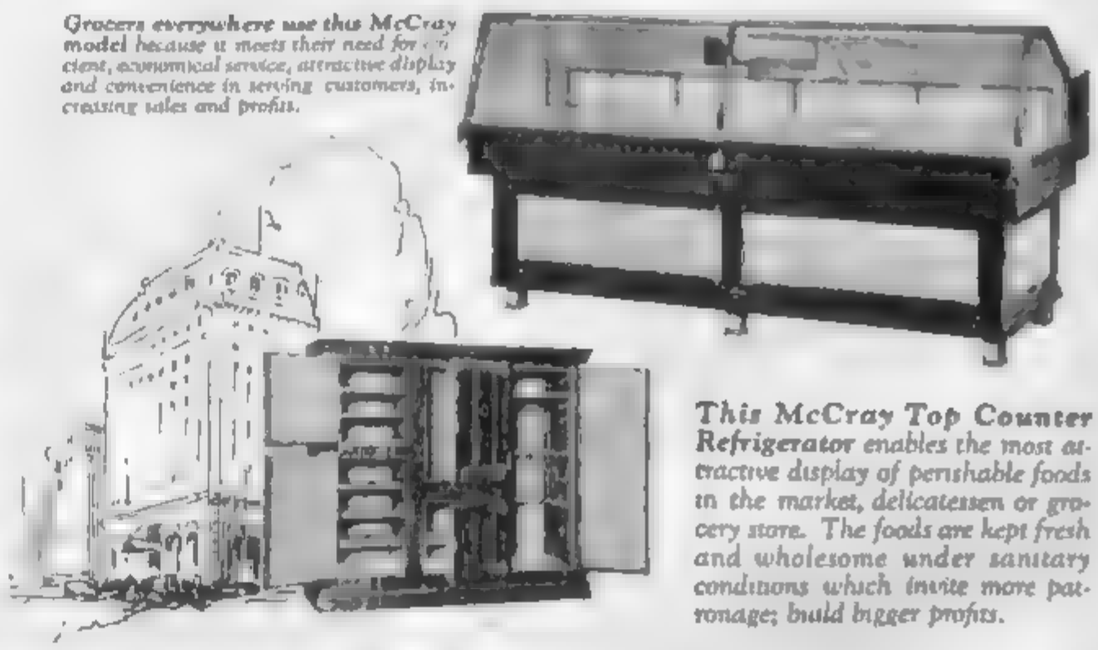

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being spent for numerous schemes of uplift and extension of the idea that minorities are always right and existing governments always wrong, must be turning in his tomb at the rate of sixty revolutions a minute.

The husband regretfully passed on The widow is carrying on. There are few "causes" that are not on her contributing list I tried to find out from her just what her specific purpose is, but got nowhere. She talks a highly esoteric jargon, indicating that she is one of the few who really understand, and that by her financial and other support of these various radicalisms and socialisms, with all their appertaining angles, she is advancing her country toward the goal. I hope for her sake we shall soon arrive at the goal. Otherwise she will be broke.

I tackled a big manufacturer, whose business was left to him by his father, who built it up from nothing. This son expanded the business to great proportions, the processes of expansion being accompanied by rebates, combinations, price agreements, divisions of territory and other paraphernalia of such enterprise. However, all the time he was demanding rebates, fixing prices to stifle competition, and otherwise being essentially modern in his business methods, his heart was yearning for the great and common people. So, as soon as his son was sufficiently educated in these essential procedures to intrust him with the business with the surety that nothing would be done that would imperil its fortunes, this hitherto potentially radical but business-stifled radical—always so at heart, mind you—took a neat bunch of millions out of the business and went forth for the welfare of the great toiling masses

"I consider my money a sacred trust," he told me, "and plan to spend it for the uplift and benefit of the downtrodden, by securing for them a wider extension of popular government and making possible an equal distribution of those national benefits and usufructs that should be common to all."

I muffed that, but caught it on the second bound

"The money came from the business, didn't it?" I asked him

"Certainly."

"Then why isn't the business a sacred trust, also, and why not go a little farther along your path and distribute your business to your employes?"

"Oh," he said, "you mistake my meaning. The business belongs to my family That is an entirely different matter."

How Casey Was Cornered

As I left this busy panaceaist I thought of the story of the two pigs, which the late President Wilson once told me he considered the aptest exposition of the inner attitude of most of the idealists he knew, and he knew a good many—more probably than any man of his generation

"Casey," said McGuire, "if you had a million dollars, would you give half of it to your fellow men?"

"I would so."

"If you had two farms, would you be willing to give one of them for the benefit of humanity?"

"Indeed I would."

"If you had two horses, would you hand over one to the cause?"

"Yes."

"If you had two pigs, would you divide them with —— "

"Bad cess to you and your givin', McGuire!" broke in Casey. "You know dom well I have two pigs!"

Presently I found one of the most productive of the present-day supporters of the panacea business—a regular panacea Santa Claus. He isn't so rich as some, but he is more liberal than most. From all I could hear, he is worth around ten or twelve million dollars, and he made it all himself. Nobody left him a nickel. And he gives up!

I talked with this chap for some time, and found that though he is as full of dawn-of-a-new-day language as Das Kapital, he is totally unable to define any of his terms. In fine, he could, and would, talk endlessly of wrongs and rights and equalities and remedies and surplus values and class consciousness and unified control, and mechanism of the capitalistic processes of production, and collectivism and the materialistic interpretation of history; but he couldn't explain what he meant by any of his phrases or follow one of them an inch beyond its point of origin. His mind was a jumble of all this sort of stuff, and he couldn't unjumble it.

It finally developed that this fellow's grievance over the present order was not based originally on any mass conviction, but was entirely personal. It has been intimated that the accumulation of his fortune was not entirely ethical. But when he had the fortune he forgot all that, and apparently thought everybody else would forget it. Unfortunately, some didn't. Wherefore, as he was not able to assume that position in society to which he was perhaps—and judging by many former examples—entitled because of his money, he ran out on those with whom he wanted to associate and turned to those who were most eager to associate with him. If society wouldn't have him, he would see what he could do to society. That explains him.

This search of mine was not fruitful of information. Naturally I did not seek at the professional sources. I know that patter by heart, and so do the professionals. Nothing was to be gained as to motives and convictions by going to the men who make their living out of progress, or the men who support it and preach it for the support it gives them What I was trying to do was to find out what is biting the amateurs of all this panacea business, in its numerous forms, and I couldn't, because none of these—or a very few of them—know what is biting them. All they know is that they are bitten. The subsequent inflammation has its shown effect on their actions and expositions. The cause remains a mystery fogged in an interminable farrago of phrases that have changed little in fifty years. The mediums have shifted from time to time, but the language remains about the same. And not one in a thousand can define his terms save in the jargon of those identical terms

Multiple Government

Still, there was one other avenue—this latest election. Though the "Progressive" platform cannot be said to be a highly inflammatory document, it was broad enough to attract about three million, other than the party Socialists, to the proponent of it. It was the panacea of the moment, the concrete rallying point for the day and time So, after the election, I moved about a bit among those who voted for La Follette and Wheeler and asked quite a number of them. "Why?"

There was no unanimity of reply. The answers varied with the individual, his environment, his grievance, his temperament and his outlook on our institutions. Still, there was a vague tendency, expressed in varying terms, but there, to the effect that the election of Senator La Follette would be a good thing for the country and the people. Reasons were as various as the givers of them, but underneath it all was that trend.

Very few of the people I talked to, either during the campaign or after it, had more than a most indefinite idea of just what the election of Senator La Follette would have meant. Not many of them know much about the La Follette method. They were voting mostly on the strength of their personal admiration for the man. Wherefore, now that it is all over and Senator La Follette is not to be President, it may be useful for future reference to examine a little into La Folletteism as evidenced in Wisconsin, which is his own state. The justest way to judge a man is by what he has done.

Senator La Follette was elected governor of Wisconsin in 1901, and since that time has been the political boss and governmental dictator of that state. The La Follette idea of government has prevailed in Wisconsin, and has spread to other states as well. The basis of the La Follette idea seems to be that best government is multiple government.

When La Follette was elected governor of Wisconsin there were sixteen state boards and commissions in operation. Since that time thirty-six state boards, bureaus and commissions have been created, generally at his direction or with his consent, making fifty-two of such executive agencies now operating in the state. The annual cost of these fifty-two subsidiary agencies was $3,461,319 in 1923.

Of course, this increase in state expense can be met in but one way, which is an increase in property valuation for taxation purposes and an increase in taxes. In the ten years from 1912 to 1922 the property

(Continued on Page 173)

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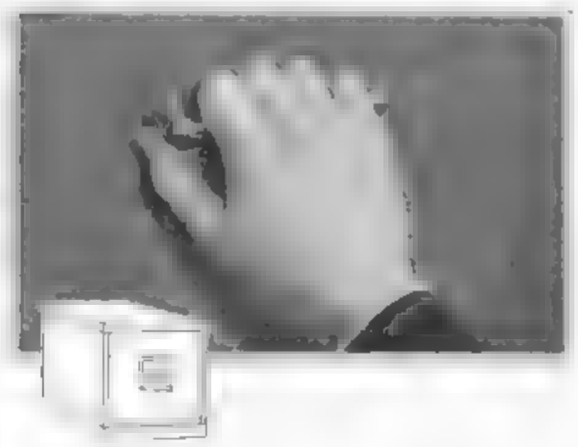

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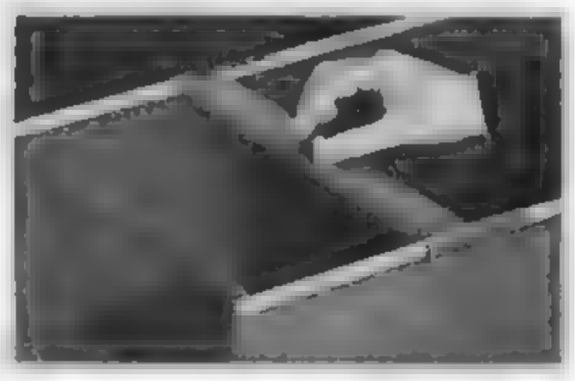

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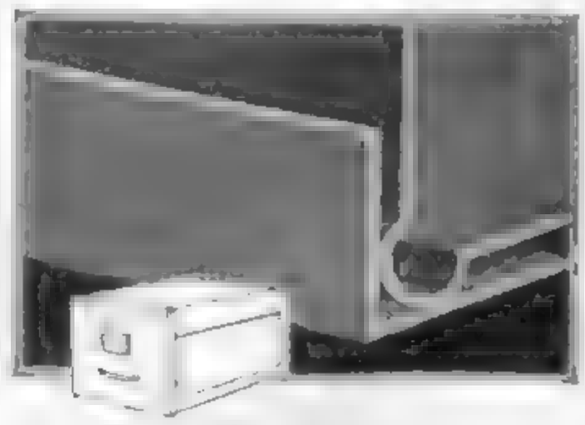

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(Continued from Page 170)

valuation in Wisconsin increased 107 per cent and the total property taxes increased 196 per cent. This increase can be explained to some degree by the natural growth of the state during that period, by the increase in prices and by the increased demands on the public purse made by the war; but the fact remains that the great expansion in the bureaucracy of the state has a lot to do with it.

Furthermore, since 1901, when La Follette first got his teeth into power, his economic ideas have spread to many other states, and the United States Census figures show that the increases in the cost of state governments and state indebtedness have been not only hundreds of millions but billions. Wisconsin was not the only state. Sixteen other states and the District of Columbia increased their property valuations, as shown by the statistics of the United States Census for that decade, all the way from more than 100 per cent to almost 600 per cent in the case of Nebraska. Eleven states vastly increased their state and local taxes collected. They outdid Wisconsin, because Wisconsin's tax rate per hundred dollars of assessed valuation did not go so high as in a large number of other states. They have that fact to point to up in the Badger State when justifying their increased cost in government.

Even with this increased taxation and increase in property valuation for taxable purposes, caused largely by the increase in executive and administration state expenses, many of the states that have followed after the La Follette idea of multiplication of government and have gone beyond it have been compelled to borrow largely and to apply a considerable extent of the proceeds of those borrowings to funds to meet current operating expenses. Census figures show that increases in bonded indebtedness have gone as high as 4071 per cent in one instance, to 2447 per cent in another, to 3177 per cent in another, and to 1410 per cent in another. Increases of between 300 per cent and 1000 per cent are numerous.

Every state has its own financing to do and its own governmental and economic problems to meet, and these figures indicate a general trend, which, of course, is not to be laid *in toto* at the door of the La Follette idea. There is no doubt, however, that analyses of the reasons for these enormously increased state expenses and enormously increased state borrowings can be traced in a considerable degree to the direct or indirect effect of that La Follette idea, which is, in its essence, the duplication and reduplication of government.

The Army of Inspectors

Concretely, from figures I believe to be reliable, these Wisconsin results can be shown:

The population of Wisconsin in 1901, when Senator La Follette came into power, was 2,100,000. The population in 1923 was approximately 2,720,000. The total assessed valuation of the state for taxation purposes in 1901 was $1,436,284,000. The total assessed property valuation in 1923 was $4,846,765,610. The increase in population was between 28 and 29 per cent. The increase in state tax assessment was 235 per cent. The increase in state expense was 41 per cent.

These are general figures, interesting in their way, but figures. Specific instances of what the La Follette idea of multiplication of government means in terms of political activity and control are available. One of the great assets of the La Follette political machine in Wisconsin is the army of inspectors who operate in the state, all on the state pay roll.

A man who knows Wisconsin well told me there are 9000 of these inspectors. I could not verify that statement, but I can bring some corroboratory evidence. Let me introduce Judge Martin L. Lueck. The judge lives at Beaver Dam. He was the Democratic candidate for governor last fall, and he devoted some attention to these inspectors, who, he said, are 9000 more or less efficient and well-salaried cogs in the La Follette-Blaine political machine in Wisconsin.

The judge has a preliminary sample in the case of a pulp-wood inspector who inspects in a Northern Wisconsin county. This man gets three thousand dollars a year in salary and turned in ten dollars to the state treasury for his year's inspection fees.

"Wisconsin is inspected and regulated to death," says the judge. "We have too much inspection. We have too much regulation. There is too much expense connected with it, and it interferes with the individual rights and liberties of the citizens."

The judge was making a campaign speech over in Eastern Wisconsin and he said that, so far as he could discover, everybody in Wisconsin was inspected except the farmer. A woman in his audience told him he was mistaken. The farmer gets his also. She said that she had sold her farm and made arrangements to sell a hive of bees to a neighbor; but she found she could not sell the bees unless she had them inspected by the state bee inspector, or something, and the inspection would cost more than she was to get for the bees. So she moved off the farm and left the bees, and the neighbor came and got them.

The Latest in Panaceas

The judge also tells of a man who has a garage on a highway. This man sells gasoline and hot dogs and sandwiches and runs a little feed mill to accommodate the neighbors. One day two young men came along and inspected the gas, nothing else. A little later two more came and inspected the pump. Two more came and inspected the premises from a sanitary point of view. Two more followed and inspected the scales. These were followed by two who looked into the matter of obeying the fire regulations, and these by a pair who were seeking to find out if the machinery of the mill was properly guarded and in accordance with the labor laws. There were fourteen inspectors within a few days on that one little property.

Judge Lueck tells of passing a hotel run by a friend of his in Beaver Dam. There were six runabout automobiles in front of the hotel. The proprietor was on the hotel steps and the judge asked, "Jake, how is business?"

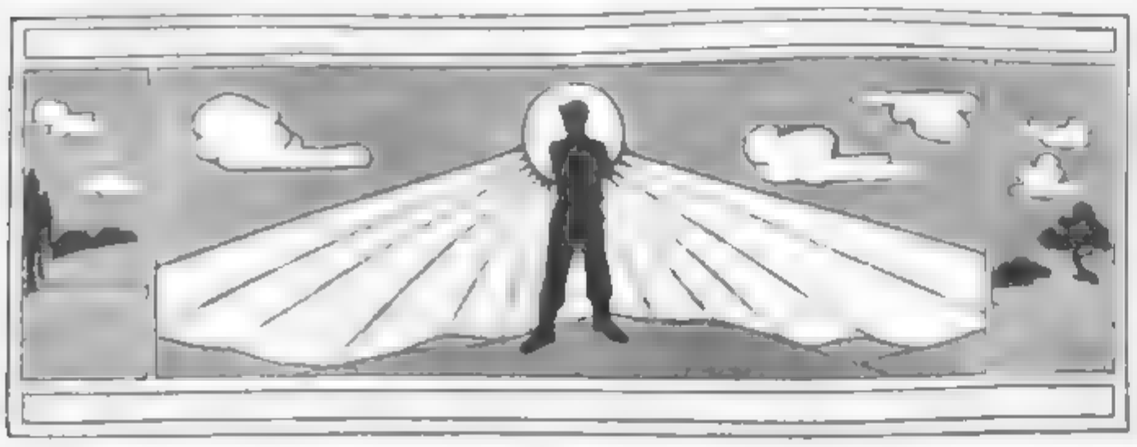
"Fine," said Jake. "I have just O. K.'d the expense accounts of six young men in the employ of the state. They are traveling around in these runabouts, and what do you think they are doing?"

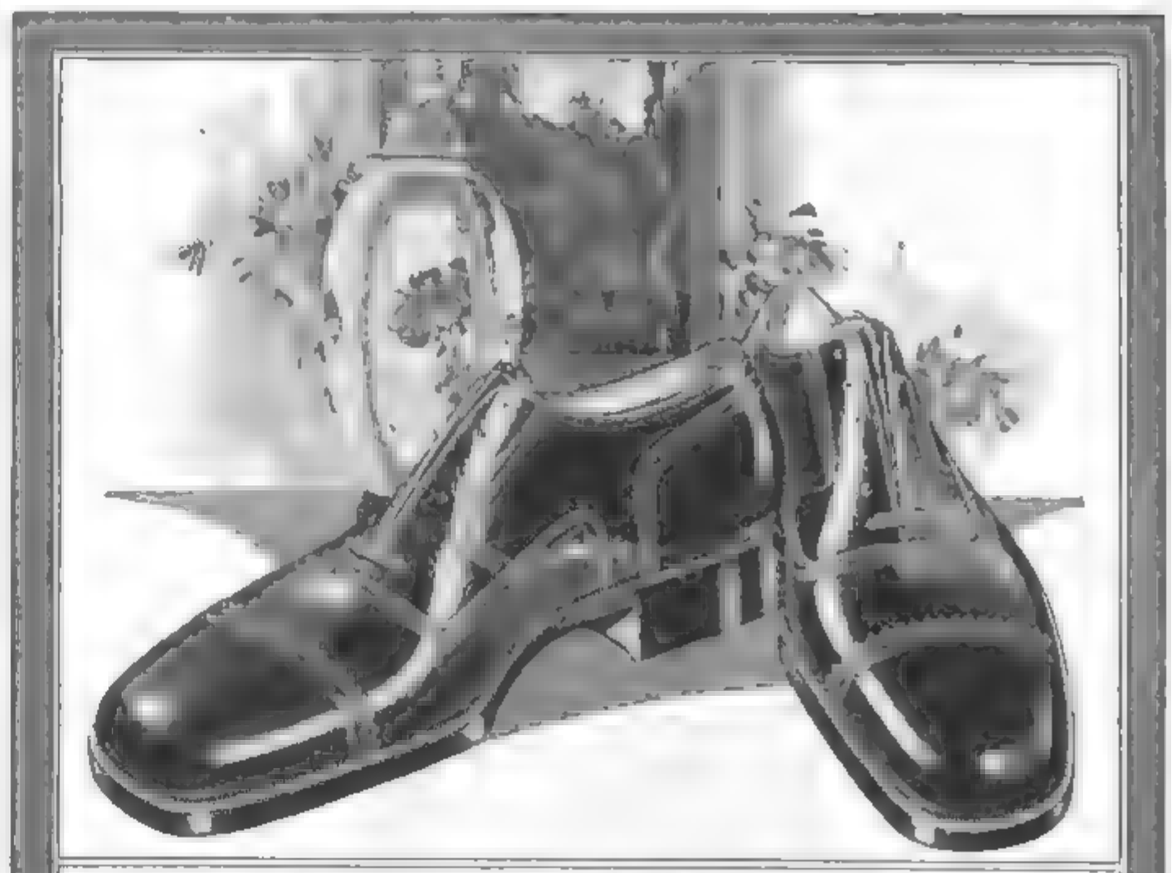
"Inspecting something, I suppose," the judge replied, "and doing a lot of La Follette and Blaine politics on the side."

"That's it," said Jake. "They are inspecting the barberry bushes. I don't know what is the matter with the barberry bushes, but they say it is something that has to do with the wheat."

"The point of that is," says the judge, "that we haven't raised enough wheat around Beaver Dam in the last ten years that one year's crop would pay one night's expenses of six young men at the Beaver Dam hotel, and the rates are not high either. It's all one big political machine and nothing else," says the judge in conclusion.

Wherefore, speaking of panaceas, and the latest one to make an important bid for the suffrages of the voters, that is the sort of a cure-all for our political ills the panaceaists were voting for last fall.





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NITROGEN FOR AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 27)

of diminishing returns in the application of chemical fertilizers. All in all, the degree of desirability of a particular expanded use of chemical fertilizers in mixed agriculture cannot be stated offhand. For each crop and each area there is assumed to be a certain application that would pay in net remuneration; there is clearly a larger application that might not pay in net remuneration. It is, therefore, hazardous to suggest that if we employed, let us say, five hundred thousand tons more nitrogen per year the result would be such and such increment in crops, with such and such effect on net farm income. And yet this is what much of the current argument in favor of a national program of nitrogen fixation really implies.

Our agriculture is on the basis of maximum outturn per man. Much of the best data on chemical fertilizers comes from Western Europe, where the agriculture is on the basis of maximum outturn per area. The two sets of conditions are not comparable and we should be cautious in applying Western European experiences to the United States. We deplore mining the soil, but the remedy may not be so simple as spreading commercial fertilizers. If we are depleting the soil annually to the extent of some three and a half million tons of nitrogen, as suggested in the figures of Lipman, the forty thousand tons proposed to be secured from Muscle Shoals would hardly constitute a notable amelioration. Granting, however, that the remuneration of agriculture, in connection with mixed farming and crop rotation, would be enhanced by the availability of an increased supply of ammonia and nitric acid at a certain price, we come to the second assumption—that this nitrogen must be of atmospheric derivation. Need of nitrogen is an agricultural question; source of nitrogen an engineering question.

Saltpeter Prices

The earlier forms of nitrogen fertilizers were guano, crop residues, animal by-products, by-product ammonia and Chile saltpeter. Guano is exhausted. Crop residues and animal by-products are being used more and more as feeding stuffs. The deposits of saltpeter are not supposed to be approaching exhaustion, but with each year the cost rises as the richer or more accessible deposits are worked out and poorer or less accessible deposits have to be developed, though this is being partly compensated for by improved methods of extraction. Senator Ladd complains that the Chilean Government derives a large income for the state from the export tax on saltpeter and that the price of nitrogen fertilizers has risen during the past ten years, despite increased imports of saltpeter by the United States. As to the first point, it is difficult to see why a country that raises revenue by import taxes that hit producers in foreign countries should complain of a foreign country that raises revenue by export taxes that hit consumers at home. The price complaint falls flat because the senator has stated the prices of nitrogen ten years ago and now, without reference to general price levels. He gave the two prices of ammonia as 2.69 and 3.14, which means that the 1924 price was 117 per cent of the prewar price. But the wholesale index number is some 150 per cent of the prewar number. Survey the list of wholesale prices and index numbers in the United States published regularly in the Survey of Current Business of the Department of Commerce. Few are the commodities whose present prices are as low as 117 per cent of the prewar price. The present price of ammonia and saltpeter, therefore, does not furnish an economic occasion for complaint, since these prices are relatively cheap rather than relatively dear.

According to Curtis, the ammonia now available from coke ovens and gas works is about one hundred and thirty thousand tons of nitrogen. Only a part of the ammonia set free in the coking of coal or in the manufacture of gas is recovered. During the war by-product coke ovens were installed to a notable extent, in part in response to governmental appeal, and possibly to an extent not yet justified by production costs in the accounting of the coke industry. A great deal remains to be accomplished in the direction of increased efficiency in the recovery of by-products of cokeries. With every decade has come a relative lowering of the cost of recovery, and further achievements may be anticipated. There is, however, clearly a limit to expansion with lowering of costs, dependent on characteristics of coal, location, transportation costs, labor charges and expense of installations. But just where this line is and how far down lies the point in the cost scale, is not known. Senator Ladd rejects by-product ammonia largely on the ground of monopoly:

" . . . but the country knows only too well how a coal strike can paralyze transportation and industry. Shall we deprive our future fertilizer industry of water power and make agriculture itself dependent upon the good grace and tolerance of the coal operators and their miners?"

Atmospheric Nitrogen

We come now to the third assumption—that the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen must be secured through electric energy. For one reason and another, political and otherwise, fixation of atmospheric nitrogen and electricity seem tied together in the American mind. In one of the Aldred Lectures for 1924, F. G. Cottrell, director of the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory, United States Department of Agriculture, remarks:

"Thus the public came naturally, and correctly enough in those early days, to think of nitrogen fixation as necessarily dependent upon the development of large new water-power projects. In the meantime research and development have vastly altered the situation, but the public mind has not kept pace with these changes, and this has naturally been reflected by those responsible for guiding our industrial and national policies. . . . In another decade or two the public may have quite correctly come to think of nitrogen fixation as even more closely connected with coal and the coke-oven industry than it now associates these undertakings with water power."

A layman might read the entire discussion of Senator Ladd in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST without learning that there was any other good method of fixing atmospheric nitrogen than with the use of electric energy. Senator Ladd speaks of Germany having emancipated herself from the fertilizer monopoly of Chile, but fails to state that this emancipation does not rest on fertilizer produced through electric current, but rests on the chemical method based on coal.

There are three groups of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen through electric energy. The corresponding products are metallic nitrides, nitric acid and cyanamide. Metallic nitrides have apparently a probable future in the domain of metallurgy. It seems equally probable that they have no future in the domain of fertilizer, for reasons of cost and of technic.

Nitric acid was the first form of nitrogen fertilizer produced through the direct operation of the electric arc. It is inherently an inefficient reaction and is, therefore, feasible only with extraordinarily cheap power. If extraordinarily cheap power could be developed in a locality that contains cheaply worked deposits of soda, it would be possible to make synthetic Chile saltpeter with all the advantageous qualities that Chile saltpeter has as fertilizer; but this juxtaposition of cheap power and deposits of soda has nowhere yet been encountered. In Norway, nitric acid designed for use as a fertilizer has been neutralized with lime to form calcium nitrate. Calcium nitrate suffers from the grave defect of being hygroscopic, which rules it out of mixed fertilizers.

Cyanamide was the form that first gave the greatest promise, particularly from the cost side. Agriculturally, however, calcium cyanamide also has grave disadvantages. The powder is irritating to the respiratory tract. It may be improved for spreading by spraying or oiling devices, entailing expense and not fully satisfactory. When used in mixed fertilizer with soluble acid phosphate it induces a reversion of soluble phosphate to the insoluble state, and is itself in part converted into dicyanodiamide, a toxic substance; also the rate and manner of decomposition are variable. Calcium cyanamide can be converted into ammonium sulphate or urea, efficient fertilizers, but at increased costs if the fertilizers are to be used dry and in mixtures.

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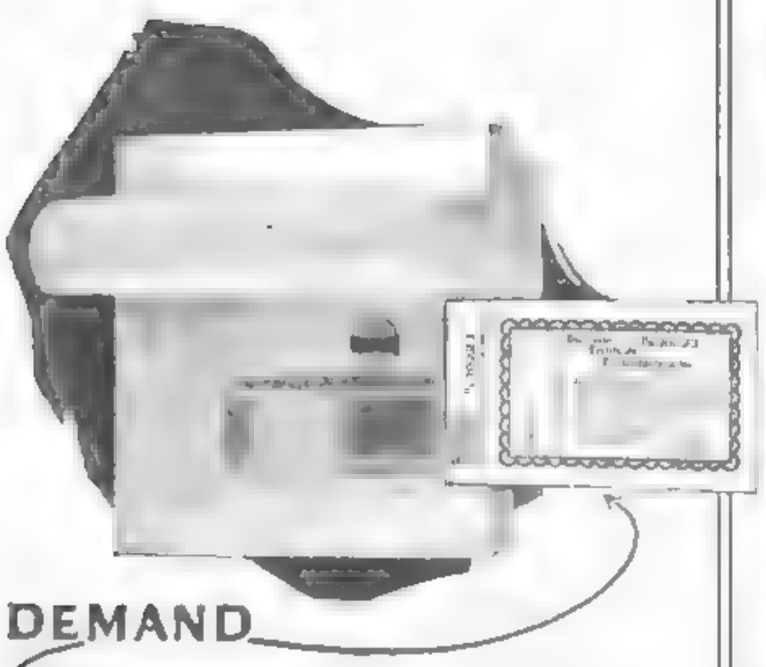

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(Continued from Page 174)

Our Government has invested many millions in a large antiquated calcium cyanamide plant at Muscle Shoals, equipped to convert the cyanamide into ammonia. European experience runs to the effect that cyanamide will soon be commercially obsolete. Cottrell in the Aldred Lecture states that "a permanent resuscitation of the cyanamide process for fertilizer purposes seems practically out of the question." And Senator Ladd speaks of the "rather obsolete cyanamide process."

The disadvantages of electrically fixed nitrogen can apparently be offset only by one form or other of subsidy. If through government installation or subsidy of one kind or another the price of electric current to be devoted to fixation of nitrogen should be kept sufficiently low to keep the price of cyanamide so far below the price of other nitrogen fertilizer as to outweigh its disadvantages, this would constitute a price-controlled national nitrogen program. This has not been justified on manufacturing or accounting grounds, nor is this justification attempted.

According to available technical experiments, the nitrogen-fixation method of the immediate future is that of Haber, with modifications and anticipated improvements. This is a method of chemical synthesis, in which nitrogen and hydrogen are compressed in the presence of a catalytic agent, with the production of ammonia. The nitrogen is taken from the air, the hydrogen from coal gas or from water. The most favorable conditions of pressure are not yet clearly defined; one group of experimenters is working away from high pressures, another in the direction of high pressures. The question of the best catalyzers and promoters is not yet solved. The technical difficulties in the construction of large bombs capable safely of holding the high pressure have apparently been solved, and improvement in the efficiency of compression pumps is no longer a major issue. The chief cost difficulties in the method revolve about the purification of the hydrogen. Practically 60 per cent of the present cost of ammonia by the Haber method arises in the cost of purification of the hydrogen.

The Matter of Cost

A tremendous volume of uncombined hydrogen is at present burned merely as fuel in the by-product gases of cokeries, and the costs of recovery would be little more than the cost of purification. In any one of a dozen of our large coke-oven plants more hydrogen thus goes practically to waste merely as a cheap fuel than is represented in the forty thousand tons' annual capacity of the present cyanamide plant at Muscle Shoals. Despite the cost of purification of hydrogen from coal, the cost of producing ammonia by the direct method has apparently been brought down to a figure so low that no known electric fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in the continental United States can deliver commercial fertilizers at a comparable figure. Notable improvements in the purification of hydrogen, with lowering of costs, may be confidently expected, through chemical means as well as through liquefaction and distillation, with the engineering application of known physical laws to low temperatures. Curtis states that "There is a general consensus of opinion in this country that the direct synthetic ammonia scheme of nitrogen fixation offers greater promise of cheap nitrogen than any other process at present, and there have been a number of estimates made which indicate a price of about seven cents per pound of fixed nitrogen secured by this method." Two years ago, in Germany, Haber made to the writer price predictions materially lower than this figure.

The ammonia secured through the Haber method may be readily oxidized to nitric acid, and this nitric acid then combined with ammonia to form ammonium nitrate, a concentrated fertilizer—or explosive component—whose qualities and scope in mass operations are as yet undetermined.

There is another angle to the fertilizer situation—namely, the production of phosphoric acid. The commercial method of the past has been to convert the phosphate rock of the Southeastern states into soluble acid phosphate by means of sulphuric acid. The chief disadvantages of the method lie in the cost and transportation of the sulphuric acid and in the necessity of using high-grade rock that must be screened and washed. To a certain extent the sulphuric acid employed in the commercial practice has been regarded almost as a waste product. Phosphoric acid can be produced by decomposing phosphate rock with heat. When phosphate rock is heated with sand and coke the phosphoric acid is volatilized in a state of notable purity. The method has the advantage of using low-grade and mine-run phosphate rock.

The phosphoric acid thus secured has many uses outside of fertilizers; for example, in metallurgy. Obviously electric current at Muscle Shoals could be employed either for the production of phosphoric acid or of fixed nitrogen. If the current were employed for the manufacture of phosphoric acid, this could be combined with ammonia produced by direct synthesis and in nowise dependent upon electrical power. Senator Ladd speaks of "the large amount of electrical power which now, as then, is an absolute necessity, not only for the rather obsolete cyanamide process but for any known feasible process of producing a concentrated combination of nitrogen and phosphoric acid—the two chief fertilizer elements." The ammonia of the nonelectrical Haber method combines with phosphoric acid just as does ammonia indirectly derived from the electrical method, and apparently may be expected to remain the cheaper. Just as in the case of fixed nitrogen, there is no engineering reason for insisting that phosphoric acid should be made electrically rather than with fuel. Viewed as an engineering problem, the method to be employed in both cases is the one that is intrinsically cheapest in production cost.

Three Leading Considerations

We have then three phases of the nitrogen situation: The fear of private monopoly of the coal supplies and apprehension of breakdown through coal miners' strikes; the military problem of preparedness for manufacture of explosives in the event of war, independence of foreign sources of nitric acid and ammonia; and the engineering problem of the cheapest production of nitrogen fertilizer and phosphoric acid

So far as the fear of interruption of supplies through coal miners' strikes is concerned, the manufacture of fertilizer is not seasonal, but more or less continuous, and the finished fertilizers may be stored over considerable periods of time. A coal miners' strike sufficiently widespread to paralyze plants for fixation of nitrogen would be so intolerable to the public and so injurious to more directly important functions than nitrogen fixation that the latter might well be regarded as negligible for a short period of time. Nitrogen fertilizers flowing into interstate commerce are under the control of antitrust laws, which, if necessary, might be revised to meet the exigencies of the fertilizer situation.

So far as preparedness for war is concerned, one method is as good as another. Since the chemical method is to be the cheaper, according to present indications, this enables the Government to make use of another advantage of this method—the plants do not need to be located near the few sources of cheap water power, but may be located near the many sources of cheap coal. If, as and when we adopt a policy of government construction of nitrogen-fixation plants for purposes of war, there is no reason why these need be electrical plants—they may just as well be Haber plants. A government-controlled coal-produced nitrogen plant has, from the military point of view, advantages over a government-controlled electricity-produced nitrogen plant. In fact, wartime is just the time when electrical power is most in demand for special uses in manufacture.

There are broad facts in the engineering problem. One does not use a race horse to do the work of a plow horse. In this same manner one does not employ electricity to replace coal. It is becoming increasingly clear that the cost of electrical fixation of nitrogen may be expected to rise relatively to the cost of coal fixation of nitrogen, partly because of the continual expansion of the uses of electricity. To a very large extent expansions in the uses of electricity are social, along lines where price is not the determining factor. The present total development of electric current in the United States approximates the figure for our total potential of hydroelectric development of electricity. At present the use of electricity is expanding faster than the development of hydroelectric installations. Large possibilities remain, though most of them run into huge sums of capital investment. Indispensable metallurgical advances, upon

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which notable improvements in railway transportation depend, are contingent on the supply and cost of electrical energy. Railway cars of a fraction of the present weight could be built of aluminum alloys with the strength of the present steels employed in such constructions, and this would revolutionize the cost of transportation; but this depends upon cheap electrical current. Over a long period of years to bind out the electrical output of a place like Muscle Shoals to the production of relatively dear nitrogen fertilizers, to the exclusion of metallurgical and other manufacturing uses and of the domestic and municipal use of this current within a radius of five hundred miles of the source of origin, would seem to involve a decision of great hazard.

Suppose, by contract or otherwise, the electrical power of Muscle Shoals were legislatively committed to the fixation of nitrogen over a period of years, the fertilizer to be sold on a cost-plus basis. Suppose during the next few years—and this is not only reasonable but probable—the cost of producing nitrogen fertilizers by chemical means becomes so reduced as to be lower than the cost of primary electrical power at Muscle Shoals. In such a situation the electrical nitrogen plant would be deprived of its market, tied down to nitrogen fixation and the door shut. At the same time the electric current would be needed over the Southern States for a myriad of purposes—in metallurgy, the operation of labor-saving machinery of all kinds, in household lighting and other domestic purposes, and so on. If, as and when such a situation develops, what might be termed the enslavement of the electrical power of Muscle Shoals to the fixation of nitrogen would constitute a public loss in fact, and a public blunder in policy. No matter how strong the argument for fertilizer, this does not need to be nitrogen fertilizer fixed by electric power. Neither the amount nor the cheapness of nitrogen fertilizer depends on electric power, since in all likelihood the cheap supplies of the future will be secured from coal. Senator Ladd quotes a prominent engineer as saying:

"This art is changing so fast that you can hardly follow it."

Yes, but apparently the art that is changing so rapidly is the art of the chemical synthesis, not the art of the electrical method.

There are several alternative ways, under governmental control or under lease, as may be thought most desirable, to dispose of Muscle Shoals power. One might employ the primary power for exclusive use of nitrogen fixation and sell the product on a cost-plus basis. One might employ the primary power for preparation of phosphoric acid and sell it on a cost-plus basis. One might use the power for all manner of metallurgical transformations and chemical syntheses, regard the fixed nitrogen that might incidentally be made available in the course of these manipulations as a waste product and turn it over to agriculture free of charge. The fourth course would be to employ the current to the highest economic advantages of the Southeastern states and erect Haber plants at locations of cheap coal for the synthesis of ammonia. Preparedness for war and subsidy for agriculture are equally possible with all four methods. The decision ought to be an engineering decision, since our agriculture can hardly be advanced, in the long view, by unsound engineering. But the program should not be an irrevocable policy over a long term of years. The program should be one of development, taking advantage of technical advances—a policy of growth, not of formula.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE · CHOICE · OF · AMERICAN · BUSINESS

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2. ***Rigid card-carrier bar***—insures perfect, permanent alignment and visibility of cards.

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4. ***Faster carrier operation***—in 10 seconds you can remove or insert a card carrier—another new standard of speed.

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6. ***Positive and simple lock***—the simplest method of releasing or securely locking the card carrier in position.

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